December 29, 1934

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

BEGINNING

Woman of the Family

a new romantic novel

By May Edginton

arthur crouch,

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DEC. 29, 1934

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

AT SEVENTEEN Lily Lynn went to a college prom and acquired a taste for educated men. Later, when she had become a showgirl, the taste persisted. And so she thought it was fine when she found herself on a liner with the whole Walton crew. Mr. Jack Braitch, who was taking the crew to row in the Henley Regatta, disagreed with her. He thought it was not so good.

No girl can be expected to learn nine names all at once. She called each of the crew "Duck" and they fell in love with her one after the other. Duncan Norton-Taylor considers her "A Very Dangerous Girl" and shows you how she cheered dear old Walton on to victory.

SEVEN o'clock in San Francisco. The zero hour. Clear the streets to the station! Squads of police wheel into place; army trucks, filled with troops, roll up to the intersection; floodlights blaze on fixed bayonets; motorcycles roar. Down the avenue come four trucks loaded with bars of gold. Keep them moving! Get them to the armored cars on the railroad siding!

All there? No. One bar is missing. Just a little bar, ten inches long, worth $37,500. Frank Taylor takes you to see Uncle Sam wrestling with his wealth, moving two thousand tons of gold from the San Francisco mint to Denver.

THE gale that struck the S. S. Condore chose its time craftily. The green third mate was in charge. In a grand story of the sea Jacland Marmur shows you how he won "The Right to Command."

SHE called him her egg-beau, because she had met him by writing her name and address on an egg. Perhaps "met" isn't just the right word: she hadn't seen him but she was engaged to him. The facts about this mysterious suitor are told in a delightful and moving short story by Homer Croy.

WHEN the Union Pacific's Diesel-engined flyer smashed all records on its run from Los Angeles to New York it proved simultaneously that the railroads were at last catching up with the world. They have even gone so far as to consider giving up their traditional pastime of cutting one another's throats. And it's all to your advantage. George Creel gives you the particulars in "The Railroads Wake Up."

MAJOR C. L. FORDNEY finishes his story of the record-breaking ascension into the stratosphere. Walter Davenport, Ray Tucker, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, May Edginton, Arthur Somers Roche and others perform again. Thus making life interesting.

This Week

December 29, 1934

Cover by Arthur Crouch

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EDITORIAL
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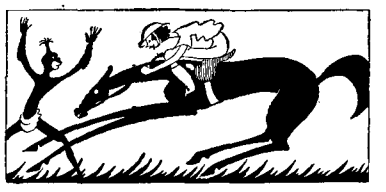
Any Week

WE NEVER know how badly off we are. This morning we thought we were getting by pretty well, and then a wave of sympathy rolled in through the mail and left us practically sobbing with self-pity. The trouble is we don't play bridge. We admitted it recently and confessed we didn't have enough brains to learn. Until the postman came we had no idea how serious that is. We know now. It's bad.

But T. V. Jackson of Oakland, California, thinks there may be hope for us yet. "Lots of people with oodles of brains can't play," he tells us soothingly. "The fundamentals are simple. Just get a first-grade arithmetic book and concentrate for one hour a day until you can count up to thirteen. You are then qualified to ruin all the bridge parties you can crash by asking your intelligent partner 'Whyencha?' The rest comes from experience, if you live."



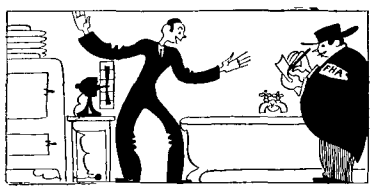
J. C. HARPER of Moline, Illinois, is perturbed about Jodie Cascoden's horsemanship in "Two on Safari." Jodie rode with "her knees clamped to her horse's withers." That, Mr. Harper thinks, is grotesque. We see his point. But the cross-country seat has its uses—and you can't be too careful in the African bush.

AND while we have the serials on our mind we ought to mention the suspicions of T. R. Paulson of Kenosha, Wisconsin. Mr. Paulson has been speculating about "Shadow of Doubt" and he now points the finger of suspicion at the smart reporter. "I am still in suspense," he goes on, "wondering if the villainess is going to do something utterly ridiculous and, through repentence, be shown the error of her ways and reform. I hope my fears are groundless." We should like to reassure Mr. Paulson, but the best we can do is to offer him an example. We for one unhesitatingly pin our faith to Mr. Roche.

FROM Minnesota, Wisconsin, Massachusetts and a scattering of other states the boys in the CCC camps arise and speak sharply to George F. Brooks. A character in one of Mr. Brooks' stories said: "Any girl who elopes with a boy from a CCC camp doesn't know enough to go in out of the rain." That, the boys think, was a pretty dumb thing to say. We think it was pretty dumb too, but you do meet dumb people—even in stories.

FROM Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Thomas Thane writes us briefly to say that until the election "many were speaking of Senator Dave Reed as presidential timber. Now those in the know say 'No' because there appear to be (k)nots in that piece of lumber. And"—but, no, Mr. Thane's next pun is one we'd better keep to ourselves. We'll protect him this time, but we warn him that too much of this constitutes cruel and unusual punishment.

IN AN article called "The Red Dragon," Ray Tucker announced that "the FHA, though it advances funds for purchases of bathtub gadgets and awnings, cannot make loans on electric refrigerators and ranges as integral parts of a residence." Luckily for home builders, Mr. Tucker was wrong in two respects. The Federal Home Administration advances no funds at all and cannot make loans on anything, the purpose of the Administration being to insure private loans. And electric ranges and refrigerators are just as eligible for government-insured loans as are bathtub gadgets. So everyone ought to be happy.



LOUIS E. DRUMMOND of Philadelphia warmly applauds our editorial, putting "the 'bunk' stamp on inevitable war. Curiously enough," he goes on, "the citizens who don't talk war and don't want it, outnumber the war-scare artists 100 (or more) to 1, yet time after time the former have been dragged in to fight the latter's battles. War," he concludes politely, "is all Sherman said it was, so let's send the inciters to—war."

IF THERE'S one thing that annoys Mrs. H. P. Storrs of New Orleans it's narrow-minded sectionalism. She thinks we're nice because we're national. But we're an exception. Elsewhere she looks in vain for "fashions suitable for Louisiana, Florida (I don't mean playgirl swim suits) and California. After all, the United States isn't all made up of the 'North,' but the fashions are all thick, fuzzy, woolen clothes and the cookery is all smeared with 'white sauces' and served with 'percolated' coffee—but never anything for us. Aren't we people? We think we are, but would like to have you say so."

YOU bet, Mrs. Storrs. Take this unreconstructed department's word for it!

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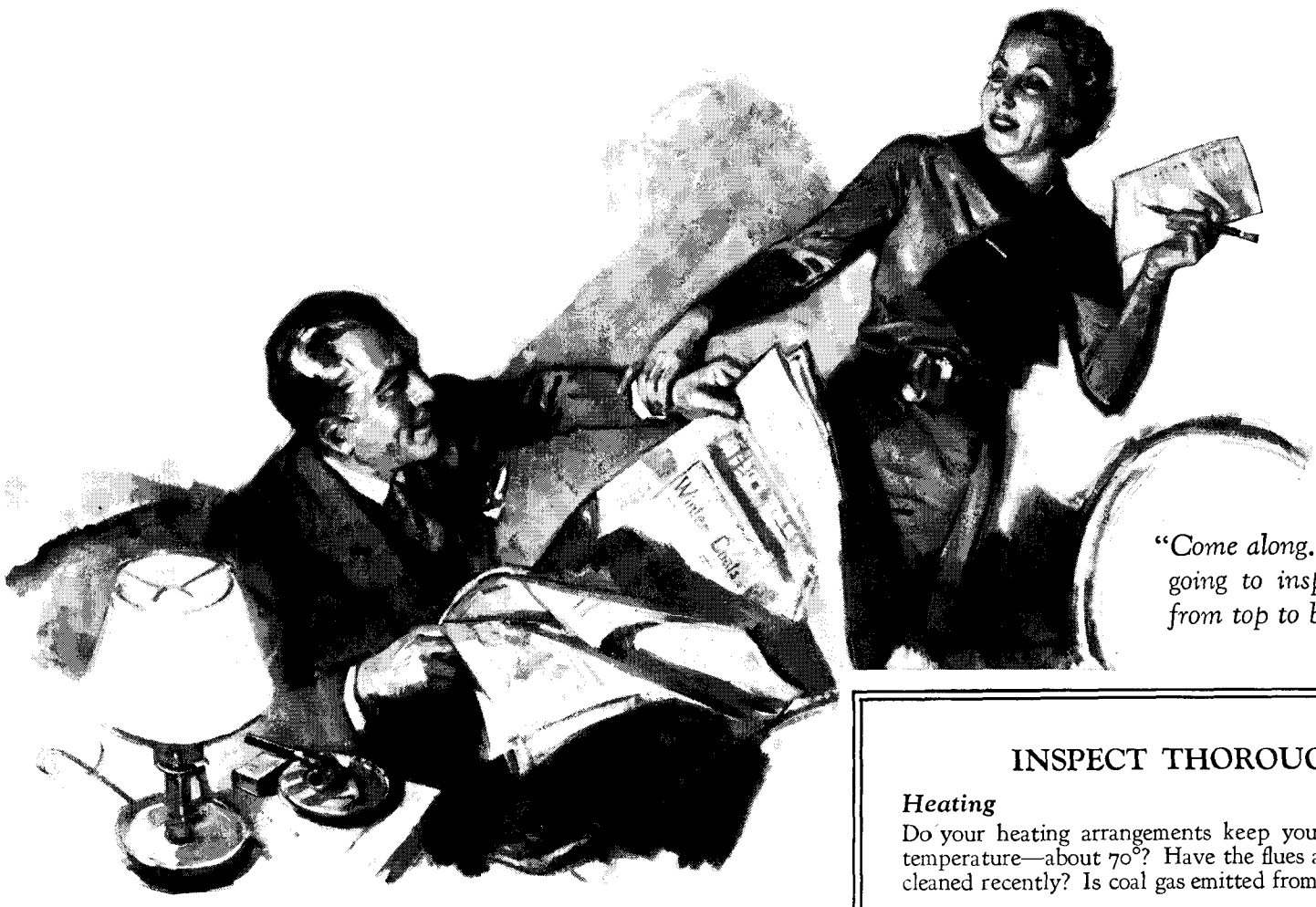
Your House *and* Your Health



"Come along. You and I are going to inspect this house from top to bottom."

HOW you live is often far more important to your health than where you live. A striking example of what proper sanitation can do is shown in the Panama Canal Zone. Down there, homes have been made healthful as a result of the work done by the Sanitation Department of the United States Army. Constant vigilance keeps them so. Your home, wherever it is, requires equal vigilance.

Take an inspection trip through your house, from attic to cellar, and see whether the heating, lighting, plumbing and ventilating systems are in condition to give you and your family a full measure of health and safety. Should any of them be repaired, altered, or replaced?

If you find that your house is in apple-pie order, you will be gratified. If you find a condition which should be corrected, you will be glad to do what is necessary to make your home safer, more healthful and more comfortable.

INSPECT THOROUGHLY

Heating
Do your heating arrangements keep your home at an even temperature—about 70°? Have the flues and chimneys been cleaned recently? Is coal gas emitted from furnace or stoves?

Plumbing and Drains
It is essential to health that sewage should be properly disposed of, and that plumbing and drains be kept in repair. Is hot and cold water available for kitchen, bathroom and laundry?

Electric Wiring and Gas Outlets
Defective electric wiring or connections may cause fires. Gas leaks may cause suffocations or explosions. In case of doubt get professional advice. Repairs must be made by a qualified expert.

Ventilation and Screens
Adequate ventilation is important to health, but drafts cause discomfort and also waste fuel. Inspect the casings of doors and windows to see that they open easily and close tightly.

Screens at the proper season are necessary to keep out flies and mosquitoes—disease carriers.

Food Protection
Does your refrigerator hold its temperature between 40° and 50° and keep perishable food in proper condition—especially the milk?

Leaks, Cracks or Breaks
Is there dampness in cellar or attic caused by a leak? Do clogged drain-pipes or gutters at the edge of your roof furnish breeding places for mosquitoes? Is there broken plaster in walls or ceilings in which vermin may breed? Shaky stairs? Weak banisters? Loose boards in floorings? They add to the number of falls—the most frequent of all accidents in homes.

Lighting
Correct lighting is needed to prevent eyestrain. Many a fall has been prevented by properly placed lights—particularly in halls and on stairways.

Garbage
Proper disposal of refuse and garbage is imperative.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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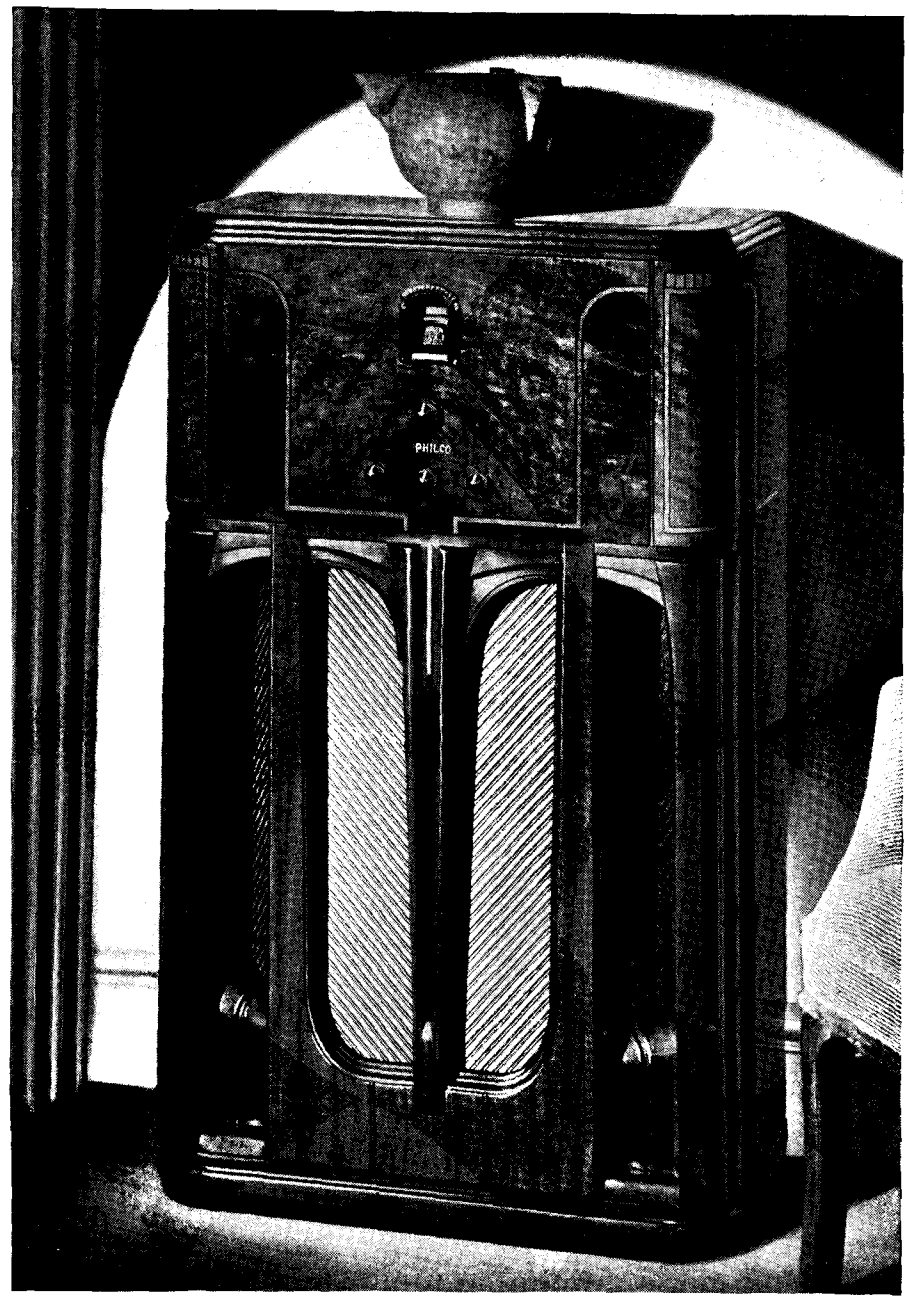

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RADIO THAT'S MUSICALLY
perfect

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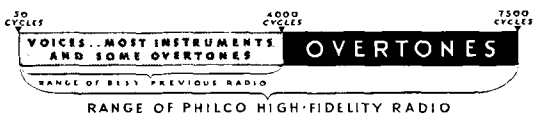
NOW, for the first time, supreme radio enjoyment is yours! Through the greatest radio achievement in recent years —High-Fidelity reproduction—PHILCO makes possible a quality and excellence of reception never experienced before.

This new PHILCO 201X is musically perfect—it gives to every tone from deepest bass to highest treble, a richness and luster that delights the true admirer of fine music. Because of the extended musical range, nearly double that of the best previous radio, it reproduces overtones never before heard over the air. You hear every orchestral instrument, every voice, every inflection of speech.

This glorious, well-balanced reproduction is equally enjoyable at any angle from which you might listen. For the PHILCO 201X has a new Sound Diffusing Cabinet which distributes the tones evenly throughout the room.

In addition, it provides thrilling reception from foreign countries all over the world. Your PHILCO dealer will gladly demonstrate the 201X and tell you how you can own one easily and economically.



THE light portion of the diagram above represents the tonal range of the best previous radio (50 to 4,000 cycles). The dark portion indicates the *added* tonal range of the PHILCO High-Fidelity Radio (4,000 to 7,500 cycles). Not only does this PHILCO reproduce more of the high treble notes but also the very important overtones which give naturalness and realism to voice and music. By means of its Fidelity-Selectivity Control, the tonal range of the PHILCO High-Fidelity Radio may be adjusted so that the *maximum* tonal range of any American station may be enjoyed.

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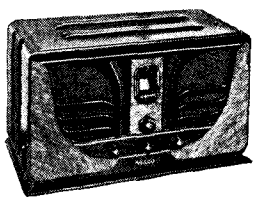

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Woman of the Family

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Beginning the adventures of a girl who plunged into the whirl of a great city's night-life, and found herself involved in a web of weird intrigue—a fascinating story of shadows and of glittering lights

She turned and faced her mother. "It is quite all right, Mother; I have got the job I was looking for"

I'LL risk everything!" Eve said.

"That's what I like to hear. The word 'risk.' Good word!" and he laughed.

"The first time you've heard it from me, isn't it, Lennie?"

"But it won't be the last time," he prophesied, and again he laughed.

His laugh—always ready; high and hollow—was the least attractive thing about this good-looking young man of twenty-five: Lennie Ward, commission agent.

She had often asked him, having a swift, clear mind that saw the prudent necessity—for a poor, hard-pressed girl who liked the elegancies of life—for getting things tabulated: "Commission? Commission on what?"

He had replied: "Oh, things, my dear. Wines, cigarettes, anything. Introductions, sometimes," he had added today.

But she did not notice the half-furtive, puzzled, excited look he gave her. She was too excited herself by what he had said.

She—Eve Langham, private secretary to Sir Edgar Marter, and practically breadwinner of her family, and therefore, as she had begun to think to herself, a predestined drudge—to be hostess at a night club!

"And it's all right; I told them," Lennie pressed on urgently. "I told them definitely you couldn't work after midnight and your last train home. At first they argued, but I said it would be definite; you'd told me no evening work could be later than that; and then they said: 'Well, perhaps it might suit us better. All our best clients,' they said, 'come to dinner. The late stuff we get doesn't matter so much. We've known 'em to bring their own bottles,' they said, '—ha! ha! ha!—and ask only for a kipper. And then, besides,' they said—this was an after-

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thought I'd suggested—*I* suggested it, Eve—"

"Yes. Yes. What was it?"

"They suddenly took my idea that there was something rather special, perhaps, in a hostess—if she was young and attractive—" his laugh, that she had always disliked, again!—"going home early like Cinderella. Make people who were interested come early and have more, they think."

"'They!' Who're 'they'?"

"Oh, aren't you a stickler!"

"No, I like to get things tabulated. I've no time—no spare time at all, Lennie—for muddles. I'll have less now!" She sighed without meaning to sigh; and her square but frail shoulders shrugged a little.

"Ah! But look at the nice things you're going to do now with the spare time you haven't got!"

"Who are 'they'?"

Her eyes met his, straight and clear.

"Oh, well, mostly Tonetti, the leader of the orchestra, great friend of mine."

HE WAS gazing at her ardently as he always did. But the touch of secrecy came into the ardor of his eyes again, because she certainly did ask a lot of questions; she certainly did inconveniently demand the exact truth of things, this lovely, frail, burning girl. And Tonetti had said: "That's the girl we'd like here; that girl of yours; I know it, Leonardo." (Rather titillating to be called "Leonardo," for plain Leonard, by that flashing cosmopolitan; and to have Eve Langham called "That girl of yours"—which she was not.) "I pointed her out to the management, the night you brought her here," Tonetti had continued, "and I said to them: 'A hostess of *that* type exactly; and train her!' . . . But don't you tell her we've had an eye on her, Leonardo; let her apply."

"But she'd be no end braced if she thought—"

"Sh! sh! wouldn't it be a feather in your cap, Leonardo, if you said *you'd* got her this job at great personal trouble, by your influence? Eh? Where would be the cap with the feather if you said we had already asked her to step along?"

True. Oh, true. He had seen it instantly. And now here he was sitting at lunch with her up on high stools at the refreshment counter; they had had bacon and eggs and fried potatoes freshly cooked for them; and coffee; and she would pay.

He *never* had any money!

Besides, she was used to paying, poor girl. That family did sit on her neck! She ought to be only too glad to get the chance of side-stepping them like this.

He had replied to Tonetti: "What's it worth? What's my commission?" . . . Rather a curious attitude to take over a girl whom a man loved so dearly, maybe, but necessity knew no law. Tonetti had said rebukingly: "A guinea when you bring her, if she'll come. Ah, Leonardo! Leonardo! You get the run of your teeth here—a good time—do you not, as my friend? Come, come, Leonardo!"

True. Again, true.

HE WOULD never have been *persona grata* at the Regalia Club had it not been for his friendship with Tonetti.

Of course, he had wonderful looks. Romantic, dark, slim, sleek, persuasive; and his feet were the feet of a faun. He would dance with all and sundry—though never pay for their dinner.

Only once had he paid for a woman's dinner there—three weeks ago, when he took Eve, to show her off. He had felt undecorated—always there without a lovely female thing of his very own. And then it was Tonetti who sent to their table the bottle of wine. . . .

Lennie's eyes devoured Eve now, close on the high stool beside him. "I was remembering the night I took you there, Eve."

"I remember, too. It isn't often such things come my way."

"They could," he said darkly.

"*Oh!*" Impatiently she knew he did not mean that such good things could often come *via* himself. "I won't cadge, wangle and flatter, Lennie. I won't sing for my supper."

"You should. You're a girl. And you may have to if you take this job."

"No. I'll be earning it just as honestly as I earn my pay with Sir Edgar."

"You're too beautiful to be so darned prickly," he rebuked her earnestly.

She was sorry. "I'm prickly with temper, I expect. With worry."

Again the shrug of the slim shoulders.

"Queer," she meditated aloud. "Queer, it will seem, to do a thing like this. It'll be *wonderful!* I'd begun to feel the household drudge! As I am!"

"No. No. You are what I called you just now—a Cinderella. Cinderella was a beautiful household drudge who married a prince. I mean, didn't she? I forget."

"I never heard," she said cynically.

They finished their coffee and, looking hastily at the cheap but showy watch on his wrist, he said:

"Well, dear . . . tonight, at the Regalia, at seven-thirty. Gosh! You won't know the place in its new paint and doodads! They've done wonders in three weeks. That's Tonetti. He's interested some influential new clients—"

"Who?"

"Oh, gosh! There you go again. *Prickly!* Ease up, darling, I dunno *who*. Fellows with money. I'll point 'em out to you. You'll have to please 'em. The old club was a bit rocky, so Tonetti took a hand."

"Oh, yes, I see. Tonight at seven-thirty, then."

"What have you told your mother?"

"The truth. That I'm going after an evening job. She's been after me to get one! She doesn't a bit mind *me* working twelve hours a day!"

"What about little sister?"

"Oh, things are different for Sophia!"

She took their checks, felt in her bag for her money, paid the small sum for both, and they walked out.

"I love you, Eve."

"Thank you," she said. "The words are nice. They're like flowers. *Au 'voir.*"

She waved and was lost to him quickly among the hurrying luncheon crowds.

"'Like flowers.'" That struck him pleasantly. She had sweet thoughts, for all her difficult ways.

SOMEHOW, in the flimsy dispatch case which she carried up to business every morning, Eve Langham had managed to pack, without her mother guessing or the inquisitive Sophia seeing, an evening frock which Mrs. Langham had been making for the younger girl. It would be a little large, but not too long; they were much of a height. It was sapphire blue. Eve was wearing cheap shoes of blue fabric that spring day—she had taken care to put them on with her office frock, and they, too, had escaped maternal notice owing to a fracas that had developed at breakfast. Now they would pass muster tonight under the sapphire gown.

Her coat would have to do. She would leave it in the cloakroom anyway; and the Regalia was not a really smart club—it only imitated smartness.

A wonderful mood seized and held her all the afternoon, while she took dictation, typed letters, filed letters, answered Sir Edgar's frequent bell.

So much to do, so much discipline, such long incarcerations, such tired strap-hanging journeys, such frugal, insufficient lunches—all for three pounds ten a week! And the prospects Lennie had suggested possible for her compared with all this like some roseate dream with an uncommonly drab reality. "You'll make a fiver a week just for the evenings if you're a success. Plus a clothes allowance—about two dresses, to be changed on the premises, Tonetti thinks—and your dinner. Without wine, of course. But—" that laugh—"the wine will surely follow."

Five pounds a week for enjoying herself! For eating a succulent meal, listening to tempting music, letting one's yearning feet dance—dance—dance!

The mood that held her carried her at about five-thirty, without a qualm, to Sir Edgar Marter with the first of such requests that she had ever made of him.

Indeed, she never made requests of any employer; but performed her work like a good machine.

"If you please, Sir Edgar . . ."

He looked up from the evening paper which he was glancing at, leisurely now, over his cup of tea. He was a bald, stout, bland man in the fifties, and this afternoon she suddenly seemed to see him with new eyes; not as an employer, but as a man, as human.

He glanced at her over the paper, and his eyes were arrested by a subtle

No one else was on the floor just then. They made a perfect couple: young, flawless dancers welded as one

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change in this secretary. He had engaged her for her abilities and her looks; retained her for her abilities; and of her beauty had thought to himself . . . "But proud as Lucifer and a prude."

Few men could have helped assessing —in their own minds—a girl of such caliber; and Sir Edgar Marter was not of the few, though he had respected and appreciated both her pride and her prudery. Her unconscious demeanor of a youthful recklessness this afternoon surprised him.

"Yes, Miss Langham."

"I know it isn't usually done here, Sir Edgar, but just for once might I stay behind in the office, and—and—change my frock?"

IT WAS, indeed, a thing that no girl in his office ever did. He made practically no concessions. Still. . . . Important man as he was, Marter was in perfect command of every detail. The cleaners would be there; this employee would not have the place to herself. An exception might be made.

He smiled.

"Well, for once."

"Only for once," she said, with a desperate earnestness, "simply because I—I've made no arrangements elsewhere."

"Er—could you have made arrangements elsewhere?"

His voice was very quiet, friendly, lowered from its usual tone, pleasant and accommodating.

"No, Sir Edgar. I couldn't, tonight. The engagement was made suddenly."

For a steady moment she looked back at him, with distinct thoughts in her mind. "Easy for you always to make arrangements—any you wish. I can't hire rooms to dress in; I've no comfortable club. . . . But you know all this; you're considering it now," she thought as she met his shrewd, bland eyes with the deep wrinkles about them.

"It's quite all right," he said. "Shall you manage comfortably?"

"Oh, perfectly, thank you, Sir Edgar."

The point gained—and she had been a little anxious about it—she wondered no longer what might or might not be in his mind. She did not really know the private mind of an Edgar Marter. It did not occur to her how her request and his concession roused in his imagination luxury bathrooms, luxury toilette tables, creams, powders, perfumes, cushioned warmth—all the details of an environment in which a girl should naturally and rightly desire—and, indeed expect—to dress.

A self-made man, he had, for the last five years—seeing life go by, giving him too little delight—created occasion to inform himself very thoroughly and pleasurably of such things.

Lady Marter would never have taught him. Nor would his two serious daughters, climbing by way of charity work to the circles among which they wished to move.

The girl before him—all light and fire for the first time in his knowledge of her—

He arranged his thoughts carefully.

"I hope you'll have a good evening, Miss Langham."

"Thank you, Sir Edgar."

As she turned to go, he said: "I always think you a very serious and hard-working young lady."

And as she hesitated, he added in an indulgent, fatherly voice: "All work and no play isn't good for Jill any more than for Jack."

She smiled decorously, in a grateful manner, going out.

He was right there, with his trite little quotation. All work and no play murdered something in a girl relentlessly and surely. This dance-club job that Lennie Ward had found for her would save her life and her soul. Warmth and color! Music and song! She shut up her desk, left everything in strict order; thinking about Lennie, sorry she could not love him. Though, if she did love him—to what end? Marriage? Not with Lennie! She thrust the problem aside, philosopher enough, wearied enough, mutinous enough, excited enough, to let life ride for a few hours while she took her future in her hands and went to the Regalia Club.

IT HAD altered astonishingly, as such places do. As Lennie had prophesied, she would hardly have known the premises. Only the street number seemed to remain of the haunt of three weeks ago. A new portico, inviting; an outside *commissionaire;* vestibule, dance-room, gallery, all of obvious coloring, obvious lighting—but all to very good effect. People were already passing in for dinner, and some were coming out belatedly after the six-o'clock cocktails. The place had certainly stirred into new life since she had been here—not that she had criticized then. The music, the lovely dancing in Lennie's accomplished arms, the interesting food, Tonetti's bottle of wine, had been enough to intoxicate her with an ephemeral happiness. That night they hadn't dressed for dinner, she and Lennie; few of the patrons had.

Now, as she left her only coat—the tweed which she had worn for three years—in a refurbished cloakroom, she sensed that the Regalia with its change of manners had changed its friends.

Tonetti was no different. As she and Lennie—who met her in the vestibule, looking ardent and gay in his second-hand dinner suit—proceeded to the restaurant with the lilting step of young persons expectant of joy, she saw the

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Kansas on the Carib

Set a schoolmarm to catch a pirate! There's a new formula for you, and it's working like a charm in Puerto Rico, where Mrs. Jean Springstead Whittemore is Collector of the Port. Smugglers and rum-runners take to deep water at sight of this fragile, calm-eyed lady from Kansas. Earthquakes and bad men don't bother her at all—but what about her cats?

By W. B. Courtney

THE palm trees, row on row, drowsed in their ancient watch at the edge of the tropic surf—but Lobo hopped up and down on his one good leg, and threshed about with his one good arm. The evening fell as sweetly as a bride's shaken hair—but Lobo was shouting curses. There was peace in the southeasterly trades—but children ran from Lobo's jabbering, in which you could hear both sobs and chuckles. It is true indeed that if you had been in Cataño when they brought the news to Lobo there, you would not have understood the contradictory evidence presented to your eyes and ears and soul by nature on the one hand and by a small crippled man on the other. But that is because you do not know Cataño, or Lobo, or the tidings they fetched to him. So I shall tell you.

From La Fortaleza, or from El Morro, you get a fine view of Cataño across the beautiful harbor; in the guide books it is called a suburb of San Juan, although Puerto Ricans call it by a name less elegant. A toad among orchids is still a toad—and even its exquisite setting cannot redeem Cataño. Officers aboard ships entering or leaving San Juan hold their noses in the channel when the wind is off the Cataño shore. Cataño is headquarters of the smugglers, for whom Puerto Rico, with its open coastline and handiness to foreign islands, is heaven on earth.

Of all the smugglers and bootleggers, Lobo is chief. He was born a whole man. There is a scar which hints why he must drag his right leg; and if you can force yourself to stare at his thinly-shirted figure you will not lack for signs that the usefulness of his left arm came to an end with violence. It is not bullets alone that Lobo and his clan must fear, but sharks and barracudas and the terrible infections which come from coral wounds. But Lobo does not require a prime body, any more than a fox needs a bull's torso. Of a people among whom even the innocent are full of guile, in a land where even novice politicians can make a United States ward-heeler appear frank and straightforward, Lobo is renowned for the number of times he can bend a thought back upon itself.

An Insult to Vanity

With rivals Lobo is neither patient nor merciful. With men of the law—ah, this is different. Lobo takes off his hat to the law, even as the brigands of the mountains of old Spain—Lobo is of their chivalrous blood—have done from time immemorial; proudly, as to equals with whom one contends for professional reasons and without sense of moral turpitude. Lobo would deliver to you the ten prettiest virgins of Cataño if you should but gossip to him: "The Collector of the Port said to me: 'That Lobo, now! He is the source of all our grief, but when you reach here for him, he is there; and when you reach for him there, he is here! Ah, that sly Lobo!'" The Collector of the Port—the vicar of the United States Treasury in Puerto Rico, and the local hand of the great federal law arm—now there was an official worthy of Lobo's best thievery; a gentleman against whom it was a privilege and a pleasure to conspire, man to man. That is why this news—this humiliating, this degrading, this emasculating news, pinched the quick of Lobo's professional vanity.

There had been mysterious changes in far-off Washington, and now there was to be a new Collector in Puerto Rico. A woman! That quiet lady who for many years had been teaching school out at Mayaguez, on the western rim of the island. A school-teacher to fight against the Napoleon of all smugglers! One could not contrive a deadlier insult to a male Latin who know full well the limited and gracious sphere for which the good Lord above intended women.

So, you listen with a heart full of understanding to the oaths and tears of Lobo. You join with all Cataño in the sympathetic turmoil behind Lobo's shoulder. The wolf, however, knows that his best snarling is done in rage; but not his best fighting. You are suddenly aware that your compassion has been outrun, for Lobo's mood has resolved into laughter, and all Cataño, like the dutiful chorus of a comic opera company, is laughing with him.

"Ho, ho, ho," shouts Lobo, with a red coal in each eye, as he gives a significant flip to his crippled body, "the poor woman never will be able to catch *me!*" And the not so good people of Cataño, with howls of appreciation, sing out: "Ho, ho, ho, the poor woman will never be able to catch our *Lobo!*"

Alas for Lobo, alack for his great Castilian pride and the faith of his followers, he was the very first one the poor woman caught!

Lobo, for all his wits grown sharp and tough as cactus needles through experience with the desperadoes, man and fish, of the coral reefs, had run aground on a rock of old-time Kansas stubbornness. He was beached on the placid fiber of Jayhawk womanhood; cut by its flinty pebbles of righteousness and morality and persistence. A little girl from the dusty prairies of Chase County—town of Matfield Green, if you must know; plumb center when you look at the Sunflower State up and down, one fourth across if you start from the Missouri border—had gone across salt water and made good. What's more, she had told the world that she would make good; and she had used its biggest city for her soapbox. This happened when she was on her way back to Puerto Rico, from Washington, where she had gone to draw out a plum in reward for helpfulness at election time.

The newspaper headlines, despatched by airplane, beat her ship to San Juan by two days and Lobo's tantrum in Cataño was matched by amused skepticism throughout the island. It was generally felt that, informed by twenty years' residence in Puerto Rico, she ought to have known better. She ought to have remembered that Gibraltar, although long an English fortress, remains a Spanish landscape; that Latin traditions are as durable as Latin blood; that old Spanish customs are virtually alteration-proof. The United States government in thirty more or less patient years had not been able to cajole, bully, persuade, or trick the Puerto Ricans into discarding their loved Spanish tongue for English. How, therefore, could she presume to suppose that she could make them cast away a notion which is as old as their culture—the immemorial belief that a woman, once she gets outside the home shutters, is practically useless? Puerto Rico's Collector of the Port walked from the pier around to her office in the Customs House near by under a bubbly cloud of derision, which awaited the gentlest of pricks to make it explode.

But the coup that hauled Lobo in blew the cloud away.

Triumph for Feminism

The woman who called her shots, and made them, too, in spite of guns and high water and stern convention, in one of the toughest jobs ever tackled by her sex, is Mrs. Jean Springstead Whittemore, late of Kansas; Collector of the Port of San Juan; Democratic National Committeewoman. One of these fine days, if you listen to the average Puerto Rican, she may be governor of the island. With characteristic gallantry and generosity, he is not content with taking off his hat to her, shattering one of his most cherished traditions; but he has set up all the others and is rooting for her to knock them down, too.

As we hunt up Mrs. Whittemore's office you are struck by the affection expressed for her by her subordinates—gracious executives, dignified clerks, with the histories of good old families written in their faces; revenue men, with bronzed cheeks and dark eyes, fearless, ready to shoot it out with smuggler or shark; all of them now docile liegemen of the woman who brought into their hitherto sacred male world the old Kansas frontier by-law that it is neither skirts nor britches that count, but guts.

Mrs. Whittemore's office, in a second-floor corner of the Customs House, is placid and cool; with high ceilings and long shadows. You find it a blessed relief after the grim tropical sunlight of the waterfront. When Mrs. Whittemore is jittery or hard-pressed, she goes through a swinging lattice door to pass a few reassuring chirps with her pet canary, who lives in the beflowered patio. The San Juan Customs House, as you need not be told once you have seen it, is perhaps the most exquisite building under the American flag—the Taj Mahal of the Stars and Stripes. It is modeled after the fabulously beautiful University of Salamanca in Spain.

Mrs. Whittemore is modeled—surprise!—after the tin-typy kind of girl your mother always wanted you to marry. Because of what you have read and heard, you arrive expecting Amazonian heartiness, a sort of Calamity Jane of the Caribbean, wearing two six-guns and quicker'n greased lightnin' on the draw, stranger. You find, in-

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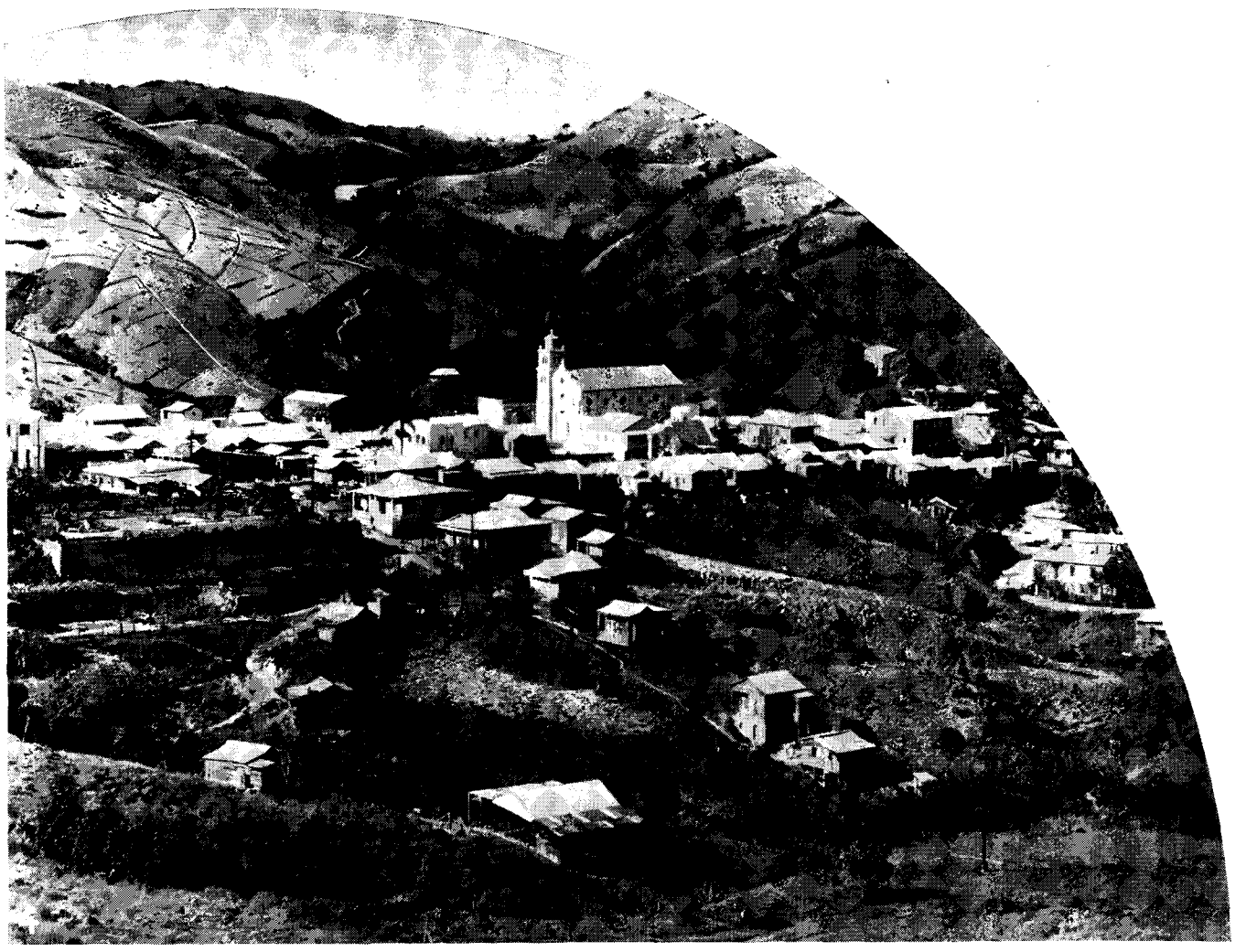

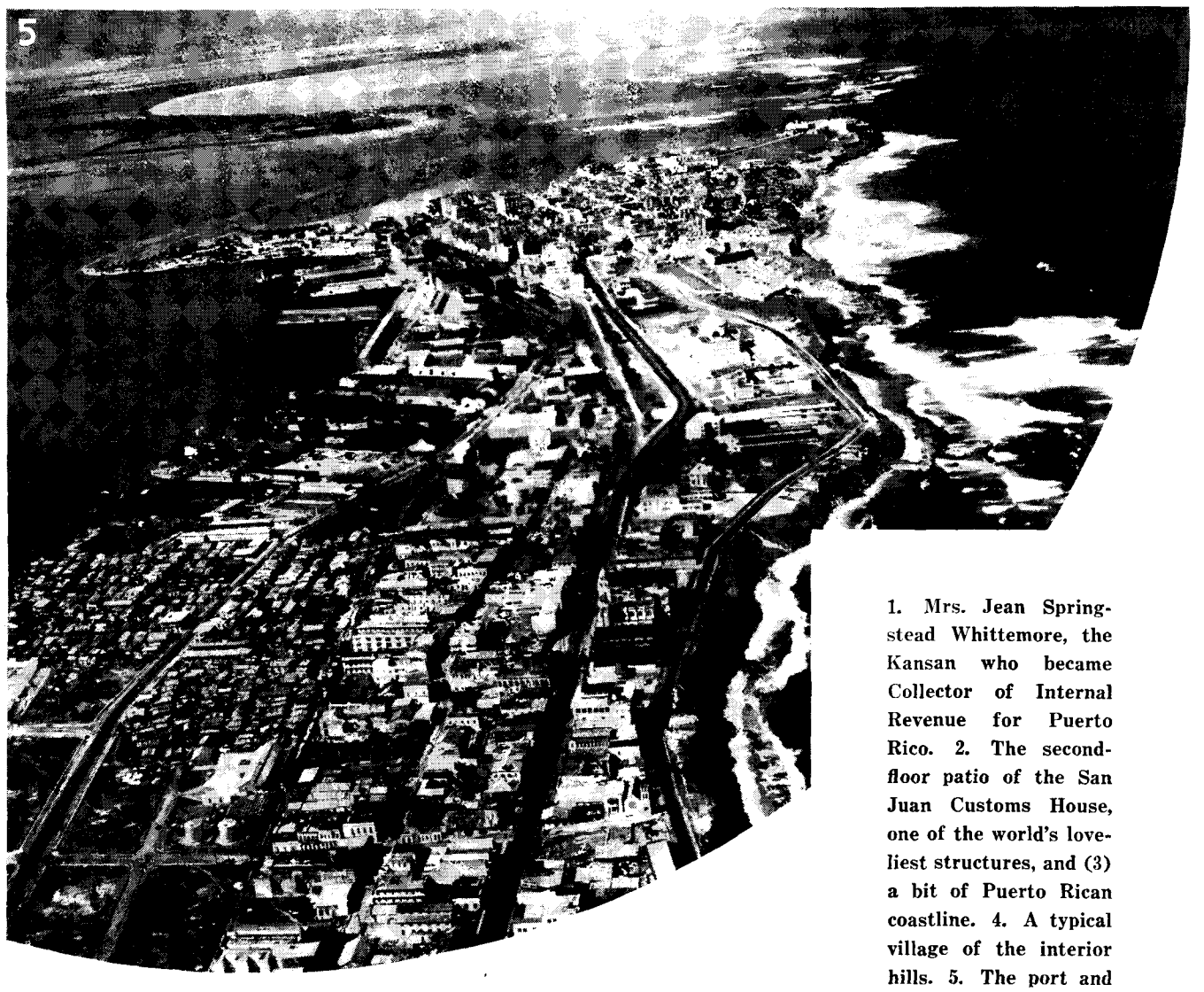

PHOTOGRAPHS 1, 2 AND 3 BY THE AUTHOR; 4 AND 5 BY PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

1. Mrs. Jean Springstead Whittemore, the Kansan who became Collector of Internal Revenue for Puerto Rico. 2. The second-floor patio of the San Juan Customs House, one of the world's loveliest structures, and (3) a bit of Puerto Rican coastline. 4. A typical village of the interior hills. 5. The port and harbor of San Juan, the capital city. Cataño is across the channel in the upper left corner

stead, that elusive and disarming presence of utter femininity which makes all but us most self-possessed men feel like awkward louts. Here are the chaste fragrance and the starchy decorum that you meet in convents, if you ever go into convents. Mrs. Whittemore is the kind of woman who clasps her pale white fingers and says she'd love to have eight children of her own, and rarely has even one. She makes you think of morning glories and your old New Hampshire home and the roses your sister pressed in books when you were a little boy.

Mrs. Whittemore was born up there in Kansas, let's say forty-umph years ago. Orphaned, she grew up self-reliant in the western fashion. She worked her way through Park College, over in Missouri. Park College is Presbyterian and poor, and its campus has never harbored a raccoon coat. When the talk is of the renowned Valley Conference football or basketball teams, Park is not mentioned; but the captain of any debating team, from the Appalachians to the Rockies, will blench if he sees its name on his schedule, especially if the subject is politics. Jean did post-graduate work at Columbia University in New York. One day in 1913 a friend in Teachers College there said to her: "Why don't you go down to Doctor Harris in the Polytechnic Institute in San German [pronounced her-man, with the accent on the last syllable]? He needs someone to instruct in English: and you're always saying you want to learn Spanish well!"

Just Like Home

The next week Jean was aboard ship, Puerto Rico bound; and a few days after that she was climbing by train the lush mountains toward the western end of the island. Wide-eyed, she looked out upon the strange landscape, upon cane fields and banana plantations; and she did not know why—maybe it was because of the many fresh clearings, and the way the sun poured like antiseptic into the newly cut furrows, just as it does in springtime on the prairies—but she was reminded of Kansas. This complacent feeling of being at home was strengthened by every day and experience. "Shucks, Puerto Rico is just like Kansas," she would say, to the great delight of her new friends.

Out in Matfield Green folks would take their rocking chairs into the front yards, onto the very walks, of pleasant evenings; rock a while, walk a while, chat a while. Throughout our Middle Southwest to this day, even in the big cities, hotels and boarding houses keep chairs on the sidewalks and drummers sit tilted against cottonwood trees—or lamp-posts. That is why Jean was wholly captivated by Puerto Rico when, on her first Sunday evening there, she witnessed the old custom of the "retreta."

From San Juan, the largest city, to San German, the smallest place in which Jean lived, it is the same; everyone, richest dandy and most raggedy urchin, hurried to the plaza—and a Spanish town without a plaza is quite as unheard of as a New England town without a green, or common. In each town there is a man who has a concession from the authorities for the rocking chairs, which form a boundary around the plaza. Within, the townsfolk walk in two circles: the men in the outer circle, in one direction; the women in the inner circle, in the opposite direction. At the core, there is always a band stand; fortunately the spirit and good humor of the retreta does not depend upon the quality of the music.

Other things which made Jean Springstead (she did not become a Whittemore until later on) feel she had not crossed an ocean, but merely a

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county line, was the honesty and neighborliness of her new friends. Any place in Puerto Rico, even today, you can flourish your bank roll, or leave it outside while you go into a phone booth, and it will not be molested. It used to be like that in Kansas, too. And in San German, as in Matfield Green, your woes as well as your joys are shared by the people next door. Jean more than once saw orphaned children taken in by neighbors and loved as dearly as their own.

When the Earth Shook

She had left the Presbyterian mission school of San German behind, and was teaching in the High School at Mayaguez, western metropolis of Puerto Rico, when the big temblor of 1918 came along. Her class of more than thirty children in a second-floor room bolted for the windows. Jean stopped that rush, and herded them into the hall but the stairs buckled under them and Jean and the youngsters landed in a screaming heap in the lobby, whence they escaped onto a billowing street.

That sort of thing did not happen to *sober* people in Kansas.

Neither did it happen every day in Puerto Rico; and, moreover, Jean learned that occasional physical danger is not the chief test of the fortitude, the graciousness, of the natives.

There is the rub about governors, for example. In thirty years Washington has not learned to send qualified men; but has depended upon retired officers, lacking in ambition; on military bigwigs lacking in the human touch; on social and political cranks who had to be taken care of. The Puerto Ricans have gentle ways of demolishing such men. If it comes to the ears of a governor that the Island is betting on how long he will last, he may as well take the boat!

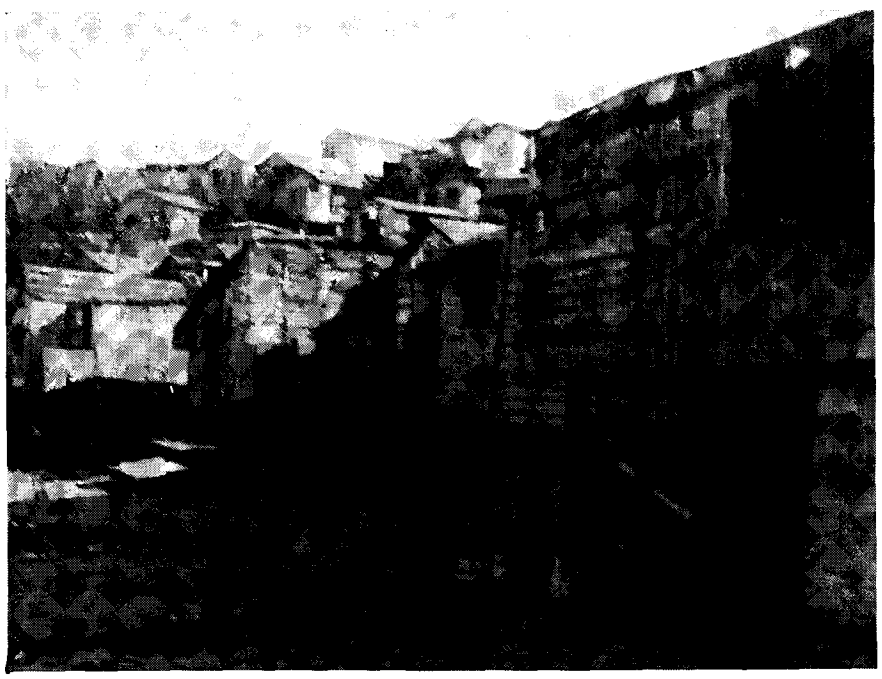
Puerto Rico, like the old-time western frontier, is the land of the open latchstring. Penetrate the farthest mountains, present yourself at the humblest shack therein, and you will be offered a gourd with black coffee—without apology. It is the best they have and they are proud to give it to you. Their poverty is not their fault, and they are not ashamed of it. There is no "across the railroad tracks" society: If a man from even La Perla does well and moves upward into better conditions, he is accepted without question.

Puerto Rico is a land of hideous poverty; and La Perla—the pearl, sardonically—is its most visible expression of unspeakable want. Under the law the government owns all the ocean front rights, and sixty feet inland—and this strip around the island has become a squatters' refuge. The most wretched, the hungriest, the most hopeless of San Juan's overabundant supply of human life clings forlornly to the sheer bit of land between the walls of the Governor's Palace and the long Atlantic rollers. This settlement is "The Pearl."

A girl needleworker. Fine laces are a famed product of Puerto Rico

PHOTOS BY HARWOOD HULL FOR COLLIER'S

La Perla (The Pearl), the slums of beautiful San Juan, are nowhere surpassed for squalor



The Cataño waterfront, from whence issue the smugglers for whom Puerto Rico is a natural paradise

Unmatched for odious squalor elsewhere in the world, even among the untouchables of Britain's teeming India, it looks up wryly to the bright Stars and Stripes fluttering on the parapet above, symbol of wealth and rugged individualism and an equal chance for all. Hurricanes provide the only sanitation La Perla gets, reduce its menace as a plague source; they are fairly common, and they blow the poor shacks of driftwood and packing cases into the sea and kill many of the squatters.

Jean Springstead had to soak her heart in the brine of rationalism, against La Perla and its numerous smaller counterparts around the island. Puerto Rico, smaller than any of the states of the United States save two, has a population greater than any one of a score of them; nearly 500 inhabitants crowd each square mile of the island, whereas on the continental United States the rate is forty.

We like to boast of our colonial schools, and forty per cent of the Puerto Rican budget goes for education; yet fully sixty per cent of its children are unprovided with schooling. Birth control has been advocated; for the people are as prolific as they are romantic, and the population grows at a pace which promises greater misery in the near future. More fault seems to lie, however, with the economic set-up than with the biological; most of the invested wealth of the island is imported. The earnings on this are exported—and there is your answer.

Mrs. Whittemore likes to think that expansion and encouragement of native dexterity in needlecraft may point to amelioration, if not to a whole solution. Ask your girl friend about the reputations of laces and linens from the convents and homes of Puerto Rico. The skill is a heritage from the convents of old Spain, and the industry was soundly established in the island four centuries ago, long before the Pilgrims hopped ashore at Plymouth. Today it centers around Mayaguez, and the people thereabouts have better homes, nicer furniture, than fellow Puerto Ricans. Although the island is overrun with buyers from the States, Mrs. Whittemore says that she has not found a disposition on the part of the stores back home to exploit the needleworkers.

All these things, and more, because of Jean Springstead's background in Puerto Rico and the fact that she informed herself, made her neighbor's problems her problems in the old Kansas way, helps to explain her rise from a lowly and battered school desk, in a poverty-ridden church mission, to one of the biggest and most important jobs in American colonial administrations. Speaking idealistically, that is. Speaking practically, it all came about because she met Henry W. Dooley—and he took a fancy to her "sympatico" mind and homey manners and to her theory that Puerto Rico's salvation can be worked out in lavender and old lace.

Dooley, "Don Enrique," when he died not so long ago, for all his isolation on an island one thousand miles off the nearest point of the continental United States, was second only to Norman Mack in the throne room of the Democratic National Committee. Sharp as the salt that stung his early years before the mast, Dooley had a first look at San Juan from one of Admiral Sampson's battleships, as it flung shells at El Morro in 1898; and once he got ashore he stayed, and he was the Democratic Party of Puerto Rico.

The Coconuts Won

It was Dooley who made Jean a National Committeewoman in 1928. She has been a delegate to three National Conventions; and a Committeewoman at two. In Chicago she won the honor of being the first woman ever appointed to the Committee on Resolutions. There is no telling where she may wind up, and if you want to conjecture impartially you had best not talk to any of her former students—who are always giving her banquets and things and believe that the governorship of the island will be only a stepping-stone to the White House.

But Mrs. Whittemore herself is not wasting much time in dreams, and neither would you if you were Collector of Internal Revenue in a land of Lobos. She leads her fighting men in a bitter and dangerous war; and thinks of coffee, liquor, dope, jewelry and cattle rather than politics. She gets $6,500 a year, and has an official car and an official boat—and needs the latter acutely, what with the hundreds of miles of sawtooth coast line that the smugglers are constantly sniping at.

But it is not Lobo or his pals, nor the smugglers, nor the bootleggers who push Jean's gorge highest. It is the authorities of adjacent foreign islands who corrupt her nice Puerto Ricans, and incidentally cheat two governments—their own and the United States. She knows that the governor himself of one such island is in cahoots with Lobo. She has a letter, or saw a letter, or something, that proves it: t-t-t-t-tch!

Bootlegging is a confused and confusing problem in Puerto Rico, but it is a heartache to Jean rather than a headache—and only goes to prove this politeness business can work both ways.

(Continued on page 48)

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The Girl in the Picture

By Lucia Alzamora

So they made Jane Hervey, banker's daughter, a fashion model! After which it began, this very modern story of a girl who wanted a job, and a man who had to escape one

JANE HERVEY had sat in so many outside offices that when she sent her father's letter in to Mr. Brown, of Chase and Brown, she didn't seriously think it would do anything but come back to her. His secretary had to tell her twice that Mr. Brown would see her immediately. At the sight of him, Jane regained her equanimity quickly. He was very like her father. Mr. Brown smiled when she came in the door, stood up to shake hands with her and pulled out her chair. From the monotonous experience of the past weeks, Jane knew that these attentions were paid to a solid banker's daughter and not to a girl in search of a job.

"How's your father?" he said. "How's your dear mother? You're very like both. And so you want to work for us?"

He asked the last question as though it were a joke between them. Inwardly, Jane raged: "He thinks I'm just another silly idiot. He *is* like Father."

"I mean it, Mr. Brown. Honestly I do," she said as earnestly and sweetly as she knew how. "I'll do anything you'll let me."

Already his manner was changing.

"Well, now, I really don't know," he said cautiously. "We've had a lot of unfortunate experiences with college girls lately. What sort of thing do you want to do?"

Jane sat up straight. "I thought perhaps advertising," she said very fast. "I'm sure I can write good copy. I have lots of ideas."

"Ho!" boomed Mr. Brown defensively. "I'm afraid that's impossible, young lady. I'm afraid that's out of the question. I'm afraid . . ."

Jane interrupted him. "I'll do anything."

A long, thin man who sat in the corner reading a book spoke over his shoulder.

"Let her sell hats. She knows all about hats."

Mr. Brown swiveled in his chair. "Well, Latham," he said dryly, "that's the first idea you've expressed since you entered this store, and I shouldn't like to ignore it. . . . How would you like to sell hats, my dear?"

"Hats?" gulped Jane. "I—I'd love it!"

THE queer person in the corner murmured something. It sounded like "Attagirl!"

"That's my son, Latham," said Mr. Brown unenthusiastically. "He's learning the business from the ground up. Latham, this is Miss Jane Hervey."

Latham stood up and bowed formally.

"How do you do," he said.

Jane saw that he looked worthless and engaging.

"How do you do," she nodded.

"And now," said Mr. Brown, scribbling rapidly, "suppose you run down to Miss Stribling in the hats and give her this memo. She'll probably want you to start on Monday."

Latham bestirred himself once more. "I'll take her down," he said, coming forward. "I have some work on the third."

On the way to the hats, he volunteered only one remark: "Whatever you do, don't tell anyone in this joint you went to college. They're the snootiest crowd I ever struck."

He stood by while Jane was interviewed by the hard-boiled Miss Stribling.

"We don't need anyone," she told Jane, "but if Mr. Brown says so, you can come on Monday. I suppose you know you get thirteen a week?"

"Oh, yes," answered Jane. "Oh, yes, of course."

Latham propelled her towards the elevator.

"You'll do," he said. "You'll sell lots of hats. How about a cup of coffee?"

"Don't you have to go back to work?"

"This is my hour for coffee," said Latham firmly.

They went to a little restaurant across the street. "Coffee," ordered Latham, "and buttercakes and applesauce."

"I have to eat," he answered Jane's look of horror. "I've always eaten. I'm so thin. You're thin too. You must eat lots of buttercakes."

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

"Go away," said Jane. "I will," he answered, and left her to take herself home

"No, thank you," she said politely.

He laughed more whole-heartedly than she thought flattering.

"You're an awfully cute girl," he said. "You're exactly the sort of girl who should be selling Father's hats. I depend on you to revolutionize the hat department."

"Do you always talk like this?" asked Jane. It surprised her that she liked to listen to him. It surprised her even more to hear herself asking him leading questions. She had decided that he was just a perfect idiot.

"No," he said. "I seldom talk at all. I suspect you must attract me or something. I'm almost sorry I'm sailing tomorrow."

"Sailing? Where are you sailing? Aren't you working for Chase and Brown?"

"Well," he said, "yes and no. Or here today and gone tomorrow. As a matter of fact, I'm sailing for Europe. Only no one knows but you."

"Do you mean you're just skipping?"

"I suppose you might call it that," he considered. "Only it's all my own money. I've saved my eighteen a week, I have. I pay my own way in the steerage."

"What will your father do?"

"Father," he said, "will disinherit me."

Jane stared at him aghast.

"You mustn't," she said. "I think you're very silly."

"My dear Miss Hervey," he sighed, "I do not like that store. I can't abide it. It makes me so nervous that I grit my teeth at night."

"So you're just going off on a pleasure jaunt?"

"Well," he said, "there is one little thing I have to attend to, but it's probably not important. I think you're awfully sweet to care."

Jane practically tossed her head.

"Heavens! I don't care. I certainly don't care what you do."

HE MAINTAINED an unconvincing gravity as he paid the check.

"Where do you live?" he asked her.

"The Barberry."

"H-m-m. That's splendid."

His manner became more and more solemn.

"I'll take you home," he said suddenly.

"Please don't bother," said Jane, but he took her home—in a taxi.

He obviously had no idea of coming in, and she didn't ask him to. Just inside the doorway, he took her hand and said goodby.

"Look here, I'll be back in about a year, begging for a crust of bread. You stay in the hat department, so I'll know where to find you. I'll send you a postcard sometime."

She watched him go. He was certainly everything she disapproved of, but he was nice.

Despite her undeniable common sense, Jane went to the store on Monday morning half expecting to see Latham Brown, and well prepared to explain that she didn't believe in lunching with the boss' son. What she actually found were the awesome reverberations of Mr. Brown's wrath when he learned that his son had sailed. It seemed that you didn't mention Latham's name above a whisper. Not if you had sense. It also seemed that all the girls in the place thought Latham a nut but sort of sweet.

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"Well," Jane told herself, "it's what I think too." And she put him out of her mind.

In no time at all, however, she was living up to Latham's expectations. She undoubtedly had a way both with hats and customers, and even with the redoubtable Stribling. Her skirmish with that unyielding woman came almost at once, and served to establish her in the esteem and affection of her fellow workers.

On her second morning, undaunted by an atmosphere of polite suspicion, she cheerfully sold three hats and discovered that the entire department was making an awful mistake with its best model. The hat was persuasively set on customers' heads back to front, and though even so it was passable headgear, front to front it was ravishing. Jane had tried it on herself and knew. With a good deal of cowardly quaking, she bearded Miss Stribling.

"This hat," she said, "doesn't go this way—it goes this way."

Miss Stribling screwed up her eyes unpleasantly.

"H-m-m," she said. "H-m-m. I guess you're right." Then, abruptly: "Are you a *college girl?*"

"Heavens," Jane said, "I never finished high school."

Miss Stribling's acid face cracked into a smile.

"Get on with your work," she said. "And behave yourself."

AFTER this triumph, Jane soon came to be accepted as a nice kid and a good sport. No one even minded when slightly giddy young ladies, who probably lived on Park Avenue, rushed in for a good half-hour's gossip. After all, more often than not she sold them a hat. And, although she was living the exciting life peculiar to the attractive out-of-town girl who lives in New York —a series of parties, a series of beaux, every good show in town and all the smartest bars—she managed to turn up fresh as a daisy at somewhere near nine every morning.

Her sole tribute to the man who had made all of this possible was that, because of an insatiable curiosity and the proximity of the little restaurant across the street, she learned to like buttercakes and applesauce. She often ate them in order to think of him. . . .

In late August the new hats arrived from Paris. Miss Stribling, Mr. Thompson of the advertising and Mr. Brown himself inspected them.

"I can't sell these. They're silly," said Miss Stribling.

Mr. Thompson took off his glasses and put them on again.

"What we need," he said, "is the right sort of face under them. Personally, I find them charming. But to sell them, we must show them at their best—we want a young, fresh face. Something very—er appealing and ladylike, and not too unsophisticated."

"You'll need a monkey," snorted Miss Stribling.

"Now this morning when I stopped by for you," said the unruffled Thompson, "I saw a young lady in your own department . . ."

"Miss Hervey," cried Miss Stribling.

"Jane Hervey," cried Mr. Brown.

They had her in and put it up to her.

"You mean to go in all the Sunday papers?" asked Jane. "Oh, I'm afraid I can't."

"Be a sport," said Mr. Brown. Almost imperceptibly his left eyelid dropped and lifted. Jane saw that he was consumed with glee at the thought of Joe Hervey's girl in his advertisements. Her mouth quirked at the corners.

"All right," she nodded.

In retrospect, it seemed to Jane that almost overnight she became accustomed to receiving proposals of marriage and fabulous offers from motion-picture companies, advertising agencies, and rival stores, in her morning mail. Actually, her rise to fame was a matter of weeks, but after the first little series of pictures in the new French hats, it was an inevitable, triumphal march. Every Sunday more and more people turned to the back pages of the rotogravures and looked for the Chase and Brown Girl. She was always there—sometimes in a roadster, sometimes on a golf course, or just standing, or just sitting, but always making Chase and Brown's clothes look like a million dollars.

"Anything we show on her sells like hot cakes," stated the smug Mr. Thompson.

"She certainly has style," said Mr. Brown.

He repeated this remark a few days later to his old and irate friend, Joe Hervey. Six telegrams Mr. Hervey had sent, demanding the return of his exploited daughter and five times he had received no answer. Once only there had been a message from Jane:

"It's all right really. Love—J"

When this arrived Mr. and Mrs. Hervey packed up and boarded the train for New York. Once there Mrs. Hervey sat and wept over Jane, while Mr. Hervey went forth to pound on Bill Brown's desk.

"Sh—" said Mr. Brown, "don't take on so. Just let me show you this."

He took from his desk an advance copy of a famous magazine. The feature article was entitled The Chase and Brown Girl. Mr. Hervey winced and read. He read that Jane was a typical, unaffected girl of twenty-two, a recent graduate of one of our foremost women's colleges, and the daughter of a well-known banker from the Middle West. He learned that she often went to concerts and adored hockey games, and that the reason for her phenomenal success was that her fine American background had in every way prepared her to show the women of the nation how to wear the simple, charming clothes she advertised. It went on and on. Finally Mr. Hervey looked up.

"It's a lot of nonsense," he said with pride in his voice.

But Mr. Brown said he didn't think it was nonsense. And after a while Mr. Hervey said, "Well, I'll have to talk it over with her mother."

"Why don't you all come to dinner tonight?" said Mr. Brown.

"Thanks, we'd like to," said Mr. Hervey.

ON VARIOUS occasions, when the Browns had remembered that they really must do something for that nice little Hervey girl, Jane had visited their house, but never before had she entered Mrs. Brown's own room. As she took off her wrap she saw that the walls and tables were covered with photographs of an angel-faced, wistful child who looked back at her out of familiar eyes.

"Who's this?" asked Jane, who knew but wanted to hear. "Who's the sweet little boy?"

Mrs. Brown turned and Jane saw that her face had clouded. "My son, Latham. I think you've met him. He's abroad now."

"He looks so good," said Jane.

"He was always very bad," answered his proud mother. She slipped an arm through Jane's as they followed Mrs. Hervey down the stairs. "When he returns," she said, "you must see more of him. You made such an impression on him, Jane, and you're so clever and so faithful to the store—if you could only interest him a little bit!"

"I'll try," promised Jane with a sudden gravity. "I'll do my best."

After that, because he had been rele-

"This hat," she said, "goes this way." Miss Stribling screwed up her eyes unpleasantly. "H-m-m," she said, "I guess you're right"

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Latham was puzzled and amused. "We must be a lovely young couple," he said. "All these charming people must be saying, 'What a lovely young couple'"

gated to her care, she thought more often of Latham Brown. She wondered if he knew about the Chase and Brown Girl. She decided that perhaps he didn't when one day she received a post-card from Marrakech that simply read: "Africa is very nice—L. Brown."

Partly because it was good publicity, partly because she had promised her mother she would, Jane continued to live at the Barberry. Her clothes, though now they came from Fifty-Seventh Street, were subtly glorified editions of the simple, youthful things she advertised, so that she was a marked figure in a restaurant or a theater. Consciously or not, but certainly proudly, Jane Hervey was becoming the living personification of the young lady who appeared at the back of every Sunday supplement.

The return of Latham Brown occurred at what might be called the height of her career. At the very moment of his reappearance she was in the hat department engaged in a struggle with Miss Stribling.

"I cannot injure myself," said Jane, "by appearing in a thing like that." And with undisguised scorn she tossed a hat onto a counter.

"I should like to know," demanded Miss Stribling, "whether you're advertising yourself or this store?"

"Personally, Miss Stribling," said a voice behind them, "I should fire her."

BOTH Jane and Miss Stribling jumped a good foot.

"How are you?" said Latham. "How are you both?"

"Goodness!" cried Jane, who was quick at collecting herself. "Why, Latham Brown! When did you get here?" He looked a little tired and a little thin, but otherwise just the same. She thought that he looked just as good-for-nothing and just as charming. Her second thought was that it was a shame.

"And what about your father?" asked Miss Stribling.

"I'm forgiven," said Latham. "Anyway, for perhaps a week I'm forgiven. Dear Stribling, let me take your young lady out for a cup of coffee. She needs it. You can fire her when she comes back."

"I can't," said Miss Stribling, "but some day I'll spank her. And I guess she can go with you if she likes."

"I do," said Jane.

They went to the little restaurant across the street.

"Coffee for two," said Latham, "and buttercakes and applesauce for one."

Jane corrected him: "Buttercakes and applesauce for two."

"Ha!" cried Latham, and that was absolutely all. He changed the subject immediately.

"So you're still at the store? And do you still live where you did?"

"Yes, I do," said Jane a little irritably. "And what about you? What have you done with yourself?"

"Oh, I've written," he answered unenthusiastically, "and I've written. I'm afraid I'm a writer."

It was strange to find him diffident and hard to talk to. "It's because of my job," she thought, "he's shy—or something." So she laughed, and remembered her duty.

"I once thought I wanted to write, but now I'm so interested in my work I don't think I ever will."

Latham looked at her sharply, and then for a long while they both ate steadily. "You look just the same, only better," he said at last, "but I'm afraid you're not as nice as you were. You've let all that good sense of yours run away with you. I was afraid it would and it's on my own head. It's what I get for setting you on to those hats. Will you go to dinner with me tonight and perhaps the theater?"

"Yes, I will," said Jane angrily. She pushed back her chair and stood up.

"I'll come at a quarter past seven," said Latham, rising slowly, "and honestly, I never react to good influence."

"You're horrid," said Jane over her shoulder. "And impudent. I may not go at all."

SHE was still angry at a quarter past seven, but at twenty-five minutes past she began to be afraid that he had taken her last remark too much to heart. At half past seven he was announced, and she wrapped herself in velvet and stood a good five minutes at the mirror before she went down.

His reaction to all this preparation was unexpected.

"What a nice little nose you have," he said and tweaked it gently.

In spite of all her resolutions to put him in his place, Jane laughed.

"You're feeling better, aren't you?" she said. "You're feeling more like yourself."

"Yes, I am," he answered, "and I hope you are too. Don't you be a disappointment to me again. Don't you get worthy. You certainly don't look worthy. Would you like to go to the Central Park Casino?"

Once there, they attracted a great deal of attention. Heads turned as they went by and whispers followed them. To Jane this was an old story, but Latham was puzzled and amused.

"We must be a lovely young couple," he said. "All these charming people must be saying, 'What a lovely young couple.'"

For the first time since his return it occurred to Jane that he really didn't know who she was. She had thought he was just being mean. A sense of amazed exasperation, leavened by an unaccountable amusement, came over her. She said nothing. Let him find out for himself. When the time came she was going to have the pleasure of humbling this youth.

"Of course," she thought, "he'll want me to stop at once. He'll think it's awful. He'll be furious."

Paradoxically enough, the thought that Latham would be furious was rather sweet. Perhaps because of this prospective triumph, perhaps because, in spite of everything, he was the most attractive person she had ever known, Jane found herself having a whirl. She quite forgot what she had promised his mother. By the time they reached the theater—very late—she quite forgot that she would have a triumph and even that she was a famous person.

WHEN the lights went on during the intermission, they went out into the lobby. Again they were followed by whispers and stares, and this time Latham turned and examined Jane curiously.

"Who are you anyway?" he questioned. "I was on a party once that someone gave for Joan Crawford, and it was something like this."

Now that it had come she didn't particularly want to humble Latham. But she hoped he would be angry—angrier than any of them.

"Don't you really know who I am?"

"Hats off, the Queen," muttered Latham.

"Don't be silly," she said shortly. "I'm the Chase and Brown Girl."

"My Lord!" cried Latham. "What's that?"

"Don't you ever look at the Sunday supplement?"

He shook his head. "Never. I don't like it. You tell me what they've been doing to you in that place."

"Well," said Jane, "you see they found out I photograph awfully well

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ILLUSTRATED BY
COURTNEY ALLEN

Sudden Johnny

By Richard Matthews Hallet

The singular adventures of Sudden Johnny Halloran amid the lions and ladies that a circus brought to town—a classic of the Shirt-Tail Bend region

"Do you think he is a safe man for my sister to be with?" Gabrielle inquired. "If she walks a chalk line, ma'am," Stage Brush told her

SLAG PILE'S new railroad was already creeping up the canyon from Shirt-Tail Bend when old Stage Brush brought up the Schermerhorn twins, of Jarnigan's Circus, to the Green Tree Hotel. Gabrielle Schermerhorn sat with Stage Brush on the box of the coach Good Intent. Sudden Johnny Halloran was inside with Eula Schermerhorn.

They were fine acrobatic women in picture hats; and a man couldn't tell them apart unless he knew it was Eula that wore the silver cage on her breast with a live tarantula inside it.

"Sudden Johnny discovered Slag Pile?" Gabrielle asked.

"Yes, ma'am," Stage Brush said. He was a hard-drinking, hard-swearing man in a country where sand filled a man's mouth cram-full if he just opened it to swear.

"It's not so much," Gabrielle pouted. Jarnigan's Circus was coming in their wake, with Rajah the elephant pulling a cage of lions.

"It's got the gold, ma'am. Johnny was in here looking for water, and he jumped a mountain sheep. Grabbed a piece of float about as big as a dictionary, and cracked the sheep's skull with it. It was that piece of float carried the eagles."

"The eagles?"

"Gold eagles. She's situated in a terrible locality, but they came here just the same, livery rig or shanks' mare, and they asked Sudden Johnny where to dig."

That was fair enough. Slag Pile was the city born of that young man's struggle with a mountain sheep. He had struck gold, and he had made whisky flow uphill.

"He's sudden, Johnny is," Stage Brush affirmed. "He can fan out his gun, shoot once, bring the heel of the left hand against the hammer and shoot again, all in a fifth of a second. He has sent more than one good man home on a shutter."

"Do you think he is a safe man for my sister to be with?" Gabrielle inquired.

"Is if she walks a chalk line, ma'am," Stage Brush told her.

Sudden Johnny, inside, was being tickled by the plumes on Eula's hat. He had smoke-blue eyes and a rule-or-ruin look.

"Have a nip of tangle-foot," he said to Eula.

"No, thank you, Mr. Halloran. Drink is bad for lion-tamers," Eula laughed.

"Here comes Slag Pile," Johnny said. "We got a nice hotel, the Green Tree, only don't sit too long in the chairs. They might stick to you on account of new varnish. Well, if I was new varnish myself—"

"I guess you're just another cavalier," Eula informed him.

STAGE BRUSH, with the ribbons loose in his fingers, turned his running team into Slag Pile, touched his toe to the brake, and brought everything to a full stop in the shadow of the Green Tree. Young Coppertoes, riding the hind boot, jumped down and opened the coach door. Eula had a pretty way of hanging hard to a man's arm, getting in and out of coaches. Jarnigan, in a yellow livery rig, drove up in time to see what she was up to.

Big-footed Jim Jarnigan, of Jarnigan's Circus, had been a seaman, and he still wore a monkey jacket of blue pilot cloth, and a blue flannel shirt with a rolling collar and white stars. He showed a wolf's pelt on his bronzed chest.

"One word with you, Mr. Halloran."

"Sure thing, if the lady will excuse me. Come into the Arcadia Bar."

Sudden Johnny called for drinks.

Jarnigan said, "I'm glad to bring my circus up here to amuse the boys. But remember, I got a couple of handsome women in the outfit. And I got to see that they stay circus women."

"What is your definition of circus women, mister?"

"Circus women stick with the circus," Jarnigan said. He looked hard. "They ain't easy to replace."

"Looks like a man couldn't replace 'em in a hurry, sure."

"Women like these twins is valuable. If Jarnigan's was to lose one, it would be like losing a shoe."

"One shoe is no good. You would have to throw the other shoe after it." Sudden Johnny grinned.

"I don't want to have to throw no shoes after nobody."

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"You won't have to, except in case of weddings."

"There won't be no weddings. I'll be out of here by Monday."

Jarnigan was wrong there, because Jarnigan's stuck fast to Slag Pile like a ship ashore. It got the gold fever. Old Charlie Swartwoud led out his elephants for lifting mine timbers; the twins sang songs like The Message of the Violets in the Arcadia; and Jarnigan sulked and bought stolen gold from the high-graders.

THE high-graders were miners that crawled out at the end of day with ore fat as butter in double canvas shirts —corset-covers, these were called—and either sold it for cash or hid it in the mountains. Sudden Johnny didn't mind a little high-grading. It was good for stocks, because it showed the stuff was there. It showed that Slag Pile was full of gold and running over; and that was still its predicament when the rails finally reached it.

Rajah the elephant personally laid the last rail, and Sudden Johnny drove the last spike. It was a gold spike, and it went in pretty loose. Johnny made a speech.

"This is the third city I have brought to pass," he said, "and there isn't so much as a scar on the desert's face to mark the other two. Slag Pile is different. I reckon I have spiked her to the map to stay spiked."

Yells from that lot of devils let loose on a vacation from hell. Slag Pile was here to stay until hell was full of pink icicles. Gabrielle Schermerhorn dropped her hat; and Jarnigan and Sudden Johnny made a jump for it. Johnny threw Jarnigan with a flying mare; and the band entered into the spirit of the thing and played Arise and Shake Thyself from the Dust.

And Jarnigan arose and shook himself from the dust; but his love for Slag Pile's founder was no greater.

The circus did well. Gabrielle, the equestrienne, got a good hand. Then Eula put her lions through their tricks. The big cats sat on blue-painted mounts, and she poked chairs at them, and flicked them on their noses. Sudden Johnny's cigar went cold, and he fingered his gun.

" 'Tain't reasonable," Stage Brush told him. "Saying she was to weaken for maybe jest the flitter of a bat's wing, one of them cats will be down her throat, irregardless."

"She ain't afraid," little Coppertoes said proudly.

"She ain't afraid *enough*," Stage Brush complained, and he took a sip of barbed-wire whisky.

The thing stuck in his crop. Late that night, when the celebration at the Arcadia was at its height, Stage Brush grew big with bottle courage.

"Them cats wants out," he told himself. He went privately and unfastened all the cages.

"Shoo fly," he said. He flailed his arms. "Shoo fly," he said. The lions bounced out; but they paid no more attention to him. Pretty soon there was a cry of "Loose lions!" and Sudden Johnny came face to face with one of them coming round the corner of the newly consecrated depot. He emptied his six-gun into it, all in that famed fifth of a second.

Sudden Johnny said between his teeth, "Here's one of those lions coming for the sheep"

It was—it would be—Eula Schermerhorn's favorite lion; and Sudden Johnny had no more than done the deed than Eula confronted him in person. She was corseted but not laced in a white doe-skin jacket with filigreed silver buttons, over her night dress. Her tawny hair was down and she had a broom in her hands.

"You've killed him, you ninny," Eula sobbed. "Put your foot on his poor head, why don't you, and strike a pose. Oh, ye gods, and all you had to do was just beat him on the nose with a stick."

"Maybe I could have tickled him with a broom straw, but I didn't have one handy," Johnny said. He felt sheepish, ridiculous and savage.

AND then Gabrielle created a diversion for him. She came running in her bare feet, and shrieked out loud. A snake, she moaned, had bitten her. She fainted in Johnny's arms.

She came to in her room at the Green Tree, on a bed of Mexican onyx and brass, with down pillows and a crinkled silk, flush-pink canopy. She heard Eula crying, "Where's the wound?" and Sudden Johnny said, "Let me suck it, you've got a cracked lip." He sucked out the poison with his own mouth; and Gabrielle said, "I am dying, Mr. Halloran. Kiss me."

Johnny made a move, and knocked down a chair that had a pair of black cotton-silk hose over the back of it, with patent hip-attachments. On the bureau was pearl powder and a saucer of carmine, with a hare's foot dipped into it; and a bottle of Blessed Baby perfume next adjacent. Another chair upheld a pair of lady's unwhisperables; you remember, cambric, with a lot of pretty Cluny lace and sixteen rows of hemstitching above the ruffles.

The one safe eye-shot looked to be the door; but Jarnigan was there, with his neck craned out like a roupy chicken's.

"I'll give you enough," Jarnigan snarled.

"Don't you get taut in the harness," Johnny said. "This lady is to be my wife."

He was just that sudden. The fair equestrienne fainted again, which was her genteel way of saying yes.

In the middle of the night the clergyman's house — it was perched on whisky barrels—shook. A voice cried:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel mill?"

"My good man, will you be a little more explicit?"

"I say, are you the head clerk of the doxology works? We need a gospel-sharp. Sudden Johnny wants to tie the knot with his tongue that he can't untie with his teeth."

AND then Slag Pile's great burst came on. They made Johnny president of the local bank; and he could write his check—with a yellow wildcat in the upper left-hand corner—for almost any figure. Gabrielle had iced orchids and maiden-hair ferns on her bureau now. Her jewel-case was well stocked too. She used to lie in bed looking at her diamonds.

"Don't let 'em put your eyes out," Johnny told her.

"They rest me, Johnny. If you got a diamond, it's an investment. It's something that can't slide out from under you the way Slag Pile could, and will yet."

"Slag Pile is here to stay."

"Maybe."

"Or say it ain't. Say it dried. Why, Gaby, you are a king's ransom, right the way you lie."

"Don't you ever think you can come down to living on my jewels," Gabrielle flashed. "I wouldn't part with 'em if I was starving. . . . They rest me. They hypmatize me, Johnny," Gabrielle confessed. "If I was to have my throat cut in the night and my jewels were the motive, I wouldn't give them up."

"You won't have to. . . . Pretty soon, Gaby, hog-pens in Slag Pile will be mahogany inlaid with ivory with Phelan cushions for the sows."

"I DIDN'T think you were that vulgar," Gabrielle pouted. "Gold isn't everything. I'm going downhill every day we stay in this horrible place. It's not only barrels that fall to pieces half an hour after you knock the hoops off them out here. Heat swells me. My shoes are pints and my feet are quarts, I tell you. Oh, God, I'm stranded here," she wept. "What have I got to look at, outside that abominable vapor-bath woman next door making funeral wreaths out of wax flowers? Johnny, take me away."

"Now, honey—"

"I got an *appetite* against Slag Pile," Gaby shrieked.

Others soon enough shared that appetite. Slag Pile going up passed itself coming down. This was the panic year, and that was bad enough; but Slag Pile's ore began to peter out. It was like corn in a crib, or sugar in a barrel; so much of it, and no more. When the first flurries on the local 'change beat the stocks down, Sudden Johnny bought with everything he had; but the sellers got the best of him. Then, when word went round that somebody had stolen the gold spike out of the last sleeper, the eagles took flight overnight. The town's lifeblood gushed out with the drawing of that spike.

Old Never Sweat, the blind prospector, hooked Johnny with his cane.

"Ain't found the spike yet, have they, Johnny?"

"No."

"Ain't looked in the right place."

"Where would you look, hombre?"

"Under Eula Schermerhorn's pillow."

"How is that again?" Johnny rasped.

"I was sitting outside the depot one night and Eula brushed me. Sure it was Eula. And I heard a clinking out by the rails. Well, now, you tax her with it. She's jealous of her sister, Johnny. You should have gone over into Mormon territory and married the pair of 'em."

Sudden Johnny found Eula in the bowling alley. Slag Pile's citizens were

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fond of her. They had taught her to wear pants, and smoke cigarettes and bowl.

"She rolls a slow ball, but it knocks down the pins," Stage Brush gloried in her. Young Coppertoes was pin-boy.

"I'm hearing something about you," Johnny whispered to her.

Eula's eyes had their lion-taming look, as if she had half a mind to poke chair legs at him.

"No good, I'll bet," she said.

"It was you took the gold spike."

"You think what you please, Johnny."

"Think? I got a witness."

"My soul and body, who?" Eula gasped.

"Old Never Sweat."

"A blind man."

"Well, a blind man would know *you* were around," Sudden Johnny said. Eula had the whip-hand now. She said, "That's sweet of you, Johnny!"

Sudden Johnny was lost.

"You *are* sudden," Eula murmured.

"Your lips are smoky," Johnny said.

"Where there's smoke, there's fire," Eula whispered. "Maybe, though, you think it's Gaby you just kissed."

"You little devil, I easy enough could make that mistake."

"The sarpent—the sarpent tempted you," Eula mimicked Stage Brush. "You're just Jarnigan again, aren't you? You're thinking one shoe is no good without the other, aren't you? You want two to walk on."

She showed him blue famine in her eyes.

"Clear out," he muttered. "Go down to Shirt-Tail Bend, my girl. If you was a man, I'd say you was working fast toward a rope's end."

"Would you? But say I told you where to find a pot of gold?"

The founder of three gold cities mumbled, "I never needed anyone to point the eagles out to me yet."

"What if Jarnigan had a cache of stolen ore?"

"That shows Slag Pile has got the eagles, don't it?"

"It shows she had 'em once," Eula flashed.

"I can go to where gold is any time—on crutches," Sudden Johnny boasted. "You push along."

EULA SCHERMERHORN went out of Slag Pile by the next train; but she didn't go alone. Slag Pile was shrinking like the wild ass' skin. When the president of the stagecoach line sent a message up to Stage Brush—"Your salary's stopped"—that superb reinsman wound the reins around the brake bar and shouted, "My compliments to the president, but if that's true, I'll be damned if I drive."

That was the morning for the last train out of Slag Pile. Dawn counted forty-five red noses in the waiting-room. The engine was varnished like a new boot; but in place of flags, there were six funeral wreaths around the stack.

Jarnigan's was on the move again. The Rajah was on a flat car with his toenails beautifully cut and gilded; and Jarnigan was in his monkey jacket. He straddled himself in front of Johnny.

"It's time to leave her, Johnny."

"Rats desert a sinking ship," Johnny said.

"Maybe. What you say, mister, goes around these diggings from now on."

Sudden Johnny reached out and punched his man viciously for gold but Jarnigan wasn't in corset covers. If he had treasure, he was leaving it.

Not so Gabrielle Halloran. She came out of the Green Tree diamonded every way, and she swept past Johnny with her jewel-case hanging on her arm.

She didn't look at him. When the train began to roll, she picked up her skirt of steel-bangled lace, and snatched out of that deep pocket in her petticoat a clawed and twisted gold spike, and threw it down at Sudden Johnny's feet.

"There's a little billet-doux for you," she cried spitefully. "See if you can spike Slag Pile to the map with that."

WELL, if Sudden Johnny hadn't always been able to tell the twins apart, how could he expect a blind man to?

Even now he wasn't quite alone with his city. Toward sundown he found young Coppertoes sitting on the bank steps.

"They overlook you?" Sudden Johnny asked him.

"No. I joined the birds."

"You joined the birds?"

"I jumped her, Johnny. I jumped off the train. You let me stay."

"Put your cash in your boots, and we'll walk out ourselves."

"You ain't—you ain't leaving Slag Pile, Johnny?"

"I'm just a steam engine in breeches. I'll be back. Only I've got to see a lady."

Shirt-Tail Bend they called a railroad town because they used to hook the helper engine on there. It looked like a collection of pill-boxes on a billiard board. Johnny and Coppertoes made it in three days, following the rails; and found Swartwoud on the loading platform, polishing the Rajah's tusks.

"He's a white elephant, every way but color," Swartwoud said. "I won him in a raffle, and I ain't been able to sell him or give him away; and I'm too tender-hearted to let him die."

"That's how it is with me and Slag Pile," Johnny said.

"There's one citizen gone back again already."

"What one?" Johnny asked.

"Jarnigan. Got himself a couple of burros and a canteen and started back. Gone looking for them lions Stage Brush let out, he says."

"We didn't see him though."

"He went the short way, for Nightcap," Swartwoud said.

"Here, kid," Sudden Johnny said to Coppertoes, "take this spike around to Eula Schermerhorn with my compliments. Tell her one damn' fool has gone chasing another. Slag Pile ain't dead yet."

"Not the short way, Johnny."

"Why not?"

"You got no jackasses."

"I'll go by leather train. I'll walk."

"Say it shuts down hot."

"I always could eat heat. You do like I tell you, kid."

Jarnigan was after more than just strayed lions. Likely he was after stolen gold. Slag Pile's heart's blood. Johnny started with one canteen, on foot, across the dry lake. By noon of the first day he found Jarnigan's footprints at the edge of a dune. "It's him by actual measurement," Sudden Johnny muttered. Big-footed Jim. The burros' tracks were there too.

Johnny traveled half that night; and then slept in the sand a little, and went on. The sun was high when he found Jarnigan's tracks again. But this time there were no burro tracks.

"He forgot to hobble 'em while he slept," Johnny mused.

Now he had the edge on Jarnigan.

Sudden Johnny's feet burned, his throat closed, his lips cracked, his brain warped and fell in ruins like a barrel without hoops. Suddenly he felt the burning sand bite him like a snake's fang. He looked down and to his horror he saw that he was in his stockinged feet. His boots were gone and he couldn't remember where he had sat down to take them off. Had the heat scooped him out already? He went on again, toward that high peak like a crumpled nightcap that was Slag Pile's marker.

But now it was like walking on stovelids. He stumbled and pitched forward on his face. He lifted his heels out of the sand; but the heat ran along his flank like a prairie fire. He rolled over on his back. He crawled on his hands and knees, twitching and sagging low, cooling himself with his own shadow.

Sky and sand. Sand and sky. When he saw a third thing, a black speck, very distant, he thought it might be Jarnigan. When he got closer, he saw it was a boot over on its side. Was it one of his own boots? If so, he had got turned round. But no, he could still see the Nightcap right ahead of him. It couldn't be his own boot, either, because of its enormous size, he next saw. It was size fourteen at least. It was Jarnigan's boot.

Then he came across a blue sailor blouse ripped off with the strength of madness, and lying in the sand in a desperate attitude. Jarnigan couldn't keep his shirt on. He was tearing off his clothes, as men will when the heat pricks to the marrow.

WITH Sudden Johnny now it became a point of pride to keep his shirt on. He was sheepish about his boots, too, and he kept a sharp lookout for Jarnigan's other boot, but he didn't see it anywhere.

Jarnigan at all events didn't have it any longer. Sudden Johnny found that out by overtaking him at last. This was close against the mountain, at the bottom of a gravel fan where a black rock had splashed on it playfully with red paint, the words Eight Miles to Hell.

Jarnigan had made that eight miles in one jump. He was dead, stark naked, boiled out entirely. He was sprawled on his face.

Just beyond him was a mountain sheep dying of a broken leg. Sudden Johnny thought fuzzily that now his chance, and Slag Pile's chance, had come again. Things went in circles, like a man did himself if he wasn't careful. It was a mountain sheep, remember, that had first turned over the eagles for Slag Pile.

Johnny flung himself at the sheep and grabbed it by throat and foreleg. But the dying sheep had surprising energy. He butted with his horns and kicked with his free leg. His wool got stuffed into Johnny's mouth, and that was no consolation to a man perishing of thirst. Johnny tried to trip the sheep up, and partly did, but the sheep bungled and fell on top of him.

In the nick of time, somebody yanked the baffling creature off his chest. It was Eula Schermerhorn, and she was in a rag, a disgraceful flutter of a green dress. The heat had made her part with all her petticoats; and the sheep's horn had made havoc with the rest of her. Eula's legs were scratched, her tawny hair hung straight down, and her face had a burning flush. She dragged Johnny's head against her breast.

He recognized, he thought, her very heartbeat; and more from habit than anything, or maybe because he caught a phantom waft of Blessed Baby from her hair, he murmured, "Hello, Gaby."

Eula was willing to take the place of Gabrielle.

"You know me, Johnny?"

HE KNEW now she was Eula, because he saw hung round her neck the gold spike that he had sent to her by Coppertoes. He knew it was Eula, and still he was too sheepish to acknowledge it.

"Sure, I know you, Gaby."

"I came in one of these automobiles," Eula said. "The only one there was in the Bend. Stage Brush is driving it. He's—"

Sudden Johnny said between his teeth, "By goralmighty, here's one of those strayed lions coming for the sheep."

A loose lion from Jarnigan's was looking round a rock a dozen paces off. His mane was matted; he looked lean; he had been having a poor time in the mountains. He roared. Eula stared at him; and then she took a leaf out of Johnny's book. She was sudden. She stood straight up and put her arms over her head and shrieked, just as Gabrielle had when she put her foot down on that barrel hoop. She was Gabrielle to the life; and she made her choice between Johnny and the lion.

"Kill him, Johnny," she implored.

And Johnny saw the jig was up. He couldn't kill another one of Eula's lions.

"I would for Gabrielle," he said, "but not for you. I never was much of a hand for lions. I am marked for lions, the way some people are for mice. You tell him to make velvet paws, Eula."

He heard a dragging sound, and then Eula was back.

"He's happy now. I made him a present of the sheep."

"You would give away your shirt, girl."

"I would for you. Now let me tell you where Jarnigan hid gold. It's yours, isn't it?"

"Call it ours," Sudden Johnny said. He got hold of the gold spike and pulled her down. "We'll spike Slag Pile to the map yet." He saw Stage Brush coming and he spoke fast. "I am the nearest thing to nothing of anything I know, except a footless stocking with the leg gone. It was you I wanted, and still I wanted a woman that would scare quicker than I would myself. Like Gabrielle. I wanted the two shoes. . . . Yes, ma'am, I did. Jarnigan told me, 'You can't do nothing with the help of one shoe,' and I believed him. I know different now," Sudden Johnny confessed with Eula's hair sliding at his throat. "In a pinch, one shoe will do."

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Lovely hair means, first, healthy hair, and healthy hair means brushing

Hair Raising

By Betty Thornley Stuart

Hair is on the up and up. Off the neck, up on the head. But to have your hair really fetching to the masculine eye it must look healthy and natural. Here's how you can encourage it that way

BY JOVE," said the old bucks of the Victorian era, "what gorgeous hair that woman has!" Men were hair-conscious in those days, and a lady's "crowning glory" was a sure-fire cause of palpitation in their martial breasts. They went around looking for lovely locks and worshiped them when found.

Today they aren't so noticing. The characteristic remark of our period is made by other women, "I wonder who her hairdresser is?" No homage to beauty. All the shouting for chic—in the person of somebody who thins, manipulates and glues what he leaves on the head into a popular or an unusual pattern.

Yet what really makes the average woman dress and fuss with herself is still the good old urge to catch the masculine eye and provide herself with a wedding ring. If the ring is achieved, the idea is to make it stick. But the kind of trouble the modern Venus takes with her hair isn't helping the least bit. What she says when she comes home after a session with her hairdresser is, "Don't, George—you're spoiling my wave!" And if that's finesse, he prefers nature.

Girls today ought to realize that men aren't and never were interested in hairdressing. They like the hair itself, and they think it ought to look well, tumbled or tidy. Some want it blond. Others like it red. Still more don't mind if it's brown or black. But they all lose interest when it gets artificial, surrounded with a row of placards saying, "Baby Mustn't Touch." The girl who can ride bareheaded on a horse or in a roadster, balance on the deck of a boat in a good stiff breeze, turn somersaults on the sand and snatch her hat off at any time, looking as lovely as she does on the dance floor—is the girl for them. The other kind seem middle-aged and unexciting by comparison. And this irrespective of whether they wear marcel railroad tracks, still favor the soulful Garbo bob or go in for the up-in-back, down-in-front bang-furor, started by Katharine Hepburn in Little Women and fostered in Paris at the latest openings.

That bang business is what stirred us up. Hepburn happened to look well in a fringe. And so do half a dozen out of a couple of hundred others. But consider the latest Miriam Hopkins, the current Carol Lombard, if you want to see what we mean. They've sacrificed personality on the altar of a cult that puts hair-pattern ahead of hair. And so powerful is the influence of Hollywood that a million other women, tall and short, round- and long-faced, old and young, are today standing in front of their mirrors considering bangs, if they haven't already had them cut. Some will look like sheep dogs and some like rain on the eaves. But they'll all look like somebody else instead of themselves. Maybe that's what they're after.

Nature Is Wiser Than Art

Forget it, girls. You're beginning wrong end to. First put your hair itself right. Then—don't consult Hollywood or anybody else as to how it should be arranged. Listen to those determined little strands themselves.

One of the outstanding prophets in what ought to be the new era of naturalness in hair is Emile of Radio City. He's a hairdresser. But he has an attitude toward his job that few of his contemporaries show. For he's all in favor of letting hair set its own pattern. Nature, he says, is a whole lot wiser and stronger than art. When art interferes, the effect isn't good and doesn't last. You can help nature. But you shouldn't try to thwart her, or she'll beat you out in the end.

When you go to Emile, he insists on a good thorough-going shampoo to take away as much as possible of what your last professional dictated above the dome, since this may or may not be what the dome wants. Probably you'll still have a lot of those ugly, short, straight hairs that result from the thinning he hates. But the wave itself will be gone—unless permanented in—and the stiffening added to keep your curls in shape will have departed down the drain.

"Let me see," he'll say, running his comb through your hair and tossing it lightly this way and that, "it wants to go so—and so—and so. Isn't it pretty, that big soft wave it takes just there? Why try to put in two small ones instead? . . . You have a lovely hairline—bangs would hide it. No bangs for you . . . I think it should be cut just slightly shorter behind. Hair has differences of curling power, and yours isn't strong enough to keep the weight from pulling it straight . . . I don't think you brush it enough. Do you?"

Perhaps you counter with that good old favorite, "But won't brushing spoil my wave?"

Now you'll see Emile mad. "Who told you so?" he snorts. "Brushing is the finest massage and scalp treatment any woman can give herself, whether her hair is naturally curly, permanent-curly or straight. No hair can be healthy, no scalp can be healthy unless you brush. No hair can be beautiful that is not healthy. And no arrangement can be beautiful, if the hair itself is not beautiful. Is it not so? First get

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Two on Safari

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

SENT to Africa on a remarkable assignment—to search for young Laurence Morland, who has disappeared mysteriously in the interior—Ballard Mallory, an American adventurer, meets an English girl, Josephine Cascoden, who insists on accompanying him.

Mallory protests, argues with the girl. But when, the safari outfitted, he plunges into the bush, Jo Cascoden is with him. He wonders who she is, *what* she is. Half convinced that she is a spy, sent from London to report on him, he promptly falls in love with her; then learns, from the girl's own lips, that she is in love—*with Laurence Morland!*

Wondering why the girl has come to Africa, and puzzled by the strange terms of the agreement he had signed in London (whereby it is stipulated that, should Morland be alive, Mallory is to receive a nominal salary but that, should Morland be dead, a five-thousand-pound bonus will be paid), he works his way inland.

During a stop near a recently looted village, the natives stage a dance. Among the performers is one Papu, a magnificent young male, upon whose head, most incongruously, rests a European cap! Jo Cascoden notes that cap with interest. The following day the safari overtakes a sinister procession: men, women and children (obviously they are the marauders who had attacked the village), moving slowly down the trail. In the center of the procession is a hideous, gaunt white man. From a litter, borne by stalwart blacks, he urges his bearers on. With one hand he grasps a revolver; with the other a cruel whip.

Simultaneously, the man and Jo Cascoden see each other. The man greets her familiarly, insultingly. Whereupon, unable to control herself, she fires twice at him—and misses. Amazed (for he feels sure the stranger is Laurence Morland), Mallory disarms the fellow, who is suffering from a fever which presently causes his death.

Then comes a shock for the American. In the dead man's effects is a duplicate of the contract which Mallory had signed in London. A contract signed by Captain Eric Brandon-Smith—*not* Ballard Mallory! . . . Another strange adventure follows immediately. Josephine is kidnapped and quickly rescued by Mallory, who, by way of punishment, forces the kidnapper—Ibn-ben-Dur, a wealthy merchant—to pay him twenty-six valuable pearls and two horses. . . . Meanwhile, the girl has been making her plans. She summons Abdul, her personal servant, tells him that she will give him a five-pound note if he will arrange for an interview with Papu, the dancer. That night Abdul brings Papu to the camp. Slipping from her tent, Josephine joins them. Then—to Abdul: "You can have your five pounds if you can make Papu take me to the white man who gave him the cap he's wearing."

Conclusion

AFTER an excellent night's sleep Ballard arose refreshed, though not particularly cheerful. Glancing at Josephine's tent, he noticed the flaps were still down and decided not to disturb her. When he had finished his breakfast he lit his pipe and promptly became absorbed in the task of making a strong, thin thread out of sisal fibers bound with wild bees' wax. In his breeches pocket were twenty-six choice pierced pearls. He had been severe rather than hoggish in their selection. There were only two of Ibn's very largest, while the rest were graded as to size and quality downward from that pinnacle of worth and perfection. Ali approached.

"Master, Missis not in tent."

Ballard sprang to his feet. "How do you know?"

"I see mosquito netting for window blow out. I look in."

Ballard rushed to the tent, tore open the flaps and glanced within. The bedding on the cot had not been disturbed; only the pillow was dented. He looked beyond to where the loose corner of the bobbinet stirred fitfully in the morning breeze. He drew back and shouted for Abdul, who came on the run.

"Where's the Missis?"

"I not know, Master," answered Abdul, his eyes wide.

But beneath the layer of surprise on his face Ballard sensed a sleek complacence and, yielding to an impulse of rage, took an open-handed swing at the boy's ear. Abdul dodged; his head escaped the blow, but not his fez. That receptacle of every Zanzibari's most treasured possessions went rolling in the dust and out of it popped, among other articles, a folded bit of paper of a color unmistakable the world over. Abdul made a dive for it but Ballard was too quick for him; with his knee he sent the boy rolling, stooped over and picked up the selfsame banknote he had given to Mrs. Semster, duly initialed by himself according to the usual demand of the cautious Britisher. He recognized it with astonishment but had no time at the moment to study out the puzzle. He shouted an order and a moment later Abdul, yelling his head off, was staked out face down, his widely extended ankles and wrists anchored to the ground.

"*Sjambok!*" cried Ballard.

"How many, Master?" asked Ali, a cruel glint shining through the slits of his half-closed eyes.

"Let him have it till he tells what happened to the Missis."

ABDUL, having wielded a sjambok on more than one occasion himself, writhed in a paroxysm of terror. "I tell!" he shrieked. "I tell! I tell!"

Ballard caught Ali's descending arm. "Turn him loose," he ordered. Abdul rolled to a sitting position, tears pouring down his cheeks; he could not yet believe he had escaped. "Quit your blubbering," said Ballard sharply. "Stand up. Where's the Missis?"

"She go Mutambe's kraal," sobbed Abdul.

"Show the way," ordered Ballard, assuming the sjambok. "Travel."

"Abdul *aicona* know way!" wailed Abdul.

"Oh, yes, you do," said Ballard flicking the calves of his legs. "You know which way she started."

The boy set off at a run, with Ballard close behind him, calling over his shoulder to Tugo, Negrito and Ali to follow. A few minutes later the master tracker was put on Josephine's easy spoor and in less than an hour the party of five came within sight of Mutambe's village. For a moment Ballard stood still, entranced by the peace and beauty of the sudden scene. With his back to the wall of forest through which they had come he gazed out upon an open country reminiscent of the parks of England or of the fields of home. The yellowing grass looked like hay ready for cutting, islands of distant trees like plantations of immemorial oaks.

But what seized the eye, drawing it back from misty distance, was a deep tarn of water, blue as the sky above, on

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whose lip grew a stupendous ficus, the wild fig tree that, starting as a vine, seizes upon a towering host, devours it through the years and finally spreads its own beneficent canopy over half an acre of grateful ground. Beneath its shade the earth is perpetually cool and gives birth to a fine grass like a blanket of moss. Upon a knoll well to the left of this noble dome was clustered the village itself, its huts looking like so many buff Cochin hens snuggling in a circle around a cluster of trees.

Ballard advanced. As far as conformation went he knew exactly what he would find when he stepped through the square archway which pierced the village cactus hedge. But in the very entrance surprise awaited him. A young warrior he did not know barred the way. Standing with feet close together and arms extended, he was so rigid he gave the impression of a cross of ebony. His eyes stared fixedly but from his lips poured a torrent of abject phrases.

BALLARD turned to Ali. "Who is this boy and what does he want?"

Ali, stumped for once, shook his head, but Abdul came forward, glad of a chance to regain favor.

"This boy Papu, *induna* for Wemba."

"Then why isn't he with Matogada?"

"He special boy, have special job," said Abdul importantly.

He addressed Papu rapidly in dialect with such effect that the black reluctantly stood to one side. Ballard entered. To right and left stood the huts of the children, boys in one, girls in the other. Continuing the circle to the right came the huts of the wives, while on the left, under the finest tree, lay the *hubo*, meeting place of men to the exclusion of every female, human or otherwise. Naturally his glance went first to this sacred spot and recoiled from the sight of Josephine's recumbent figure stretched out on a mat.

But his eyes scarcely lingered on her, for sitting cross-legged beside her, erect from the hips up, was a splendid specimen of humanity in the raw. The youth's body, naked to the waist, was sheer golden bronze. On his head he wore a huge pompon of marabou feathers as imposing as a black busby. Around his loins were strung the pelts of civet cats, coveted by every local dandy, and on his wrists and ankles were bracelets woven from the long wirelike hairs from elephants' tails. He wore nothing else, having discarded his sandals of oxhide in accordance with the ritual of the *hubo*.

Ballard approached slowly and curiously, stopped and stared. He was looking at a white man, dyed from head to toe with a well-known native decoction usually reserved for pottery.

"Mallory is the name, isn't it?" inquired the youth pleasantly and at the sound of his voice Josephine abruptly sat erect.

"That's right," said Ballard. "I suppose you're the Honorable Laurence Morland?"

"That's one of my names," admitted the young man. "Larry Morland, L. P. C. Morland, Laurence Percy Cascoden Morland—I was all of those. But I understand you're familiar with the Thonga *mores;* if so, you know their habit in regard to names. My *shibongo,* the name by which I am at present glorified, is Nwamutambe."

"That means you've become naturalized," said Ballard quickly, "adopted by Mutambe himself."

"You've caught the general idea. I was just telling Jodie she'd better clear out of the *hubo* before the old sport comes back."

"Where is he?" asked Ballard.

"You ought to know, since he and all his men left at your call. He's with Matogada, Wemba and the rest of your crowd."

"That's so; I remember now," said Mallory, still in a daze.

"Where's your gun, Ballard?" asked Josephine. "Didn't you give your word you'd shoot Larry Morland on sight?"

"So it's Ballard, is it?" said Morland. "I thought you told me his name was Mallory."

"I did—Ballard Mallory. I call him Ballard and he calls me Jo."

"Personally I shrink from familiarity," said Morland, a tiny frown on his otherwise smooth forehead. "I'll stick to Mallory." He glanced up. "Won't you sit down?"

"In a minute I will," said Ballard; "I have a feeling I'd like to sit with you for hours." He called for Ali, gave orders to have the entire safari moved and a new camp set under the giant ficus, then sat down facing both Morland and Josephine. "Unreel the tale. Who are you two? What are you doing here, Morland? What's it all about anyway?"

Ballard approached curiously, stopped and stared. He was looking at a white man dyed from head to toe

Morland glanced at him reprovingly. "Jodie," he remarked, "contrary to what you told me, I find your friend has rotten manners." He turned again to Ballard and said softly in Thonga. "Stranger, the day is fine."

"It is indeed a fine day," answered Ballard gravely in the same tongue.

"Do you come from afar?"

"From very far," said Ballard soberly, "from the land of the *Ingelezes,* who live beyond the furthermost limits of the sea."

"How are your wives?"

"I have no wife."

Nwamutambe's eyebrows went up in outraged consternation. "Yet you approach the *hubo* in the manner of a man of importance in his own land!"

"STOP it!" cried Josephine furiously. "I won't have it! If you say another word I can't understand I'll scratch all your eyes out."

"Why, Jodie!" protested Morland. "I was only finding out whether he's married. Isn't that what you said you'd like to know?"

"I didn't!" she spluttered in her anger. "All I said was that I wondered."

"Well, you needn't wonder any more. He says he isn't, and you ought to know by this time whether to believe him or not."

"It's more important to me at the moment," said Ballard, "to know whether I can believe Miss Cascoden. She told me she loves you more than any other man on earth; later on she assured me you're not her brother. I wish you'd loosen up, like a good chap, and verify the last of the two statements."

"You must forgive me for not answering at once," said Morland. "Try to put yourself in my place. For a year I've lived Thonga, eaten Thonga, thought and slept Thonga. I was inclined to like you at first sight, but permit me an Americanism. Your haste has all the markings of a sock in the jaw and I feel as if I were conversing with the hind foot of one of your famed Missouri mules—handsome beasts, I must say."

BALLARD'S cheeks colored violently under their tan and for an instant his gray eyes gleamed angrily; then, slowly, his lips broke to a winning smile.

"You're right, Morland; absolutely right. I never realized before how wide is the chasm of impatience which divides our impetuous race from the native dignity of the African. My only excuse is that I'm miserably in love with Miss Cascoden. I've seen her for weeks, boy by day, woman by night. I've known her grimy as a chimney sweep, fresh as a drop of dew. Dirty or clean, I love her from her feet to the top of her head and back again."

"Haste! Haste!" groaned Morland, throwing his hands to his temples. "The man's mad, Jodie. Can't you stop him?"

"Why should I?" said Josephine coolly. "I like it. He does that all the time."

Ballard rose to his feet and stood staring down and through them both. "I know I'm mad. I've been going slowly and steadily crazy ever since the night a fairly respectable-looking girl told me she was going wherever I went. She's stuck to me ever since like a leech, or a tick, or a vampire bat, or anything else that sucks a man's blood, grows fat and laughs. I invite you to dine with

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me tonight at seven; in the meantime you can both go to hell."

Only at the conclusion of his speech did he perceive they were doubled up and holding their stomachs as if they had the colic. He left them, went to sit beneath the great tree at the edge of the tarn and proceeded to finish stringing the tribute of pearls he had levied on Ibn. Ali arrived with the safari and started to set camp. Ballard paid no heed, awaiting word that all was ready. The necklace finished, he shaved with unusual care, bathed and solemnly togged himself out in white shirt, mess jacket, cummerbund, dress trousers and pumps.

HE FELT lonely—lonely and abused. Returning to the table at the verge of the pool he ordered himself a bottle of champagne. He was half through it before Josephine came running down the declivity from the kraal. Catching a glimpse of his white jacket from afar, she gasped; then made a dash for her own tent, opened the larger of her two trunks and took out a badly creased chiffon frock. She almost cried at seeing its condition but decided to make the best of it. By dark she was ready but waited behind the dropped flaps of her tent until she heard Morland's arrival and Mallory's greeting.

"What's happened to Miss Cascoden?" asked Ballard morosely.

"Jodie? She came down an hour ago."

"I'm here," said Josephine, stepping out from the tent and walking slowly toward them, careful not to trip on high heels, grown unfamiliar.

Morland, who had not changed his garb in any particular except that he wore his sandals, took her attire as well as Mallory's as a matter of course. He looked with approval on the snow-white cloth, the shining tableware, and glanced from the tumblers toward three canvas water coolers which bulged with the weight of the bottles within them.

"I must say," he murmured admiringly, "you do yourself well, old chap."

Ali extracted a second bottle from one of the bags, wrapped it in a napkin and handed it to his master. Ballard untwisted the rusty wire, eased out the cork, but at the last instant permitted it to pop. It went flying into the branches of the tree and at the report, so like the explosion of a gun, a grunting gasp arose from twice a hundred throats. Neither of the white men moved, but Josephine, startled, turned her head quickly.

THE table stood within a circle of light beneath the impenetrable shadow of the dome above. Beyond its outermost fringe came a sector of smudges intended to discourage all sorts of flying insects. By the glow from these fires was the source of the grunting gasp revealed. Upon the slope squatted a vast semicircle of men, women, children and babies, their all but naked bodies welded into a solid phalanx, their shining faces gleaming with the intensity of their enjoyment of the show.

Josephine's eyes came back to her companions, swept approvingly over Morland's golden bronze body from his sandaled feet to the grotesque pompon, then rested on Ballard. Never had he shown to greater advantage, in spite of the troubled shadow on his brow. She had admitted he was handsome from the first, but tonight some deeper element seemed to imbue him with actual beauty—the beauty of a polished shaft of steel or of the shining rifling in a gun barrel. Those two things were straight, they had to be! Then straightness was his quality, his symbol.

She played with her brimming tumbler, then raised it, her eyes soft, not looking at either Morland or Mallory.

"I drink my own toast," she murmured. "To the two men I love best on earth."

Ballard felt as though a cool hand had been laid on his forehead. Why ask her exactly what she had meant when already the moment dripped happiness?

"Haste! Haste!" he murmured, mimicking Morland. "Let's step easy tonight. Honor where honor is due. We have to consider Jocko's feelings."

"Jocko?" inquired Morland with a raised eyebrow.

"The cook," explained Josephine.

Never was meal served with more éclat, with greater sureness or better timing. Hot plates, relayed by Ali and Abdul, ghostlike in the snowy gowns they had resurrected the moment they perceived this was to be an occasion. Soup, fish, saddle of reedbuck, three vegetables, salad of heart of palm, a sweet and a savory. Then coffee — such coffee as permeates the body through the nose from afar before it follows down the throat. Morland leaned back, his eyes dreamy with complete fulfillment.

"I can't kiss Jocko," he murmured. "It wouldn't be right. I mean, it isn't done. But I can cross his palm with gold. Dig out a sov, Jodie."

"I can't," said Josephine. "I haven't a shilling, not even a penny."

COMING awake, Morland glanced at her in surprise. "Then how did you get here, pretty? Been living on the towns?"

"No; on Ballard. He's paid for everything since Johannesburg. We owe him a lot, besides five pounds I cadged off Mrs. Semster of South Africa."

"Who's she?"

"Oh, just a dear."

"Why? What happened?"

"Smith-Brandon."

"Eric?"

"Yes. He'd worn out the trick of cabling his precious employers you were dead in order to wheedle another draft out of them, so he had the bright idea of landing them indirectly by trying it on your bank. It worked—I mean it worked as far as we're concerned. The bank believed him; it shut down on our joint account."

"Clever chap, Eric," said Morland admiringly. "But if you had already started, how could it affect you?"

"My letter of credit was canceled. William Jones cabled me."

Ballard leaned across the corner of the table, seized her wrist with one hand and her chin with the other, forcing her to look into his eyes.

"We—joint account!" he stuttered. "Joint account! Are you and Morland married? Are you?"

Her eyes buried themselves in his, sank deeper and deeper as if they were drowning. Let them drown. She loved the grip of his fingers on her arm, the feel of his hand around her jaw. Perhaps if she did not answer he might hold her just so forever.

"Haste! Haste!" jeered Morland softly. "Let's step easy—"

Furious, Ballard thrust Josephine's arm and head aside. He collapsed in his chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Poor fish!" murmured Morland. "I've never felt sorry for shot game, they die so quickly. But a fish on the hook! God help you, Mallory, dear boy—you're hooked!"

"For life," muttered Ballard. "Can't the two of you let up on me?"

"Of course we can," said Morland soothingly. "I'm not married to Jodie and by a perfectly natural coincidence she isn't married to me. She's my cousin, old boy—my first and only cousin. Does that make you feel any better?"

"A lot," said Ballard. With his handkerchief he mopped cold sweat from his brow. "I feel as if I'd taken a licking—a long one. I'll be all right in a minute. Let's talk about you for a change. How did you get here and why?"

"You first," said Morland. "Etiquette, my boy; you're the traveler."

"Hasn't Jo told you about me?"

"Sketchy — very sketchy. Good old William Jones put her on to you. He looked her up to tell her you'd taken your living oath to do away with me for a measly five thousand. That was the minute when she turned from a sweet young thing into a leech, determined to go when and where you went. The rest you know."

"So do you," said Ballard. "That's all there is. Here I am, I've found you, you're very much alive and instead of my coming in for a slice of easy money it's up to me to repay the cash I've spent."

"HARD luck," said Morland. "I can't urge you to carry out your bargain and cop the five thou', but if you'll be as patient as I am I'll promise to come across with twice that—an honest debt if there ever was one."

"Never mind about that," said Ballard. "Now you. My brain is tied into knots trying to ask and answer a dozen questions at once."

"Ask me one at a time," suggested Morland.

"Why should Lord Morland of Morland want you out of the way to the extent of risking his own neck?" complied Ballard.

"That old sack of soured port!" muttered Larry. "Do you know anything about entail?"

"Not much," said Ballard. "It's a rare bird in my country, but of course I've read about it."

"The present Lord Morland of Morland," explained Larry, "is my very distant cousin and head of the Morland line. I'm the only collateral male and the entail ceases with his generation. Jodie doesn't count because she's a girl."

"I BEGIN to get a flash!" exclaimed Ballard.

"When I come into the title," continued Larry, "I'll be free to sell one or a dozen city blocks at a whopping price. But by the same token, if my death should precede the old soak's, the entail would automatically be broken and he could do the selling. As it is he can't even mortgage realty; all he can do, and has done for years, is to pawn his rentals in advance. Now he's getting so old the lenders have shut down on him and the only thing left was murder."

"Thanks," said Ballard; "that completes the picture."

"Give the old crook his due," resumed Larry. "He never thought the jolly scheme out

(Continued on page 40)

"I'm here," said Josephine, stepping out

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Strictly Personal

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Heywood Broun

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

THIS is Janice! Janice! Janice! I want to speak to Thomas! Thomas! Thomas!"

Tom Alvord began to pay attention. So far the séance had been dull and obviously a fake. But that voice! It was extraordinarily like her. Of course, she had never called him Thomas, but there was that curious half-suggestion of a stammer which had been regarded by millions of moviegoers as one of the most fascinating phases in the work of Janice Beresford. It had fascinated him in that first picture, when they met. After that they never acted together. How could they? They were both too famous.

"There's the catch," Alvord thought to himself. "This medium must have heard the voice of Janice and she can hardly have failed to recognize me." Once again the stillness of the room was broken by the insistent repetition of "Thomas! Thomas! Thomas!"

"Our visitor," said the medium in pure Flatbush tones, "is looking for a gentleman named Thomas. Is there any party of that name in the circle? Janice can't wait around long. If Thomas is here let him speak to her."

Alvord gulped and then he said, "Hello, Janice."

Much more faintly this time, from somewhere high above his head, there came a well-remembered voice: "Thomas—Thomas—Tom!" And that last "Tom!" slashed through his skepticism. It was a whisper and it was the voice of Janice. Or it was a superb imitation. He must ask a question which would make all things sure. And suddenly he grew very excited. Wouldn't it be extraordinary if he, Thomas Alvord, should be the first person to establish definitely the possibility of communication with the dead? That would be a story for the first page of every paper in America. What was he talking about? America! Why, all over the world they would print column after column about Thomas Alvord, the great motion-picture star, who was prepared to prove that the dead return to their dear ones.

"Our visitor is looking for a gentleman named Thomas"

One convincing piece of evidence would be enough to prove the entire case. Some one little thing known to him and Janice alone. There couldn't be any trickery about that. But it would have to be something known just by them and not by another soul in all the world. Something strictly personal.

There was that stray remark which led to his proposal.... Yes, he'd ask her just how it happened that he proposed to her that afternoon on the quiet drive near Hollywood. But suddenly he remembered it wouldn't do. He'd given that story out in an interview with Louella Parsons for her syndicated movie gossip column. It would have to be something more intimate.

How about that funny little thing that she had said in the hotel room on their honeymoon when they called the bellboy about the beds? Oh, yes, he remembered. She had laughed and said, "Even though we are twin stars we don't want twin beds!" No! No! Skolsky printed that in one of his Tintypes three years ago.

It would have to be something more sacred and more personal. Something about the child. There was that discussion before little Janice was born. They had been arguing as to whether the baby would be a boy or a girl and she had said, "Let's just call it 'otsbots' and that will do in either case."

He had almost framed a question to cut through the stillness of the room when it came to him in a flash that they had both told that story to the feature writer from Chicago. He was the fellow who insisted that he didn't want any of the regular publicity stuff but something special which would give the joint interview an intimate flavor.

THOMAS ALVORD thought hard. He could feel the strain, the silence. Everybody in the room was waiting. The world was waiting.

Across the room a clock ticked. That was the only sound. It reminded him of the final sequence in the Civil War film he did in the summer of 1933. "And a blamed good picture," he thought to himself....

But he must ask his question. A sense of fear swept through him. It was like stage fright. He was the principal actor in a gigantic drama and here at a crucial moment he had forgotten his lines. He must improvise.

Perhaps he imagined it but there was a very dim suggestion of choral voices singing an old spiritual. He couldn't remember the name but there was something in it about "Jordan is a wide river." Yes, the Jordan was a wide river and he could not cope with the current and reach the other side.

"You could make a picture out of this situation right here," he thought. A great picture. The Jordan is a Wide River! A little too long as a title. Wide River might do, but what could he say? It was his cue. His question ought to deal with something deeply intimate. But what? Nothing came to his mind. Even in Jordan River there was no privacy for goldfish.

ALL the waters of the earth and under the earth were roaring past his ears. He must speak. No, he must shout, for a paralysis had seized him. With a loud voice he tore the silence which crowded against his throat. To his intense surprise he shouted, "What will be my next picture?" And he knew the answer. Magnificent Productions knew the answer. All the readers of fan magazines knew the answer.

The voice said, "Your next picture will be called He Learned About Women." The voice had become tired. It trailed away, fainter and fainter, as if someone were running down a long corridor and calling back over her shoulder, "Thomas! Thomas! Tom!" The medium groaned several times and then announced that the séance was ended.

Alvord hurried out of the brownstone house. He had gone half a block when a young man touched him on the arm.

"My name is Randall," he said. "I am a reporter from the Daily Star. We had a tip at the office that you were going to a séance at the house of Madame Alvarez. The city editor sent me. It's a little impertinent, I suppose, but you can understand that we have to pry into the private lives of you public people and the paper wants to know if by any chance you received any communication from Miss Janice Beresford."

"No offense," said Alvord. "I understand your job and the interest of your paper. But, you see, old man, I really can't say anything. You know even we public people, to use your phrase, have some things which are personal and sacred."

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While the World Watches

President Roosevelt's remedies for our national ills are more than a mere spectacle to the rest of the world. The health of all the nations is at stake; and they look on with the intense concern born of self-interest. Winston Churchill, from a background of vast experience in statecraft, voices his praise, criticism and admonition of our President, painting a vivid picture of the man and his achievements as they appear to the English eye

By Winston Churchill

ACME

"His success could not fail to lift the whole world forward into the sunlight of an easier and more genial age"

THE life and well-being of every country are influenced by the economic and financial policy of the United States. From the cotton spinners of Lancashire to the ryots of India; from the peasantry of China to the pawnbrokers of Amsterdam; from the millionaire financier watching the ticker tape to the sturdy blacksmith swinging his hammer in the forge; from the monetary philosopher or student to the hard-headed business man or sentimental social reformer—all are consciously or unconsciously affected.

For in truth Roosevelt is an explorer who has embarked on a voyage as uncertain as that of Columbus, and upon a quest which might conceivably be as important as the discovery of the New World. In those old days it was the gulf of oceans with their unknown perils and vicissitudes. Now in the modern world, just as mysterious and forbidding as the stormy waters of the Atlantic, is the gulf between the producer with the limitless powers of science at his command, and the consumer with legitimate appetites which need never be satiated.

Plenty has become a curse. Bountiful harvests are viewed with a dread which in the old times accompanied a barren season. The gift of well-organized leisure which machines should have given to men has only emerged in the hateful spectacle of scores of millions of able and willing workers kicking their heels by closed factories and subsisting upon charity or, as in England, upon systematized relief. Always the peoples are asking themselves: "Why should these things be? Why should not the new powers man has wrested from nature open the portals of a broader life to men and women all over the world?" And with increasing vehemence they demand that the thinkers and pioneers of humanity should answer the riddle and open these new possibilities to their enjoyment.

A single man whom accident, destiny, or Providence has placed at the head of one hundred and twenty millions of active, educated, excitable and harassed people, has set out upon this momentous expedition. Many doubt he will succeed. Some hope he will fail. Although the policies of President Roosevelt are conceived in many respects from a narrow view of American self-interest, the courage, the power and the scale of his effort must enlist the ardent sympathy of every country, and his success could not fail to lift the whole world forward into the sunlight of an easier and more genial age.

There is, therefore, a widespread desire to look at this man in the midst of his adventure. Trained to public affairs, connected with the modern history of the United States by a famous name, at forty-two he was struck down with infantile paralysis. His lower limbs refused their office. Crutches or assistance was needed for the smallest movement from place to place. To ninety-nine men out of a hundred, such an affliction would have terminated all forms of public activity except those of the mind.

He refused to accept this sentence. He fought against it with that same rebellion against commonly adopted conventions which we now see in his policy. He contested elections; he harangued the multitude; he faced the hurly-burly of American politics in a decade when they were exceptionally darkened by all the hideous crimes and corruption of gangsterdom which followed upon prohibition; he beat down opponents in this rough arena; he sought, gained and discharged offices of the utmost labor and of the highest consequence.

The Man of the Hour Emerges

As governor of New York State his administration, whatever its shortcomings, revealed a competent, purposeful personality. He stooped to conquer. He adapted himself to the special conditions and to the humiliations which had long obstructed entry of the best of American manhood into the unsavory world of politics. He subscribed to the Democratic ticket and made himself the mouthpiece of party aims without losing hold upon the larger objectives of American public life.

World events began to move. The Hoover administration could only gape upon the unheard-of problems of depression through glut. The long ascendancy of the Republican régime was clearly drawing to its close. The presidency of the United States awaited a Democratic candidate. Five or six outstanding figures presented themselves, in busy, scheming rivalry.

In the general opinion of many of the shrewdest leaders of his party, Roosevelt was the weakest of these contestants. And there are still those who consider that in hard common sense and genuine statecraft Roosevelt's former leader, Governor Al Smith, was unquestionably the strongest. But Roosevelt pulled his wires and played his cards in such a way that Fortune could befriend him. Fortune came along, not only as a friend or even as a lover, but as an idolater. There was one moment when his nomination turned upon as little as the spin of a coin. But when it fell there was no doubt whose head was stamped upon it.

He arrived at the summit of the greatest economic community in the world at the moment of its greatest embarrassment. Everybody had lost faith in everything. Credit was frozen. Millions of unemployed without provision filled the streets or wandered despairing about the vast spaces of America. The rotten foundations of the banks were simultaneously undermined and exposed. A universal deadlock gripped the United States. The richest man could not cash the smallest check. People possessing enormous intrinsic assets in every kind of valuable security found themselves for some days without the means to pay a hotel bill or even a taxi fare. We must never forget that this was the basis from which he started: Supreme power in the ruler and a clutching anxiety of scores of millions who demanded and awaited orders.

Since then there has been no lack of orders. Although the dictatorship is veiled by constitutional forms, it is none the less effective. Great things have been done, and greater attempted. To compare Roosevelt's effort with that of Hitler is to insult, not Roosevelt, but civilization. The petty persecutions and Old World assertions of brutality in which the German idol has indulged only show their smallness and squalor compared to the renaissance of creative effort with which the name of Roosevelt will always be associated.

The President's second momentous experiment is an attempt to reduce unemployment by shortening the hours of labor of those who are employed and spreading the labor more evenly through the wage-earning masses. Who can doubt that this is one of the paths which will soon be trodden throughout the world? If it is not to be so, we may well ask what is the use to the working masses of invention and science? Are great discoveries of organization or processes only to mean that fewer laborers will produce more than is required during the same long hours, while an even larger proportion of their mates are flung redundant upon the labor market?

Our Most Important Problem

If that were so, surely the poor English Luddites of a hundred years ago were right in attempting to break up the new machines. Through the establishment of shorter hours alone the wage-earners can enjoy the blessings of modern mass production; and indeed without shorter hours these blessings are but a curse.

Thus the Roosevelt adventure claims sympathy and admiration from all of those in England and no doubt in for-

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eign countries who are convinced that the fixing of a universal measure of value not based upon the rarity or abundance of any commodity but conforming to the advancing powers of mankind, is the supreme achievement which at this time lies before the intellect of man. But very considerable misgivings must necessarily arise when an expedition to attack the monetary problem becomes intermingled with, and hampered by, the elaborate processes of social reform and the struggles of class warfare.

In Great Britain we know a lot about trade unions. It is now nearly a century since they began to play a part in our life. It is half a century since Lord Beaconsfield, a Conservative Prime Minister at the head of an aristocratic and bourgeois Parliament, accorded them exceptional favor before the law and protected them from being sued in their corporate capacity. We have dwelt with British trade unionism ever since. It has been a keenly felt impediment upon our productive and competitive power. It has become the main foundation of a socialist political party which has ruled the state greatly to its disadvantage, and will assuredly do so again. It reached a climax in a general strike, which, if it had been successful, would have subverted the Parliamentary constitution of our island.

But when all is said and done, there are very few well-informed persons in Great Britain, and not many employers of labor on a large scale, who would not sooner have to deal with the British trade unions as we know them, than with the wild vagaries of communist-agitated and totally unorganized labor discontent.

WIDE WORLD

"Succeed or fail, his impulse is one which makes toward the fuller life of the masses in every land"

The Responsibility of Unionism

The trade unions have been a stable force in the industrial development of Britain in the last fifty years. They have brought steadily to the front the point of view of the toiler and the urgent requirements of his cottage home, and have made these vital matters imprint themselves upon the laws and the customs of our country. They have been a steadying force which has counterbalanced and corrected the reckless extravagances of the Red intelligentsia. Over and over again in thirty years, we have heard employers say: "We might easily go further than the trade union leaders and fare a good deal worse"; and in the Great War, the sturdy patriotism of the trade unionist and the masculine common sense of their officials gave us an invaluable and, as it proved, unbreakable basis upon which to carry forward the struggle for national self-preservation.

But when one sees an attempt made within the space of a few months to lift American trade unionism by great heaves and bounds to the position so slowly grown up—and even then with much pain and loss—in Great Britain, we cannot help feeling grave doubts. One wonders whether the struggle of American industrial life, its richness and fertility, its vivid possibilities to brains and brawn, to handicraft and industry—the whole spread over so vast a continent with such sharp contrasts in conditions and climate—may not result in a very general crippling of that enterprise and flexibility upon which not only the wealth but the happiness of modern communities depends.

One wonders whether the rigid and hitherto comparatively modest structure of American trade unionism will be capable of bearing the immense responsibilities for national well-being and for the production of necessaries of all kinds for the people of the United States which the power now given to them implies. If anything like a beer racket or any other racket broke in upon the responsible leaders of American trade unions, the American democracy might easily wander in a very uncomfortable wilderness for ten or twenty years.

Our trade unions have grown to manhood and power amid an enormous company of counterchecks and consequential corrections. But to raise American trade unionism from its previous condition to industrial sovereignty by a few sweeping decrees may easily confront both the trade unions and the United States with problems which for the time being will be at once paralyzing and unsolvable.

A second danger to President Roosevelt's valiant and heroic experiments seems to arise from the mood to hunt down rich men as if they were noxious beasts. It is a very attractive sport, and once it gets started quite a lot of people everywhere are found ready to join in the chase. Moreover, the quarry is at once swift and crafty and, therefore, elusive. The pursuit is long and exciting and everyone's blood is roused by its ardor. The question arises whether the general well-being of the masses of the community will be advanced by an excessive indulgence in this amusement.

WIDE WORLD

"A single man whom accident, destiny or providence has placed at the head of one hundred and twenty millions of harassed people"

The Value of Millionaires

The millionaire or multi-millionaire is a highly economic animal. He sucks up with sponge-like efficiency money from all quarters. In this process, far from depriving ordinary people of their earnings, he launches enterprise and carries it through—raises values and expands that credit without which on a vast scale no fuller economic life can be opened to the millions. To hunt wealth is not to capture commonwealth.

This money-gathering, credit-producing animal can not only walk—he can run. And when frightened he can fly. If his wings are clipped, he can dive or crawl. When in the end he is hunted down, what is left but a very ordinary individual apologizing volubly for his mistakes, and particularly for not having been able to get away?

But meanwhile, great propositions have crumbled to the ground. Confidence is shaken and enterprises chilled and the unemployed queue up at the soup-kitchens or march out upon the public works with ever-growing expense to the taxpayer and nothing more appetizing to take home to their families than the leg or the wing of what was once a millionaire.

One quite sees that people who have got interested in this fight will not accept such arguments against their sport. What they will have to accept is the consequences of ignoring such arguments. It is indispensable to the wealth of nations and to the wage and life standards of labor that capital and credit should be honored and cherished partners in the economic system.

If this is rejected there is always, of course, the Russian alternative. But no one can suppose that the self-reliant population of the United States which cut down the forests and plowed up the soil and laced the continent with railroads and carried wealth-getting and wealth-diffusing to a higher point than has ever before been reached by mankind, would be content for a week with the dull, brutish servitude of Russia.

Profits Are Essential

It was a prudent instinct that led Mr. Roosevelt to discard those attempts at legal price-fixing which have so often been made in Old World countries and have always, except in time of war or in very circumscribed localities, broken down in practice. Such measures are appropriate to break monopolies or rings, but can never be accepted as a humdrum foundation for economic life. There can never be good wages or good employment for any length of time without good profits, and the sooner this is recognized, the sooner the corner will be turned.

Writing as a former Chancellor of the British Exchequer for nearly five years, I find myself very much astonished by a law recently passed in the United States that all returns of income for the purposes of taxation may be made public.

Such a rule would seem highly obstructive to commercial revival as well as being—though this is minor—objectionable in the sphere of personal relations. In Great Britain we plume ourselves on collecting effectually the largest possible revenues from wealth upon as high a scheme of graduated

(Continued on page 49)

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Considine Rides

By David Hoadley Munroe

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

About Bill Considine and the girl who said she would never marry him. A racing romance with the speed of the timber-toppers

CARY listened to him quietly. She sat with her back against one of the high white pillars on the wide stone porch at Redleigh, and stared out across the valley at the great hazy peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Far below, by the river, white streaks of evening mist were forming, and on the opposite slope deep shadows strode mightily among the pines.

"Well, Bill," she said, "it's the same old story, isn't it?" Her voice was very gentle. "You simply can't understand how I feel about the debt, and"—she moved a hand before her—"about all this."

Bill Considine looked up at the house which stood huge and silent between two giant oaks. An old house, very old, worn, and a little shabby, but strong and enduring, and very lovely.

"No," he said. "You're wrong there. I understand."

For the hundredth time he wondered what Redleigh must have looked like when it had just been built, when the oaks were young, and when old Roger Dunbar staked out the land with the help of a young surveyor named George Washington.

"You're wrong there," he repeated. "I do understand—about all this. You feel that it's yours, your responsibility, and that you're going to hang onto it without any help from anybody. I'd feel the same if it were mine. . . . But that's not the point. Cary—haven't you proved yourself by now? Isn't there any end to it?"

"There's only fifteen thousand left to pay."

"Yes . . . it may take you two years more to pay fifteen thousand. Horse dealing is—well, you know timber horses don't bring big prices. It may take—darling, darling, aren't we ever going to get married?"

"Don't, Bill, please!" she said. "Please don't. . . . Oh, I wish I could make you see! . . . It's not something I want to do, it's something I have to do—can't you see that? I *have* to!"

The mist above the river was thickening, reaching out, creeping softly among the trees at the water's edge. Sitting there on the bottom step of the porch, Bill stared down at it for a moment in silence.

"I do see!" he said suddenly, and Cary looked around with surprise. The depth and warm vitality had gone from his voice. "I do see!" he said again, and the words were flat and harsh. "But it doesn't make a bit of difference! Not any!"

"Why, Bill! What do you mean?"

"I don't care how you feel about the debt. I don't care how you feel about anything! I don't—I've waited as long as I can, Cary!"

He pulled a pipe from his pocket, filled it roughly, and struck a match. The flames shook and trembled crazily about the bowl.

"Dreadful of me, I suppose," he said. "But there it is."

Cary put her chin in her hands and looked down at the rising mist.

"No," she said. "No, Bill, I don't think it's dreadful. . . . You're a strange person. . . . One of the reasons I love you so, probably. . . . But you're so violent!"

He got up, climbed the steps, and sat down beside her.

"THINK so? Nice, isn't it?" he said, and grinned. He bent forward, and his hand closed around her arm. He was suddenly warm, and tender, and gay.

Cary smiled faintly. "Yes," she said. "But it makes life a little difficult at times. . . . Oh, my dear, I do want to marry you, I want to so terribly much! . . . But I *can't*, not until I . . . I won't saddle you with the Dunbar debt!"

He withdrew his hand.

Cary moved her head wearily, and leaned back against him. It was nearly dark, frogs were piping away in the marsh, and the air smelled dank and cold. They sat for several minutes without speaking. Then Cary shook herself.

"How's Bootjack?" she asked. "Going to start him at Middleburg?"

"What?" Bill's voice was harsh. "No. Not until the Maryland."

Cary tried again.

"I saw that boy of yours galloping him the other day," she said, and added thoughtfully: "You could get a good price for that horse. . . . Sorry—that's all I can think of, nowadays."

"I'll never sell Bootjack," Bill said brusquely, and stood up. "Fellow tried to buy him the other day, said he'd give me hell's own price if the horse won the Maryland. Wants something to run in the Grand National next year. Darned idiot. Nobody sells a Maryland winner."

"What was his name?"

"I don't know. Didn't like him, felt like kicking him off the place. . . . Wait a minute—Smith, Brown? No—Jones, Varrick Jones, that's it. . . . Well, guess I'll be going. G'night . . . oh, my dear, good night!"

He turned and walked swiftly away into the gloom.

THAT was early in April. During the ten days that followed, the ten days before the race meeting at Middleburg, something happened inside Bill Considine. He changed more, probably, in that short period than he had changed in ten years preceding it. He discovered that what he had said to Cary was only the beginning of what he felt, and

"It's Bill—it's Bill!" Cary's voice crackled and broke. "It's Bill, no man living can drive a horse like that but Bill— Oh, Bill!"

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the discovery was a shock and a revelation to him. For the first time in his casual Virginia life of racing, fox-hunting, and the easy social contacts of an outdoor job—he was County Appraiser for Farm Lands—Bill Considine had found something that he wanted as he had never dreamed he could want anything. He wanted to marry Cary now, today, immediately, without a moment's waiting.

TO THE Middleburg Race Meeting Bill gave, during those ten days, some thought. Cary was running a horse called Lazybones in the Rose Hill, a three-mile affair over timber fences for steeplechasers that had never won a race. Bill knew that one of Cary's customers had been backing and filling for weeks about buying Lazybones, and that if the horse won the Rose Hill the sale would be clinched. He knew, also, that only his own horse Maskel was good enough to give Lazybones a battle, that without Maskel in the race Lazybones was practically certain to win.

So he scratched Maskel. He waited until the last moment, then calmly informed the stewards that his horse couldn't start. They were annoyed; they said it would spoil the race. It did—Lazybones cantered home twenty lengths ahead of a mediocre field.

Bill didn't care in the least. He knew it wasn't sporting, he knew it was the sort of thing one didn't do, and he didn't care. All he cared about was that now Cary's debt would be reduced some two thousand dollars.

He had expected her to be angry, but he hadn't realized how angry. They met in the paddock before the next race, and they were not very nice to each other. Cary was so furious she could barely speak, and Bill did not take kindly to scolding. He had never given her an engagement ring—but if he had, she would have given it back to him that afternoon.

And on top of that, ten minutes later, in the Loudoun Plate, Bill, riding a horse that was not his own, fell at the fifth fence and dislocated his right shoulder. It was not serious—it was a chronic injury that recurred every once in so often—and not, after the first few hours, very painful; but it meant the end of race riding for at least a month.

If Bill had not been in such a state of absorption about Cary, if he had not been shaken by that fall, or even if he had slept decently the night after it, he might have known they both needed time to cool off, and waited a few days before going to see her. Things being what they were, he did nothing of the sort. He got up early next morning, climbed onto a green four-year-old, and rode over to Redleigh. He was tired, his shoulder hurt him, he felt angry and miserable, and was in no fit condition to be diplomatic about anything.

CARY was in the field below the house, looking at a lame hunter that was out at grass. She greeted him pleasantly but coolly.

He did not get off his horse. He twisted sideways in the saddle, and said arrogantly:

"'Morning. Still mad?"

Cary eyed him for a moment before she spoke.

"How's your shoulder?"

"All right. Are you still mad?"

She shook her head. She said: "No. I'm not mad. . . . But I meant what I said yesterday."

"Hmm—did you? So we're still not engaged—damn you, stop it!" He yanked savagely at the bit. The young horse, astonished at the first jab in the mouth he had ever received, reared, plunged, reared again, and stood trembling violently.

Cary watched, tight-mouthed. "You'll ruin that horse if you behave like that," she said curtly. "We're certainly not engaged, Bill. I won't marry any man that does to me what you did yesterday!"

"Guess I'm well out of it!" he said brutally. "Oh, it'll take me two weeks to get over it—but after that it will amuse me to watch you paying that fool debt for the next ten years!"

"Oh," said Cary lightly, "not as long as that—thanks to you. . . . What? . . . Well, you told me about Varrick Jones, didn't you? He's going to buy my horse Spring Running—for fifteen thousand."

"Fifteen thousand for Spring Running? He's a nice horse, but fif—Thought Jones wanted the Maryland winner."

"He does," said Cary, and smiled.

"You think Spring Running's going to win the *Maryland?* With Bootjack in the race? Of course, if Bootjack didn't start, Spring Running might win; he's better than he was last year, and God knows he's fast enough, but he's a crazy jumper, and—"

"Bill Considine!" Cary stepped forward. She looked up at him furiously. "You'd better start Bootjack!"

Bill laughed. It was not a pleasant laugh.

"Start Bootjack?" he said, "Flattering yourself, aren't you, lady? You bet I'll start Bootjack—and he'll be ridden to win! I may not be able to ride myself, but I'll get the best darned jockey in the country—I'll get Breck Sharpe, and—"

"You can't, he's riding for me!"

"Don't worry. I'll get someone good, and your old Spring Running will come in so far behind it'll be funny—it'll really be funny!"

He swung the startled four-year-old around on his hocks and rode off along the road, laughing uproariously.

DOWN at the far end of the stable a little knot of men sat on upturned buckets and conversed in low, tense voices. From one of the boxes that flanked the wide center aisle came the steady, rhythmic sissing of a groom at work; then a horse stirred with a rattle of head-chain, a shod hoof scraped on the tiled floor, and a deep soft voice said:

"Easy, big hawss, easy! They ain't no call to hurry."

Bill Considine came in through the door with quick, silent strides. "Seen Miss Dunbar's horse?" he asked.

Bootjack shifted restlessly, muscles rippled along his neck, and Bill turned toward the open door. Beyond the rectangle of light on the smooth tiles he caught a fleeting glimpse of a chestnut horse, coat brilliant in the sun, lean savage head held high.

"There he goes now, can't mistake that head," said Bill, and smiled crookedly. "Sam—Miss Dunbar has brought that horse along wonderfully. Do you think he has a chance of beating Bootjack?"

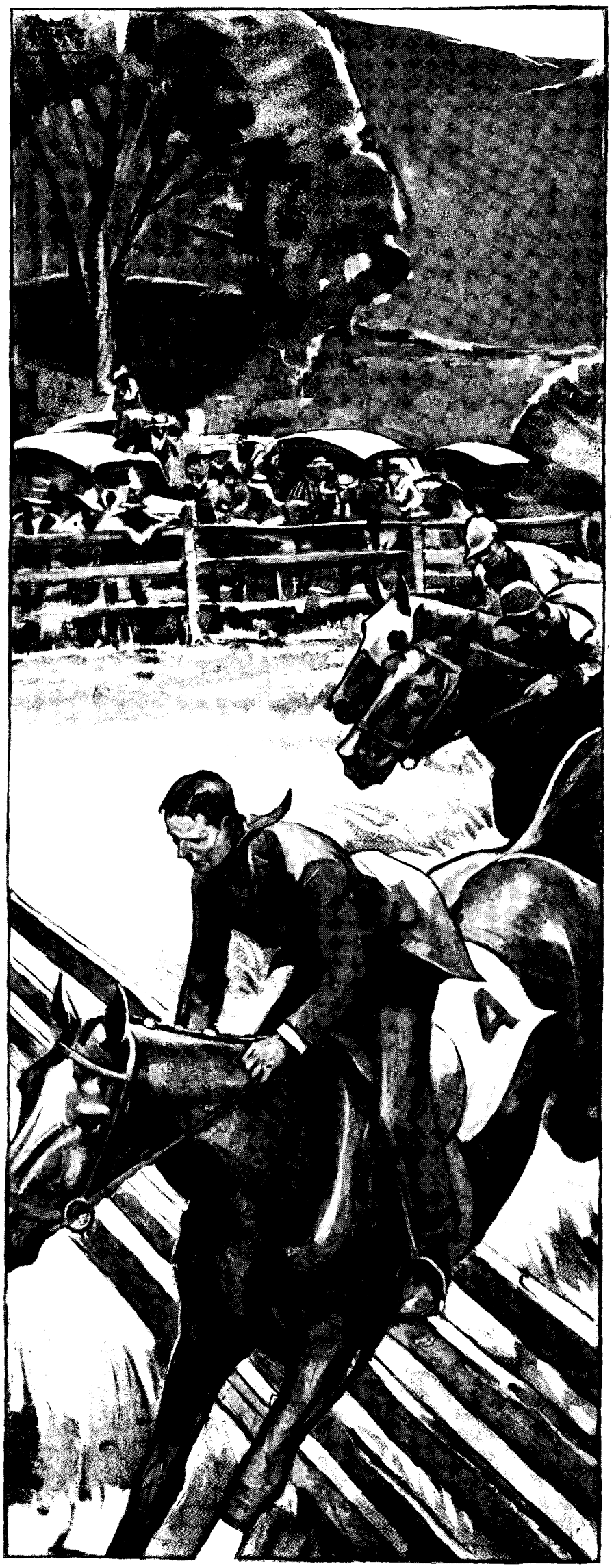
"Who? What? Spring Running?" Sam was indignant from head to foot. "That crazy front runner? Lord, *no,* Mr. Considine! I tell you, suh, end o' three miles that red hawss is goin' stand on his head—and ol' Bootjack'll jest stroll home with his hands in his pockets! Yessuh, he will—even without you ridin' him!"

Bill said. "Hmm. . . . Yes, I guess you're right," with a curious note of dejection in his voice. Then he straightened, and lifted his head arrogantly.

"All right, my dear," he said under his breath. "You want a beating—and you'll get it!" He turned away and walked slowly toward the door.

Cary Dunbar said: "All right, take him in, Jo," and watched Spring Running go in through the gate with his

(Continued on page 46)



Spring Running drove smoothly by Sandy and The Drum took the eighteenth cleanly in his stride and went after Truculent

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Up Above the World So High

How does it feel to be eleven and a half miles above the earth? There are only two men who can answer that question. One of them, Major Fordney, has written a unique first-hand account of his ascent into the stratosphere with Commander Settle and of their headlong return to earth. In this and a subsequent article he lets you share his amazing adventure

By Chester L. Fordney

MIKE! How many bags of ballast are left?"

"Four are all I can find."

"That's well! This is as high as we go."

At last we were at "peak" altitude. The barometer indicated that the pressure of the air outside our black and white gondola was equivalent to fifty millimeters of mercury. A chart pasted on the door of the case in which our mercury-in-glass barometers were installed enabled us to convert air pressure into altitude—we were over sixty-one thousand feet above mean sea level, 11.6 miles. The time was logged as being 1430 zone time—two-thirty o'clock in the afternoon, Eastern Standard time.

As I remember it, there was no thrill brought about by the skipper's announcement. It was not until four days later that I realized that we had been farther away from the surface of the earth, officially, than any other human being. The absence of any reactions may have been due to our being very busy, for stratosphere ascensions are mostly hard work. The beginning of this particular type of hard work for me dated back to the forenoon of August 3, 1933. I was on duty then at A Century of Progress as a member of the Navy Unit commanded by Captain Frank Hamilton Roberts, U. S. Navy. My special assignment was that of Executive Officer of the Mathematical Section in the Hall of Science. In some respects I am quite a scholarly fellow. The captain is a big chap hailing originally from New Haven. He looks as a captain of the line should look. He is a fine skipper when you are doing your job—well.

A Century of Progress had arranged through Dr. Forrest R. Moulton, the head of the Department of Concessions, for a stratosphere ascension. Dr. Auguste Piccard was to be the pilot. His twin brother, Jean, was to be the scientific observer. Dr. Auguste had to return to Belgium before the flight. Lieutenant Commander Thomas Greenow Williams Settle, U. S. Navy, was asked to act as pilot. For some reason unknown to me Dr. Jean Piccard abdicated as scientific observer. The commander was to make a solo flight. Quite elaborate ceremonies were planned. I was ordered by Captain Roberts to assume the duties of officer in charge of the participation of the naval contingent in the ceremonies.

At 3:30 A. M. on August 5th the commander weighed off and the huge balloon with the tiny gondola was up and drifting to the west.

I went to my car and started north. A few hundred feet from the stadium I was hailed by two naval officers, Lieutenants Sam Townsend and Hoyt Scott. They were strangers to me then.

"Settle is down. Will you please take us to him?"

I had good fortune with the traffic. In a few minutes, not more than fifteen, I was in the railroad yards where the balloon had landed. A crowd had already gathered. The balloon, although "ripped," still had in it large bubbles of hydrogen gas.

"Is there anything that I can do?"

"I would appreciate it if you would help in keeping the crowds back."

"Who is in charge?"

"That's the hell of it! No one is in charge."

"Shall I take charge?"

"Please do."

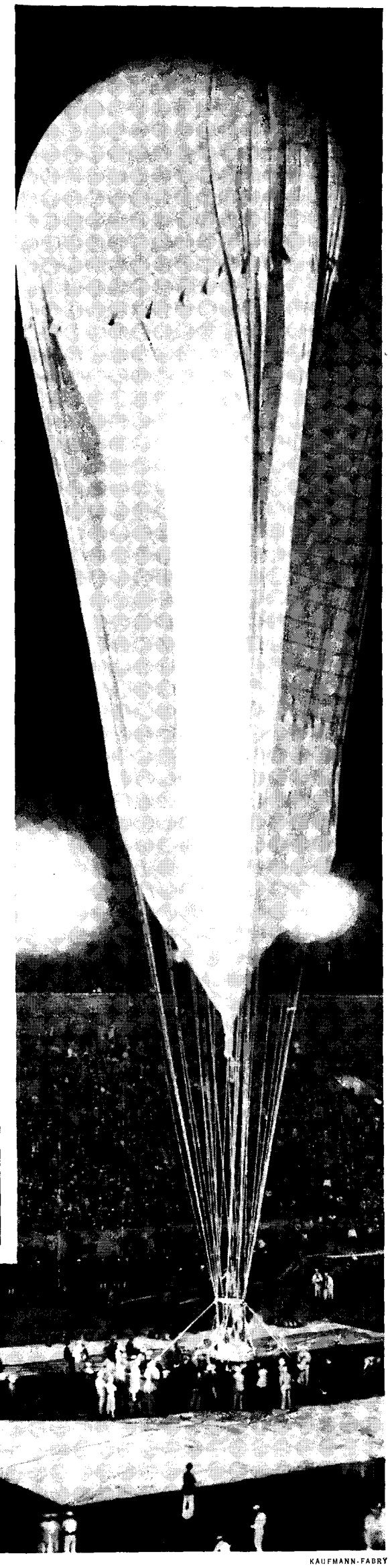
So They Called In the Marines

I was mixed up with a stratosphere ascension. The Chicago Daily News described my part as follows:

"Then the crowd was treated to a display of language which had made the Marines famous from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli. On this occasion the officer demonstrated that it had lost none of its traditional effectiveness."

A few days later I was ordered to special temporary duty in charge of the training of the 24th Marine Reserves at the Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois. While at camp I received orders from Captain Roberts to report to Lieutenant Commander Settle for duty in connection with the preparations for another stratosphere ascension.

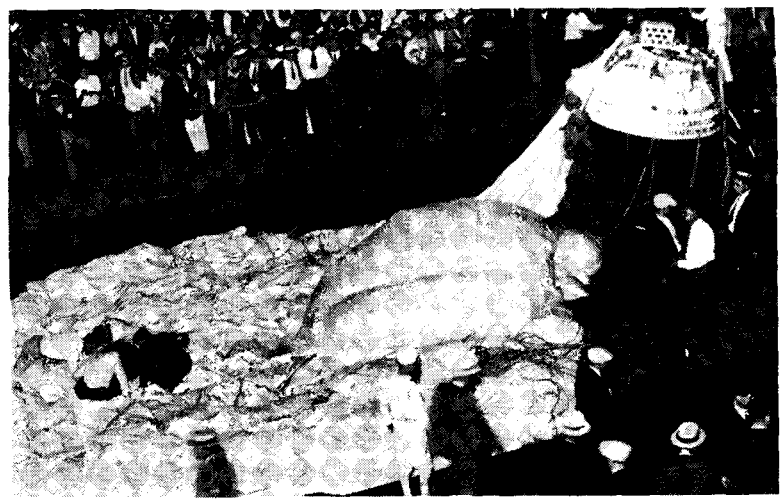
Commander Settle's regular station was at Akron. He was Inspector of Naval Aircraft material at the Goodyear Zeppelin Corporation. He could not spend much time in Chicago. I was to represent him and to see that his ideas were carried out.



The start, from Soldier's Field, Chicago, at 3:30 A. M. on August 5, 1933

KAUFMANN-FABRY

The finish, a few minutes later, with the stratosphere balloon collapsed in an adjacent railway yard



ACME

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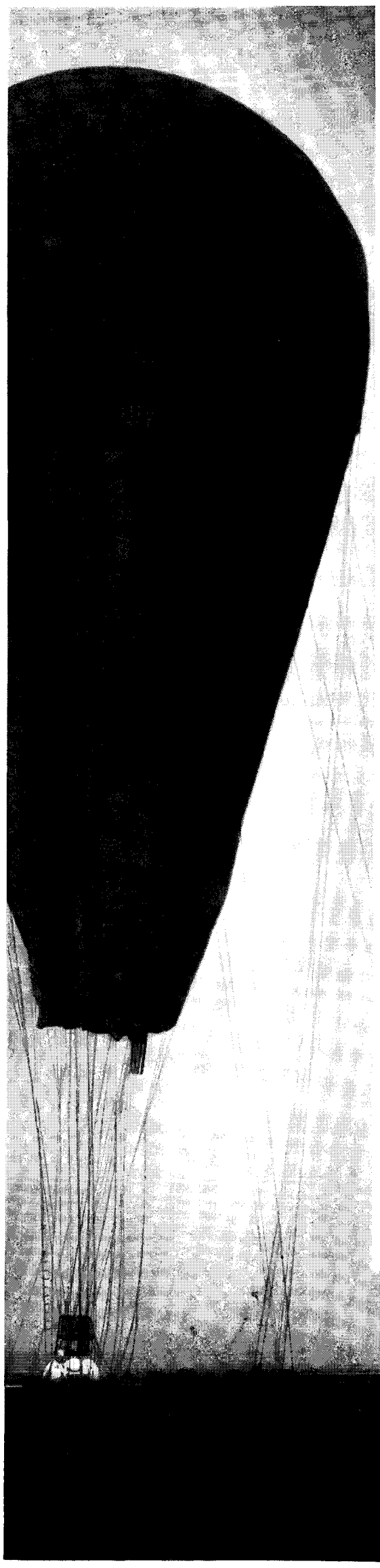

The beginning of the second, and successful, attempt at Akron, Ohio, November 20, 1933

ried out. This was an assignment that had a strong appeal.

I had a short conference with Commander Settle. It was quite formal. I was given four typewritten sheets of instructions. A site was selected at A Century of Progress for the weigh-off. The commander went off on a balloon race, the James Gordon Bennett race. He landed near Long Island Sound and won second place. The date of "material readiness" was set for September 23d.

The mission of the flight was to obtain certain data concerning the mysterious cosmic ray, to locate the ozone layer suspected of hovering about ten miles above the earth, to secure certain meteorological data, to determine the range and character of short-wave radio communication between the balloon and the earth, to determine the color of the sky as observed from the stratosphere and bring these data back intact to the "shore." The scientific director of the expedition was the distinguished physicist, Dr. Arthur Compton. His particular interest was the character and intensity of the cosmic ray. Why this interest?

When I was a high school student I was taught that there were some eight odd elementary substances and that these elementary substances were composed of atoms which differed from one another. Things in the physical world were doing very nicely until some chap discovered that our atoms were not so simple after all. The idea was advanced that all substances are made from the same material but in different combinations. Nature apparently uses building blocks, and atoms are combinations of her building blocks. These blocks, however, are held together by tremendous forces and it is difficult to separate them. If man could utilize the forces that hold the blocks together he could bring about great changes. No man can picture what our world would be like were we able to harness and use atomic energy.

Commander Settle and Major Fordney (right) outside their gondola just before weighing off at Akron

The Cosmic Ray Discovery

Certain combinations of these building blocks, such as radium, give off emanations. A French physicist by the name of Becquerel in 1895 was conducting experiments with emanations. He used a chamber in which was a gas. The emanations ionized the gas. The ionization of the gas caused a current of electricity to flow when suitable apparatus was used. He was a careful experimenter, but always he had a leakage of current, the cause of which baffled him. The Curies, who did such splendid work with radium, suggested that the leak might be due to an emanation which came from outer space, or the cosmos as it is called. Were that the case the emanations should be more intense on the tops of high mountains than at sea level. Experiments suggested by this hypothesis were carried out and it was found that the intensity below the surface of the earth was less than at great altitudes. This emanation was given the name of cosmic rays, and "the Becquerel leak" was tracked down.

More experimental work was carried on. It was found that the cosmic ray had sufficient penetrating power to get into the nuclei of atoms and to cause them to explode. Here, indeed, was a powerful weapon to use on the atom.

Physicists were eager to determine the nature of the cosmic ray. One school of thought held that the cosmic ray entered the earth's atmosphere as a photon—that it was like light. Another school held that it had the nature of a charged particle of matter. Two beams of light may intersect each other without disturbance—each beam goes merrily on its way, but let two streams of water bump into each other and things happen—there are collisions of particles. It was our mission to bring down data which might enable physicists to determine the nature of cosmic rays.

The meteorologists have found out some interesting things about the relatively thin protective envelope which we call the atmosphere. They state with some assurance that it extends outward for about 210 miles. The portion of the atmosphere adjacent to the surface of the earth is subject to disturbances. There are changes of pressure and temperature in this region. There are clouds, mists, precipitations and dust. Great masses of air move from one place to another. Quite generally the temperature decreases with increasing altitude. This disturbed portion is known as the troposphere. It extends at the north and south poles up to about 15,000 feet. In this latitude it extends up about 35,000 feet, and to about 50,000 at the equator. That portion of the earth's atmosphere beyond the troposphere is known as the stratosphere. There is no sharp division between the regions mentioned. The indefinite boundary region is known as the tropopause.

Archimedes Was Right

My high school physics textbook relates a story of a chap who about 240 B. C. was engaged in the business of taking a bath in one of the community tubs in Athens. King Hiero had given the distinguished bather some "home work" which had to do with a suspicion on the part of the king that his crown was not made from unalloyed gold. The bather observed that he weighed less in the tub filled with water than he did in the air. It is alleged that he, disregardful of check-room attendants, manicuresses and other persons who seem to collect around bathing institutions, jumped out of the tub, double-timed through the streets of Athens, without raiment of any kind, to his quarters and gave to the world a principle which to this day bears the name of the bather. It is the law of buoyancy and is called the Principle of Archimedes, for it was he who was the unabashed nudist runner. It may be stated as follows: "A body immersed in a fluid is buoyed up by a force equal to the weight of the fluid displaced by it."

Air is a fluid. An inflated balloon displaces air. The buoyant force of the displaced air causes a balloon to rise. The weight of a cubic foot of air, however, at 60,000 feet is about one fifteenth of the weight of a cubic foot of air at sea level. The buoyant force, therefore, is about one fifteenth at the altitude mentioned. The load which can be carried by a balloon depends upon the volume of air displaced by the balloon. Also, with a given load, the altitude to which a balloon may ascend depends upon the size of the balloon. The weight of the balloon and the weight of the gas must be considered as part of the load. We needed a large balloon and as small a load as possible to accomplish our mission.

The balloon, A Century of Progress, known to the Department of Commerce as Stratosphere Balloon S-113, had a displacement of 600,000 cubic feet when fully inflated. The material of which the balloon envelope was constructed

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was a long-fiber cotton fabric which was rubberized. It is the lightest of balloon fabrics, considering its strength, averaging about 1½ ounces a square yard, but the total weight of the fabric was 1,943 pounds—almost a ton.

The stratosphere will not support life. It is necessary to supply oxygen in order to live. The temperature of the air was thought to be at least sixty-seven degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The air pressure, which is about 15 pounds to a square inch at sea level, is so low at 60,000 feet that paralysis of man's sensory-motor system takes place. It was necessary that we have some source of oxygen supply and protection from the low temperature and low pressure of the rarefied air in the stratosphere.

Cruising in a closed vessel is nothing new to Navy personnel. Submarine experience had taught many valuable lessons. The human body takes in oxygen as does the motor of your automobile. It gives off as exhaust products, carbon dioxide and water vapor. Because our problem in this respect was identical with that met in submarines, we resorted to standard Navy practice except that we used liquid oxygen instead of compressed oxygen.

A Gondola Built for Two

Liquid oxygen was used for several reasons. It requires less space than tanks of compressed oxygen. The liquid oxygen with container weighs less than tanks and needs no attention. The liquid is carried in a double-walled flask, similar to a vacuum bottle, and it evaporates readily. There was another advantage, however, which we considered more important. At higher altitudes the pressure outside our gondola would be less than that inside. In case of a leak our air in the gondola would escape to the outer atmosphere and the pressure in our gondola would drop. Liquid oxygen expands about 800 times its own volume when it evaporates at the temperature and pressure met in the gondola. One quart of liquid oxygen will give us when evaporated 800 quarts of oxygen gas. In case of accidental leak we could rapidly evaporate, by means of an atomizer, some of our liquid oxygen and build up the pressure inside the gondola.

We used standard Navy carbon dioxide absorbent, a soda lime product, to purify the air, and silica gel to absorb the water vapor. A simple apparatus was used to indicate within limits the amount of carbon dioxide in the air inside our gondola. A syringe bulb was provided to force air through a solution containing phenolphthalein. The color of the solution will change as the percentage of carbon dioxide increases or decreases.

Mathematics told us that the most advantageous shape for our high altitude ship would be a sphere. Following lighter-than-air practice, it is called a gondola. Our gondola was seven feet in diameter, the walls were 3/16 inches thick and it weighed 360 pounds when empty. It was constructed by welding together "orange peel" sections made of a magnesium-aluminum alloy bearing the trade name of "Dowmetal." The magnesium content is about 94.5%, the remainder being aluminum with a little manganese thrown in for toughness.

Since our gondola was in reality a ship, the terms used in connection with it had to be nautical. There were two openings in the upper hemisphere, called the bow hatch and stern hatch respectively. Each hatch was fitted with an outer and an inner air-tight door. When the hatches were closed the gondola was air-tight. Ten ports were provided for outside observation. Four were placed in the upper hemisphere. Four more were placed in the same relative positions in the lower hemisphere. One horizontal port was placed in the bottom of the gondola for downward observation and one in the top for observation above. Each port was made of two pieces of glass, with an air-space between the pieces. A small amount of anhydride to absorb water vapor was placed between the glass plates. Two of the ports were made of quartz glass so that ultra-violet rays would not be filtered out.

Eight equally spaced vertical stanchions were put in for strength. They formed the corners of an eight-sided compartment, the opposite sides of which were about four feet apart. Our movements were restricted to this space.

The gondola was suspended from eight lines running to points of support on the top of the gondola. The outside upper part was called the poop deck. The crossed anchors and shield of the Navy was painted on the starboard side while the globe, foul anchor and eagle, the device of the Marines, was emblazoned on the port side. The national ensign was flown in the rigging.

Getting Local Sky Color

Dr. Compton was eager to secure data regarding the direction of cosmic rays coming from outer space, as well as their intensity. To measure directional effect, a piece of apparatus sometimes known as the cosmic ray telescope was installed in the gondola. It consists of two vacuum tubes placed parallel to each other. If a cosmic ray should penetrate both tubes, the effect will permit an electrical discharge to occur. The impulse thus created is amplified and counted. Since the position of the tubes can be changed, the directional effect of cosmic rays may be measured. The apparatus is known as a Geiger-Müller counter. This gadget was to cause me anguish later.

lariscope. I had lots of fun practicing with that.

There was (and may still be) a difference of opinion among observers as to the color of the sky as viewed from high altitudes. The color had been reported differently as being purple, orchid and black. Surely the color of the sky is an important matter. Dr. Monk was eager to get reliable information on this point and set to work to devise some means of getting a measure of the sky's color. It was decided to take up a collection of color charts and to make comparisons of the color of the sky with the colors on the chart.

There is no reliable and convenient means of getting the altitude of a plane or balloon directly while in the air. The method generally used is to measure the pressure of the air and interpret altitude from pressure. The most accurate instrument practicable for a balloon is probably the mercury-in-glass barometer. Altimeters and barographs are variations of the aneroid barometer. We carried a sealed barograph installed above our gondola. This is a recording device carried for record purposes and was not available to us for indicating pressure or altitude. We used, therefore, two mercury-in-glass barometers. They were installed inside the gondola, the connections of course running to the outside. We installed also an altimeter which indicated eleva-

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1,943 pounds of balloon fabric. Commander Settle at right

Dr. Jean Piccard examines the construction of the gondola of the first American stratosphere ship

The device for measuring intensity of the rays was a more reasonable piece of apparatus. It goes by the general name of electroscope. It consists of an ionizing chamber, or bomb, filled with argon gas under a pressure about 35 pounds to a square inch. Inside the bomb was an electrode, which is connected with a very sensitive instrument called an electrometer. The movements of the electrometer needle are recorded on a strip of motion picture film. The bomb was surrounded by a spherical shield of 200 pounds of lead shot.

Dr. Millikan's apparatus was similar to that of Dr. Compton except that it had no lead shield. Light which vibrates in one plane is said to be polarized. Dr. George S. Monk of the University of Chicago was interested in finding out if the light at high altitudes which was reflected from the sky was polarized, and if so, to what extent. Because of limitations of load, the apparatus had to be simple. We took with us an instrument sometimes called a Hale potion until the gondola was sealed and which was used thereafter to indicate the pressure inside the gondola. A magnetic compass, aircraft type, was installed inside. Two variometers and a statoscope completed our collection of navigational instruments. The variometer is an instrument used to indicate the rate of rise or fall of the balloon. It is calibrated so that one may observe the rate in meters a second. The statoscope is a very sensitive instrument which indicates small changes in rate of rise or fall. After one leaves the ground there is no feeling of vertical or horizontal motion. One must rely on instruments to indicate whether the balloon is rising or falling.

A two-element aërograph to record outside temperatures and relative humidity was part of our equipment. A modified 5x7 aërial camera and a small infra-red ray camera made up our photographic equipment.

At last we were ready.

(Continued on page 38)

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Shadow of Doubt

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

There was a brittleness about him that could belong only to extreme age. "I'm standing old," he said

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with Trenna Plaice, motion-picture actress, who is engaged to New York's wealthiest playboy, Len Haworth, Sim Sturdevant goes to the Merrygoround, a night club. While he chats with the star of the revue, Inez Johnson, Haworth (accompanied by Lisa Bellwood, a noted débutante) enters, insults him. Whereupon, Sturdevant knocks the man down, leaves the place, and goes home. A few hours later, Haworth is murdered—shot to death with a .38-caliber revolver, in his apartment.

The police, directed by the clever Sergeant Wilcox, swing into action at once. They question Sturdevant and two other suspects: Trenna Plaice and Lisa Bellwood, both of whom had been in Haworth's suite a short time before the tragedy. They learn nothing which would justify an arrest. . . . To Sturdevant, Trenna Plaice confides that she had once owned a revolver—a .38, which (she is emphatic on this point) had been stolen from her in Los Angeles. Within a few hours, Haworth's butler (who knows something of the tragedy which he has not revealed) is shot to death on the street—with a revolver which is found, later, near the scene of the tragedy. *Trenna Plaice's revolver!*

But the actress is exonerated. Police investigation discloses that her butler had pawned the revolver in Los Angeles; and that the pawnbroker had, long afterward, sold the weapon to some man.

Who is that man? Hoping to find the answer, Sturdevant does some quiet sleuthing on his own. From Inez Johnson (who is secretly in love with one of Sturdevant's friends, Reed Ryan, a brilliant reporter who is covering the case for his paper) he learns that, following the knock-down episode at the Merrygoround, she had followed Haworth, trailed him in a taxicab. She had feared, she says, that Haworth might try to kill Sturdevant; she had followed him to prevent another tragedy. While on the trail, someone, she insists, had made frantic efforts to get in touch with her taxi-man!

That "someone"—a man—Sturdevant feels sure is the murderer. But, try though he may, he can learn little about him. He does, however, secure a vague description. Then, preparing to call on Trenna Plaice (who has told him that she loves him), he receives two unexpected visitors: Sergeant Wilcox and a man he has never seen before. Wilcox points to Sturdevant. "Is this the man?" The man shakes his head. Wilcox laughs. "Mr. Sturdevant," he chuckles, "I want you to meet Mr. Arnheim. Mr. Arnheim is the pawnbroker who sold that gun to *someone* in Los Angeles."

XII

STURDEVANT shook his head reproachfully at Wilcox.

"Some day I'll just lose my temper, Sergeant, and refuse to play any more. Then what will you do for a suspect?"

Wilcox grinned at him.

"It will be terrible when this case is finished. I won't know where to go for my laughs." He turned to Arnheim. "Tell Mr. Sturdevant what the man looked like."

The sallow man spread his expressive hands.

"Like I told you, like I told the police in Los Angeles, my description of people ain't so good. Should I see him, the young man that bought the revolver, I would know him. I could pick him out of a crowd. But to *tell* what he looked like—that is very difficult."

"Sit down and take it easy, Arnheim," said the sergeant. He looked at Sturdevant. "Tough time Arnheim has had. Never in a plane before and been traveling all day and all night."

Arnheim sat stiffly down in a chair. He was a fragile little man, whose short slenderness made Wilcox seem almost bulky.

"How about some coffee?" suggested Sturdevant.

The big eyes of the pawnbroker were grateful. Sturdevant walked to the pantry door and told Dexter to brew fresh coffee. But Dexter never needed time in which to prepare coffee. A pot was always on the back of the stove. The coffee was served in two minutes. The pawnbroker sipped the hot fluid.

"No hurry, take your time," said Wilcox.

"Time isn't what I need; it's how to describe that I ain't got," said Arnheim. "Nice things you got here, Mr. Sturdevant." He looked appreciatively at a desk, at an etching on the wall.

"FORGET business, Arnheim," chuckled Wilcox. "Mr. Sturdevant isn't going to hock anything."

The pale lips of Arnheim parted in the faintest of smiles.

"You'd be surprised where it comes from, business, Mr. Wilcox," he said. He settled back more comfortably in his chair. Like a fat man whose clothing hampered his breathing, he unbuttoned his waistcoat and relaxed. His eyes half closed and he shook his head slowly. "I don't know how to begin."

"Well, a minute ago you referred to him as a young man. What made you think he was young?" asked Wilcox.

"He just was. Maybe twenty-eight, maybe thirty. But no more. He walked young and he stood young and he looked young."

"Stood young?" Sturdevant repeated the odd phrase. "How does a man stand young?"

Arnheim slid from the chair. Middle-aged, at least, he stood there looking ninety. There was a brittleness about his limbs, a set quality to his shoulders and neck that could belong only to extreme age.

"I'm standing old," he said. "Now I'll stand young."

Elasticity seemed not only in his muscles but in his very veins.

"That's as swell a bit of acting as I ever saw," said Wilcox. "I get what you mean."

"So do I," said Sturdevant. "I'd never thought of it before, but you're right. The way people stand indicates age. You're a good mimic."

"You're telling me? I did five years burlesque on the Northwestern Wheel. Every Tuesday I pawned something; every Saturday I took it out. I worked for pawnbrokers. So I decided to become one and let people work for me."

"What else can you tell us about him? How big was he?"

Arnheim looked at the speaker.

"Bigger than you, Mr. Wilcox." Seated again, he looked up at Sturdevant. "About your size," he said.

"What was his complexion? Was he red-faced or pale?"

"Kind of in between. He didn't look unhealthy, but he didn't have a high color. He had a kind of tired look. Not old-tired, but young-tired. Like he'd not had too much sleep."

"DISSIPATED?"

"I wouldn't say that. Just tired."

"Did he have a square chin?"

Arnheim shook his head.

"I wouldn't know. I didn't particularly notice his chin. But now I remember that his nose was thin. The bridge was high. It made his eyes seem kind of sunken."

"What color were his eyes?"

"I couldn't tell, except that I think they were light. He smiled kind of easy; I remember that."

"Good teeth?" asked Wilcox.

"I guess so. I didn't notice them."

"How was he dressed?" Sturdevant asked this question.

"Just a summer suit, lightish gray. He wore a straw hat, a panama."

"What shape was the panama?" asked Wilcox.

"Well, like panamas are usually shaped." Arnheim looked at Sturdevant's hat, which its owner had placed on a chair. "Shaped about like that felt," he said.

"And you couldn't give us any better description than that?" asked Wilcox.

"Three times already this morning I have told you what he looked like. I couldn't do any better."

Wilcox smiled amiably at him.

"You added something this time. You mentioned that he smiled easily. You hadn't said that before. Telling about him makes you remember more details." He looked at Sturdevant. "Does the description fit any of your friends—friends that might have known Haworth?"

"I can't say that it does. It's pretty vague, you know. Thousands of people could be described that way."

"But it doesn't cause anyone to jump into your mind?"

"Sorry, but it doesn't," said Sturdevant.

Wilcox sighed. For the first time he seemed to lose that buoyancy that was one of his most characteristic features. For the first time Sturdevant realized that the little detective had been under a strain. Sturdevant had thought that only Trenna and himself—and possibly Lisa—had been undergoing an ordeal, but now he realized that Wilcox had not been having too pleasant a time. For the first time he understood that a detective may be more than a machine; he may be a per-

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son honestly animated by a desire to rid society of a menace.

"Well, I won't keep you any longer, Mr. Sturdevant," said Wilcox. "I'm going to take Arnheim to see Miss Plaice and Miss Bellwood and Haworth's cook and a few other people. Maybe his description will mean something to somebody."

"I surely hope it does," said Sturdevant.

He walked downstairs with the two men and left them at the curb. They stepped into a police car and Sturdevant entered a taxi. He wondered idly if he was being followed today. But neither on the way uptown nor when he alighted at his office building was he aware of being followed.

Miss Maley greeted him with a smile.

"They've taken that nasty thing off the front page, Mr. Sturdevant. Pretty soon they'll drop it altogether."

"I hope they'll print they've found the murderer before they do," said Sturdevant.

He entered his office and went through the mail. He was about to summon Miss Maley to take some letters when she knocked on the door and told him that a Mr. Farranza wished to see him. Sturdevant frowned. He knew no Farranza. Nevertheless, he told his secretary to send the man in, and a moment later she ushered Manoel, the headwaiter of the Merrygoround, into the office.

"Well, what can I do for you, Manoel?" asked Sturdevant.

The plump headwaiter sat down on the edge of a chair. He pulled up the razor-creased trousers that squeezed his fat legs, exposing the cloth tops of his pointed patent-leather shoes. He balanced a derby hat precariously on his knee.

"I WANT some advice, Mr. Sturdevant. You asked me a question last night and I didn't answer it quite right. You wanted to know if I knew anyone who had it in for Mr. Haworth."

Sturdevant looked curiously at the swarthy Portuguese. Perspiration stood on the man's forehead. His black eyes held alarm.

"How should you have answered the question, Manoel?" he asked.

"Well, it's like this, Mr. Sturdevant. You live on Broadway and you learn to keep your mouth shut. I've seen a lot of people get in trouble because they talked out of turn. Me, I never see anything and never hear anything. It's better business that way."

"A pretty good policy most of the time," agreed Sturdevant. "But sometimes it isn't so good."

"That's what I've been thinking. I wouldn't go to the police, Mr. Sturdevant, without you told me to. I've known you a long time. I mean, I've been headwaiter in several restaurants, and you've always seemed a pretty fine gentleman to me. You're Park Avenue, but you know your way around Broadway. You'd know how to advise me. You see, I don't want to get anyone in trouble. If I go to the police I get someone in bad, maybe, when there's nothing to it. And I get the reputation of being a squealer, and that ain't so good. You wouldn't tell what I say to you to the police unless it was necessary, would you?"

Sturdevant shook his head.

"Certainly not, Manoel," he replied.

"Well, it's like this," said the Portuguese. "Mr. Haworth was quite a spender, and like lots of spenders he thought he could get anything if he bid high enough. You know what I mean."

Sturdevant nodded.

"I know, Manoel."

"Well, he was never satisfied with one girl. He was always on the make for a bunch of them. He was trying to get Miss Johnson, and at the same time he was going for two or three girls in the chorus. One of them happens to be married. Now, she's a nice girl. She's all right. But you know what it is, working in a night club. Sometimes a girl just gets the idea she'd like to see a little life. Nothing wrong, but just wants a good time. This married girl is like that.

"YOU see, her husband is crippled, and he's out of work. A good, honest fellow. He used to be cashier in a restaurant where I worked. He hurt his leg in a taxi accident and had a tough time of it. When he got out of the hospital he was lame. And he'd lost his job. That was last August. What little money they had went to doctors. They were broke when this show opened up at the Merrygoround in September. She's been supporting him all this time. You know how a hard-working man feels when he has to live off his wife's dough. It's not so good. And as I've told you, this girl is a little flighty. I happen to know that her husband has raised hell two or three times because she went out after the show with Haworth. I heard him bawling her out one night, talking awful wild, threatening Haworth."

"When was that?" asked Sturdevant.

"Last Saturday night," replied Manoel."

"What's her name?"

"Polly Penfield. That's what she calls herself. I don't think it's her real name. Anyway, it ain't her husband's name. He's called Harry Waters. Now, you know how men talk when they're jealous. Maybe it don't mean a thing, but I honestly thought you ought to know. You've been suspected of killing Haworth. It ain't fair that you should carry that load when somebody else, maybe, ought to."

"Know where they live?" asked Sturdevant eagerly.

"Just a couple of blocks from here. A sort of theatrical rooming-house on Forty-seventh Street, just off Sixth Avenue."

Sturdevant rose from his chair.

"They ought to be there now," he said.

"You going to see them?"

"Well, what do you think, Manoel?"

The headwaiter followed him to the elevator.

"Ain't you going to take a cop with you?"

Sturdevant shook his head.

"I feel the way you do. Maybe there's nothing to it, and if there isn't why get them into a jam?"

"He might be tough," said Manoel.

Sturdevant grinned.

"A cripple?"

"Cripples can shoot."

"He won't shoot. I won't give him a chance," said Sturdevant.

"And you won't mention that I've told you anything?"

"Don't you fret, Manoel."

HE WAS in the lobby of the rooming-house within five minutes. It was a semi-hotel; a pasty-faced youth stood behind a desk. He eyed Sturdevant suspiciously.

"Mr. and Mrs. Harry Waters live here?" asked Sturdevant.

"If you're trying to collect a bill, you might as well save your time," said the clerk. "They haven't paid here for two weeks, so you know what your chances are."

"I'm not a collector," said Sturdevant. "Can I see them?"

"If you can wake them up. Back room one flight up, left-hand side."

Sturdevant climbed the dusty stairs. He walked down a dimly lighted corridor and knocked on the Waters' door. A sleepy voice answered.

"I'd like to see Mr. and Mrs. Waters," said Sturdevant.

The door opened slightly. A pretty blonde, eyes heavy with sleep, stared at him.

"Why, it's Mr. Sturdevant," she cried. "Wait a second until I get something on. Hey, Harry," she called, "pull that screen around the bed and get into some clothes."

She closed the door and Sturdevant heard indistinguishable grumbling. Then the door opened and Polly Waters invited him to enter. He found himself in a fair-sized room, in which pathetic attempts at decoration had been made. A screen obviously hid a bed. The room was neat and clean. The girl's husband sat in a comfortable chair.

"Excuse my not getting up; this damp weather bothers my bum leg."

"Don't tell me you're stuck on my singing and going to put me on the air, Mr. Sturdevant," said the girl.

Sturdevant sat down in the chair to which she pointed.

"Sorry, but it's not that. But any time you want an audition I'll arrange it for you."

"On the level?" The girl turned to her husband. "Do you hear that, Harry? Maybe we're getting a break at last."

"Maybe," said her husband. He looked at Sturdevant. "What do you want?" he asked.

Vague as Arnheim's description had been, it couldn't possibly fit Harry Waters. Nor could Harry Waters have been the man that Lisa saw outside Haworth's apartment, any more than he could have been the man who asked Bob Mackey where Peters was. Of less than medium height and crippled, he answered no description. But there was no proof as yet that Mackey's man, or Lisa's man, or Arnheim's man, had killed Haworth.

"I WANT to talk to you about Haworth," he said. Manoel's warning was fresh in his mind and he watched the cripple closely.

"You do? It's a wonder the police haven't talked to me about him," said Waters. "I've been expecting them every minute. Just because a man blows up and has a row with his wife about some guy, and the guy's bumped off, I suppose he's got to answer questions. But only questions asked by the police. You're not a copper, Mr. Sturdevant."

"Be nice, Harry, be nice," pleaded the blonde. "Didn't you hear Mr. Sturdevant say he'd give me a break?"

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"What do you want to know?" asked Waters.

"Anything you can tell me about Haworth. Did you see him Monday night?"

"I did not," said Waters flatly. "I was in the hall outside the room where the chorus dresses, all night, except when I went out to get a glass of water or some cigarettes. Once in a while they let big spenders drop into the girls' dressing-room. I was going to be dead sure that Haworth didn't come there that night."

"You can prove you were there?"

"From seven-thirty until two-thirty. Plenty of people saw me. All the girls know I was there and a lot of the waiters. And a newspaper-man, that fellow that writes for the Crier. Reed Ryan. He came down the hall about twelve looking for Inez Johnson. She wasn't in her dressing-room. He can swear I was there then. Oh, there must be twenty people can prove I was there until I took Polly home. So you can't pin Haworth's killing on me. At that, I kind of wish you could. A rat if I ever knew one."

"There, there, Harry," said his wife placatingly. "He was nothing to me."

"But he wanted to be, plenty," said Waters.

The girl looked apologetically at Sturdevant. She walked over to her husband and sat down on the arm of his chair, throwing an arm protectingly, almost maternally, about his shoulders. Apology left her eyes, replaced by defiance, as she looked at Sturdevant.

"I've been a baddie and Harry's had a rotten break," she said. "I'm not so old and we've had hard times, and every so often I get sort of goofy when I hear the other girls talking about their Johns. I get the idea that maybe I'm missing a lot and I let someone take me out to supper. But that's all I do and Harry knows it. But he's kind of proud and feels ashamed because he isn't making any dough, and then he blows up and bawls me out." She kissed her husband fondly. "What he ought to do is slug me around a little."

WATERS grinned sheepishly.

"She ought to slug me around," he said. "But you know how it is, Mr. Sturdevant. A guy gets feeling that he's a flop, and that his wife is tied to him when she'd like to be free—"

His wife placed her hand over his mouth.

"Everybody knows that you've got the goods, Harry," she said. "As soon as that bum leg is fixed up, you'll get going again. And if Mr. Sturdevant gets me on the air—"

"You can have an audition whenever you like. Call at my office some day next week. We'll fix it up." He looked at the young couple closely. "Haworth was a man of many interests. Tell me, were there any other men who felt as you did, Mr. Waters? Perhaps some of them had real reason to hate him."

"If I knew the guy that killed him, you wouldn't get a peep out of me," said Waters. "I don't know who tipped you off that I did some talking about him, and I don't care. But pin a rose on this: I'm no squealer!"

"But if innocent people are suspected, if they're under a nasty shadow of doubt, don't you think it's your duty to tell anything you know?"

"If some guy was headed for the chair, and I knew some other man was guilty, I'd talk all right. But I don't know anybody that would have bumped Haworth off. That's on the level."

"That's true, Mr. Sturdevant," said the girl. "Harry and I have been wondering who gave him the works."

"All right," said Sturdevant.

The girl followed him to the door.

"You really mean it, about the audition?"

"Some day next week," said Sturdevant.

Glumly he walked back to his office. No progress had been made. He wondered if progress ever would be made. Arnheim, the Los Angeles pawnbroker, seemed to be the only person who could recognize the purchaser of Trenna's revolver, but out of seven million people it would be quite a job for Arnheim to pick the right man. Arnheim might stay in New York a lifetime and never run across the man he sought.

"Miss Plaice telephoned five minutes ago," said his secretary.

FROM his inner office Sturdevant called up Trenna.

"Sergeant Wilcox came to see me with a funny little man called Arnheim," she told him.

"He brought him to see me," said Sturdevant. "Well, did his description mean anything to you?"

"Not a thing in the world. It makes me feel pretty hopeless."

"Then you need my cheering society. Where would you like to lunch?"

"Your aunt called up and insisted that we lunch with her. Will you meet me there, and will you, this time, be good enough not to twist your ankle or step on a banana peel?"

"I'll walk softly and with great care," he laughed. "What time did she suggest?"

"One o'clock. Will you meet me there?"

"I could even call for you."

"No, I've some shopping to do."

"Do you always shop?"

"A girl about to be married buys lots of things," she told him.

"About to be? What day does that mean?"

"It doesn't mean a day; it means a year. Or maybe a month."

"Or perhaps a week?" he asked eagerly.

"I'm as eager as you, Sim," she said. "But until this dreadful thing is settled—let's not make a date."

"I'll debate that matter with you later on," he said.

STURDEVANT never remembered so pleasant a luncheon at his Aunt Melissa's home. He'd always liked Mrs. Pillson, but today he felt real affection for her. She was sweet to Trenna, and gay about her new interest in matters criminal. And as the young people prepared to depart, her manner became wistful.

"Young married people should always have their own home," she said. "But this is a great big barn of a place and I get pretty lonesome in it. I won't ask you to live with me, because I don't want you to feel sorry for me and hate to refuse. But will you see a lot of me?"

"We'll save money by eating all our meals with you," laughed Trenna.

"You have work to do, Sim Sturdevant," said Trenna on the sidewalk. "You may not know it, but I'm an expensive little trick. The man that supports me has to make lots of money. Do you make lots of money?"

He grinned at her.

"I don't *make* a lot—yet; but I'm on my way. I really have a pretty enormous income aside from my alleged profession."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Trenna, "but I'm quite sure your private income isn't nearly enough. So I don't want you to neglect your work. Will you be

(Continued on page 36)

"Just because a man blows up and has a row with his wife about some guy, and the guy's bumped off, I suppose he's got to answer questions," said Waters. "But only questions asked by the police. You're not a copper, Mr. Sturdevant"

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Laughing Boys

"Football isn't a very serious thing." Heresy? Lunacy? Or a combination of both? Well, perhaps. But that's what the Stanford coach says. And he has turned out a pretty good team—with the same idea

By Quentin Reynolds

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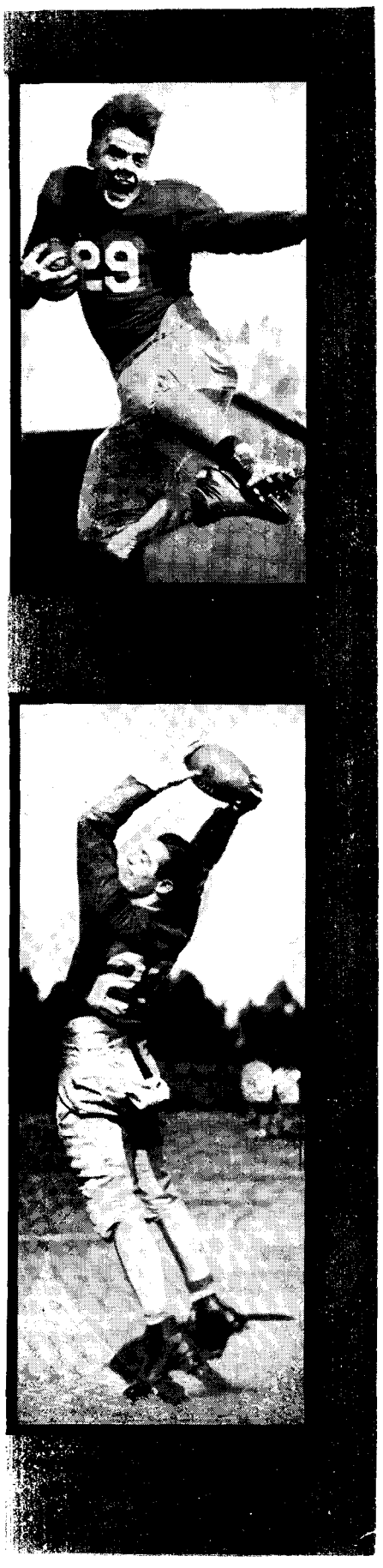
THEY were wearing heavy gray sweaters, for a chill rain was slanting down on the practice field. Sometimes when they got beyond the range of the floodlights they looked like gray ghosts flitting through the dusk.

Bobby Grayson called the signals. They broke from their huddle and lined up. The scrub team crouched tense, confident. They had been stopping the great Stanford varsity all afternoon and they felt pretty good.

The ball shot back. It went to Grayson. He shot to the right and then whirled in toward the line of scrimmage, slashing through an opening just off tackle.

Then—he tripped over an outstretched foot and the ball flew from his arms. It hit the ground and careened crazily over the turf. A scrub tackle fell on it.



"We'll put handles on that ball for you, Bobby," Bones Hamilton laughed.

"You're terrible, terrible," Monk Moscrip yelled.

"If we're tackling too hard for you sissies," a scrub player called, "just say so and we'll take it easy."

"Hey, coach," Grayson called to Tiny Thornhill, who stood in back of the team wearing a battered baseball cap and a raincoat, "how did I look on that play?"

"You looked awful, Bobby," Thornhill grinned. "Try it again."

Stanford was holding its last serious practice session before the tough California game, the crucial game which was to send Stanford to the Rose Bowl or relegate Stanford to the list of ordinary teams. And the Stanford varsity was acting as though it were to play the worst set-up in the country! They laughed at one another, they joked with Thornhill, and they laughed at themselves.

"Are these guys comedians or football players?" I asked Tiny Thornhill.

Thornhill smiled: "They're comedians all week and football players on Saturday. They're good football players on Saturday because they're comedians all week. We save the tension for game day. There's no use leaving your game on the practice field."

"But," I protested, "they don't seem to take their football at all seriously."

"Well," Thornhill looked amused, "football isn't a very serious thing, is it? These kids are having a lot of fun. That is important."

Well, they were having fun. At that moment Dick Hyland, once a great Stanford quarterback, now a football expert for a syndicate of newspapers, came on the field. That morning he had published a story in which he said the Stanford team hadn't shown anything much in the way of an offense. The players had read it. They saw Hyland. Grayson hurriedly called them into a huddle, whispered, and the team lined up. The ball was passed—and the whole team made a bee-line for Hyland. Down he went under a flying mass of shouting players.

"I was only kidding," Hyland protested. "You have the best offense in the world." They let him up.

"A man's life isn't safe around here," I said to Tiny, "with your lunatics loose like this."

"They gave Ernie Nevers his bumps the other day," Thornhill said. "They just surrounded him and laid him low. Even a coach can't keep his dignity with this bunch—but what sweethearts they are."

Away with Drudgery

I have never seen such an informal practice. To begin with, the gate to the practice field is always open. Anyone can walk through unmolested even if he is an enemy scout. A hundred or so students were on the side lines, occasionally exchanging wisecracks with the players. However, if you noticed carefully you'd see that it was an ordered informality. The varsity and the scrubs were scrimmaging in the middle of the field. Two other varsity teams were running through signals. There was a lot of laughter, a lot of fooling, but everyone kept on the move.

"Secret practice is a lot of bunk," Thornhill said. "To begin with, these players are only kids—they aren't part of a machine. Kids always do better before an audience. If we practiced alone here at the field behind closed gates the whole practice would become a tedious task, drudgery. Now we are putting on a show. The kids enjoy it, and enjoying it they work much harder than if it were sheer, hard, dull practice. Sure they're always kidding among themselves but while they're kidding they are working."

The practice continued. Grayson shot a long pass to Moscrip, who leaped for the ball, juggled it and then dropped it.

"Butter fingers," Grayson called derisively.

"Lousy," a chorus came from the scrubs.

Not one whit abashed, Moscrip said calmly, "That's just to show you guys how not to go after a pass."

"Well, gang," Thornhill called, "what about calling it a day?"

"Just one more play," Grayson pleaded.

They ran it and it gained eight yards through the stubborn scrub team. "One more," Bones Hamilton yelled.

"I'll bet you can't go through them for a touchdown," Grayson said.

When the Team Gets to Work

Again they huddled. "Let's make this one good," Grayson told them, and he meant it. Now for a moment they weren't the laughing boys of Palo Alto. They were the Stanford Juggernaut.

The ball snapped to Grayson. He darted to the right, jammed the ball to Hamilton and then went on to knock down the secondary defensive. Alustiza hit an end and the end collapsed. Maentz drove forward and smothered a tackle. Moscrip—what an end that lad is—accounted for another. Hands were on Hamilton but he whirled away from them. He cut sharply to the right and now he was free, streaking down the field like a gray phantom. He crossed the line standing up.

"And that," Thornhill said, "is what this team has. When it wants to go it can go. The boys know they make the team on Saturday—not in practice sessions. Some of these boys look terrible at practice—but I know they'll look like All-Americas when the real game starts. And did you ever see a team that enjoyed playing football like this one?"

The 1934 Stanford team is undoubtedly one of the best football machines produced in recent years. Composed chiefly of juniors, the team has the poise and finesse of a professional eleven, the nonchalance of a champion and the healthy conceit of a team that is good—and is willing at any time to prove it. It is the laughingest team I ever saw. It laughed itself right past the best teams in the West and then laughed its way into the Rose Bowl.

Bobby Grayson is the spearhead of the team. A year ago Lou Little said Grayson was the best back in the country. Grayson is that rare combination of elusive runner and line smasher. In the open he is a whirling, untouchable will-o'-the-wisp, a carbon copy of Red Grange when that redhead was doing his best stuff. Except that actually he is faster than Grange ever was. When he is called on to hit a line he has the concentrated power of an Ernie Nevers, undoubtedly the greatest line smasher of modern football. He is only a fair passer but with Hamilton and Alustiza in his backfield he doesn't have to be a great passer. He is a good kicker—but he doesn't have to be a great kicker. Alustiza is there to take care of that department.

"Grayson is the best back I've ever seen," Ernie Nevers said, "and I've seen a lot of good backs. And this is a fine team—as good as any I've ever seen. Our Stanford teams of 1925 and 1926 were good—but, say, those of us who played on those clubs couldn't make this team."

Practice finished, I strolled toward the dressing-rooms with the players. Falling in step with Bones Hamilton, whom many rank right with Grayson, I asked him what he thought of the peerless Bobby.

"He's just the best there is," Hamilton, in many ways a better all-around back than Grayson, said without a tinge of jealousy in his voice. "He's a grand guy to work with, but then they all are. We all get along great on this club."

Having asked everyone else about Grayson, I thought I'd ask him. The good-looking blond-haired kid was startled for a moment but it didn't prevent him from laughing.

"Don't kid me," he said. "How good am I? How good is any back? He's as good as his line and he's as good as the rest of his backfield. Did you ever see Bob Reynolds cut out from the line to lead interference? Did you ever see a blocker like Hamilton? And Maentz and Van Dellen and Alustiza—I suppose they can't block? Not much. All a ball carrier has to do is to run on this team. Any sucker can do that. And Tiny? How about him? He's the grandest coach who ever lived. Do we like him? Say, there's nothing that any of us wouldn't do for Tiny."

Several of the players who had joined us growled assent and looked up, apparently hopeful that I'd disagree. They seemed to be looking for a chance to prove their worship of that Thornhill.

Well, they should worship Thornhill. He's done something very few coaches have the ability to do. He has convinced them football can be fun—not drudgery. An odd thing about this Stanford team is the difficulty it has had proving to West Coast critics it is a great team. It wasn't until the Indians handed Jimmy Phelan's undefeated, untied Washington Huskies that crushing 24 to 0 walloping that the critics grudgingly admitted maybe those laughing boys of Palo Alto had something. Before that game they had said Grayson was a sucker against forward passes. In that game Grayson intercepted two passes and galloped to touchdowns.

What the critics overlooked was the fact that Stanford is a team with a sense of humor. They'll bear down when the heat is on, but as soon as they get a lead they'll coast.

An Unneeded Reserve

This team has something no other team I ever saw possessed. I watched them but couldn't say just what it was. Dink Templeton, great Stanford football figure of another decade and present Stanford track coach, supplied the answer.

"When Gene Tunney was preparing to meet Dempsey," Templeton said, "he had certain powers within himself, partly physical, partly mental, which precluded the possibility of defeat. Defeat never entered his mind. No matter how unexpected or how irresistible the opposition, Tunney had the answer to it.

"This team," Templeton added, "has that power. Since the first two weeks of the season Stanford hasn't been even close to defeat. The boys have gone along each Saturday just winning but always winning casually, showing they had a tremendous reserve if needed—but not needing it. If the team is actually threatened in the Rose Bowl you are apt to see football the like of which you've never see before."

And that is Stanford as I see it. A group of eleven potential All-America players with not a weak spot on the team. A team well and intelligently coached and a team with flexible and well-controlled nervous processes. A team that has had a lot of fun during the past three months. A team, in short, that has every attribute of gridiron greatness. And a team with a sense of humor.

I trust their sense of humor will not lead them to put up a sorry exhibition in the Rose Bowl just to make this article look silly.

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Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 33

good enough, Mr. Sturdevant, to put me in a taxi and go back to your office and do a lot of business?"

"I'd sort of planned a lazy afternoon with you," he protested.

"My afternoon isn't lazy. I've fittings galore. I'll be busy until six. But you may take me out to dinner. No, we'll dine at my place. Would you like that?"

"For a highly intelligent woman, you ask very stupid questions," he replied. "At eight?"

"At eight," she said.

He helped her into a taxi and decided to walk back to his office. The drizzling weather of the early part of the week had gone now. November was at its best, and Sturdevant loved the keen air against his face. He found on his desk a memorandum stating that Clark Daley, of the Interstate Broadcasting Company, wished him to telephone. He got Daley on the wire.

"Want to talk to you," said Daley. "Busy now?"

"Can you come over?"

"In three minutes," said Daley.

He was not more than two minutes behind his statement. Miss Maley admitted him and closed the door upon them. Daley took off his coat and sat down. He lighted a fat cigar that seemed to belong in his thick lips.

"Got an idea, Sturdevant," he said.

"Shoot," said Sturdevant. He liked Daley, although he didn't know him very well. When last he had seen Daley the latter had been associated with the production of motion pictures. "How long have you been in radio?" he asked.

"About a month," said Daley. "I've a lot to do with programs, not the commercials, but what we call the sustaining hours. Sometimes we build them up into commercials, sell them to some big advertiser. Now, you're in the advertising business. I understand you've got some swell talent lined up for Saunders Soap. You're up and coming. You're a rich guy that doesn't mind work, and when a rich fellow works he hustles twice as hard as a poor man. Don't ask me why—it's just a fact. Now I have an idea."

"Another? That makes two," said Sturdevant.

DALEY shifted his cigar around in his mouth and grinned.

"Don't rush me, boy. Here's my idea: The people are interested in mystery. I think I've a new slant on mystery for the air. I want a story, a radio play, that's right up to the minute. I mean, I want a plot that isn't half an hour old. For instance, we plant our characters. President Roosevelt comes to town, let's say. Our characters, right in the middle of the chapter or scene they're doing on the air, refer to the President's arrival. I mean, a couple of the characters are talking as the President drives up the Avenue, and you hear the crowd roaring. Get me? The President was in New York at three in the afternoon; at eight in the evening we're putting on the drama that took place that afternoon. Do I make it clear?"

"I think so," said Sturdevant. "The events that you put on the air at eight o'clock are mixed up with real events that occurred that same day."

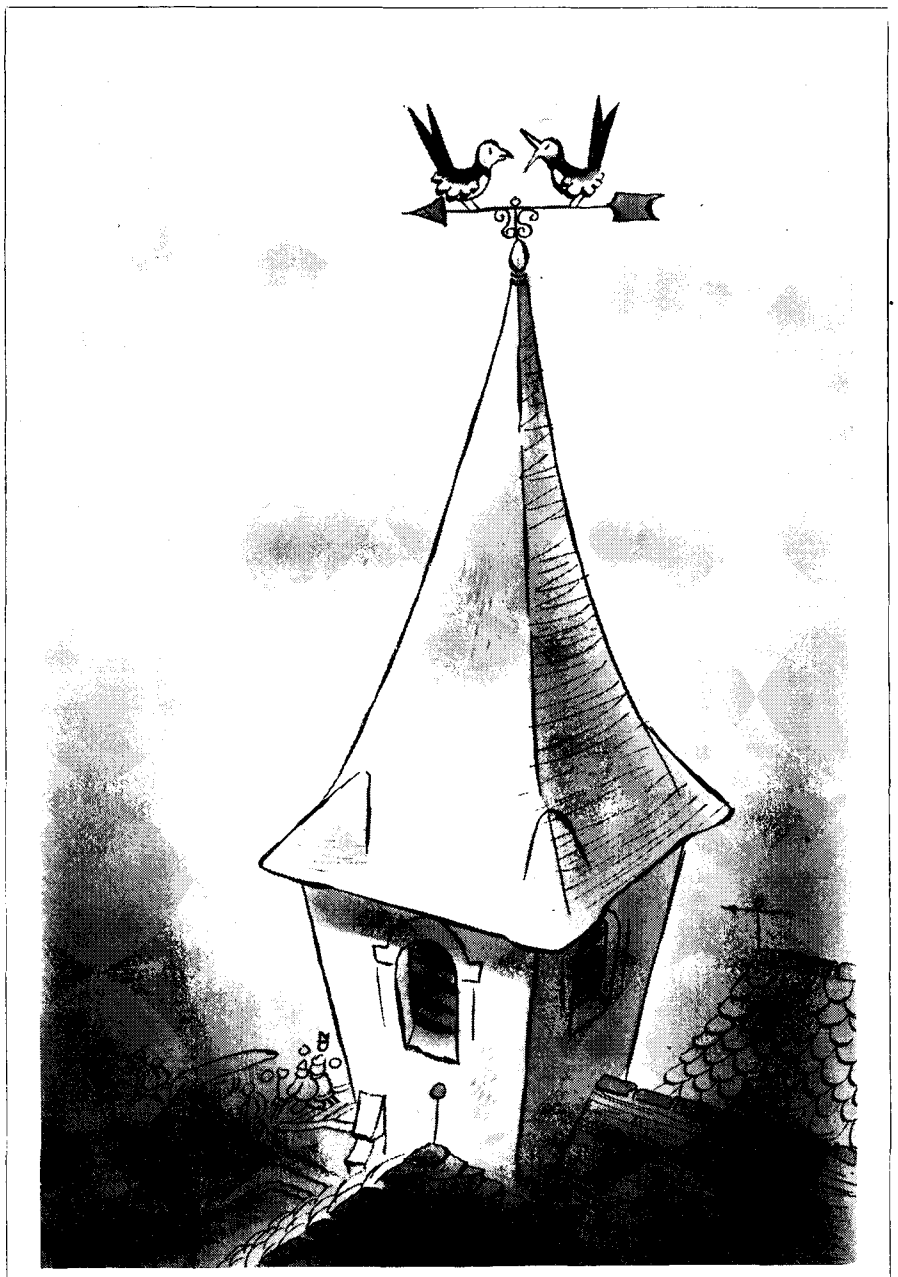
"Exactly," said Daley. "We make our play contemporaneous. Our listeners get the feeling of reality. Whatever news happened that day we get into the sketch that night."

"You'll have to have a pretty alert author," said Sturdevant.

"We need a newspaper-man, a chap that's used to dashing down to the office and doing three thousand words in an hour or so. He'll have his main plot, but he'll have to adapt each scene to whatever appeared in the evening papers of that day. He may not be able to give us the best sort of writing, working at that clip, but any hasty writing will be covered up by the reality that this stunt will give the program. Agree with me?"

"It's worth trying. But I'm not a program arranger. I get the talent my advertisers want."

"That's all I want you to do. I've settled on the man I want. He's a swell reporter and writes a good story. Reed Ryan, of the Crier. Can you get him? It ought to be worth three or four hundred a week to him. I'd go to him myself, but I was working with Golden State Productions when Ryan was out



"Where were you last Sunday?" LAWRENCE LARIAR

in Hollywood a couple of months ago, and he and I had a run-in. Nothing important, but just unpleasant enough to make me feel that I'd better not be the one to approach him. I turned down an idea he had for a picture. At least he thinks I turned it down and he was plenty burned. As a matter of fact, I wanted Golden State to buy the idea, but he doesn't know that. He told me I was a big, fat, red-faced, ignorant stuffed shirt."

"He covered a lot of ground," chuckled Sturdevant.

Daley laughed.

"I thought he was pretty descriptive. Well, what about it?"

"I'll get in touch with him tomorrow," promised Sturdevant.

He didn't wait until tomorrow. He telephoned the Crier right after Daley left. Ryan was not in, but the city editor promised to tell him to call Sturdevant as soon as he got in touch with the office. But when Sturdevant left his office he had not heard from Ryan.

"Feeling all right?" Dexter greeted him. "Like another steak tonight?"

"I'm dining with Miss Plaice," said Sturdevant.

"I'll lay out your things," said Dexter.

Sturdevant read the afternoon papers, but there was nothing new in the Haworth-Murdoch case. Wilcox had not told the reporters about the arrival of Arnheim.

Very leisurely Sturdevant bathed and dressed. He was sipping a highball at about seven-thirty when his front doorbell rang. Dexter admitted Inez Johnson.

The little blues singer was in a state of excitement.

"Mr. Sturdevant," she said, "I'm worried."

"What about?" asked Sturdevant.

"About Reed," she replied. "He called me up this afternoon. Someone had just told him that I was out the other afternoon with old Saunders. Now, I ought to get a laugh out of that. Imagine anyone being jealous of that old coot! But that's Reed. Now, it's only yesterday that he was sorry about his jealousy. And here he starts in again today."

"He'll get over it," laughed Sturdevant.

"Will he? That's what's bothering me. He gets over one only to get all steamed up about another. He's a little burned about you. You knew that, didn't you?"

"You imagine things," said Sturdevant.

"No, I don't," said Inez. "I'll have to break with him if he keeps it up. I wish you'd talk to him."

"I will, if you want me to," said Sturdevant. "But it's pretty hard to reason with a jealous man."

"As if I didn't know that," she said. "Honestly, I admire Reed a lot. Times I think I'm stuck on him. But all the time I respect his brain. He's got a great career ahead of him. But times I'm afraid he'll throw it away. You know, it isn't just me that he quarrels with. He's had plenty of fights with people he could have done business with. He just flies off the handle too quickly."

"I'll have a talk with him," said Sturdevant. "As a matter of fact, I tried to get hold of him today. Interstate Broadcasting wants him to do some work. Continuity. It'll be worth several hundred a week."

"That's swell," said Inez. "I'm keeping you."

STURDEVANT was polite, but she insisted on leaving. A taxi was waiting for her and he assisted her into it, then signaled a passing machine.

He told Trenna about Inez's perturbation.

"I think she'd better forget him," said Trenna. "He's an attractive youth, but somehow or other he doesn't impress me as being very stable."

"Maybe he'll settle down when he's married," laughed Sturdevant.

Trenna frowned.

"I wouldn't be sure of that. And I wouldn't be sure that Inez won't be jealous after they're married, if they ever are. Too many beautiful Hollywood girls have given him their photographs. You could almost think you were in Hollywood when you're in his apartment. It's cluttered up with photographs."

"His souvenirs," smiled Sturdevant.

"Souvenirs?" Trenna's black eyes suddenly widened. As she repeated Sturdevant's words, his face had gone white.

"Sim, what's the matter? You don't feel badly?"

Sturdevant rose to his feet.

"Souvenirs! Pictures of actresses! Did he have any other things? Did he have a fountain pen that Clark Gable had used, or an old hat of Marlene Dietrich's?"

"Sim, have you gone mad?"

"I've been mad, crazy, stupid, blind! But not any longer. Did Ryan have anything like that in his rooms?"

"I don't know. Why? What are you so excited about."

"A man about my size—and something else. Oh, a lot of *somethings else!*"

He picked up the telephone and asked for police headquarters. In a moment he was speaking to Sergeant Wilcox.

"This is Sim Sturdevant, Sergeant. I'm with Miss Plaice at her apartment. Can you come up here? This minute. Have you got Arnheim? No? Then get hold of him at once and bring him with you."

"What's on your mind, Mr. Sturdevant?" said Wilcox.

"Enough," said Sturdevant. "I think I know who killed Haworth."

(To be concluded next week)

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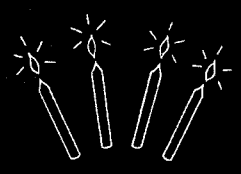

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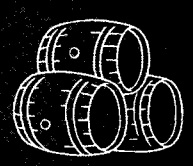

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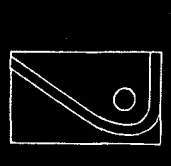

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Up Above the World So High

Continued from page 30

The period from September 25th to November 12th was the most difficult and nerve-racking I have ever experienced. The weather maps would disclose likely high-pressure areas advancing toward Chicago. "Stand-by" orders were given to the ground crew, composed of Navy and Marine Corps Reservists. Special details of A Century of Progress guards had to be organized and held in readiness. The radio facilities for broadcasting the weigh-off had to be installed and manned. We had planned to start inflation at about midnight and get under way about daylight. Time after time the personnel—more than 200 men—involved in the venture would be assembled and then dismissed at hours which varied between midnight and daybreak. To make matters worse, the nights were bitterly cold.

A Century of Progress closed on November 12th. The Fair could no longer act as sponsor. The other sponsors were becoming discouraged. The chances for suitable weather conditions were diminishing rapidly. A conference of sponsors was held.

Akron, Ohio, is more favorably situated than Chicago with respect to suitable weather conditions for a stratosphere ascension. Mr. E. L. Perkins, representing the Dow Chemical Company, left for Akron to arrange if possible for transferring the operation from Chicago to Akron. An appeal was made to Mr. Litchfield, president of the Goodyear Zeppelin Corporation, for permission to use the facilities of the corporation for making the ascension from Akron. Mr. Litchfield was sympathetic. The high esteem in which Commander Settle was held and the affection which his associates had for him was no doubt a big factor in obtaining the use of the Goodyear Air Dock as a place in which to inflate the balloon. This enormous building is the one in which the dirigible Akron was built. Inflation of our balloon could be accomplished regardless of weather, and if suitable weather should come our period of preparation could be reduced to about two hours.

They're Off!

After several false alarms the commander announced on Sunday evening, November 19th, that the chances were fair that we could get away on Monday morning. The 11:30 weather map on Sunday evening looked favorable. Final decision would be made at 6:30 Monday morning.

Tex called me at 4:00 Monday morning. We had breakfast at 4:30. The chances were still fair. Final preparations were made. At 7:30 the balloon was walked out. The next two hours were anxious and busy ones. The morning was cold, patches of snow were on the ground, a heavy mist was being dispelled by the morning sun. The wind velocity, which had been about six miles an hour, dropped to three. At eight o'clock it increased to four and then to five miles an hour.

At 9:25 Tex ordered the crew aboard our stratosphere-bound ship and at 9:30 we weighed off—about 30 pounds light—with the commander on the poop deck. We grazed the grass on the field for about a minute until several bags of sand were thrown over the side and then we rose quite rapidly, our course taking us to the south and to the east.

We were happy. The cares, anxieties and disappointments of the past four months were shed. Both of us experienced and showed a great elevation of spirit.

We proceeded to "shake down." Navigational instruments were rechecked and maps were "broken out." Visibility was poor at first but as the sun drove away the mist the air cleared up. We rose to about 5,000 feet quite rapidly. The skipper marked our positions on the chart while I recorded weather data received over our short-wave radio.

Our transmitter had an antenna output of less than five watts and we were working on a frequency of 15,760 kilocycles. It was of compact design and very light. We were prepared to use code in case our phone transmission could not be received. We had been in touch with a short-wave station at the airport in Akron under the direction of our friend, Lieutenant Sam Townsend, of the Naval Communication Reserve. The U. S. Weather Bureau had been very kind and most accommodating in giving us weather information.

Leo Fangman, weather forecaster at Akron, had managed to get information regarding weather, including the direction and velocities of winds at points along our probable path. The log shows that the wind at 3,000 feet was 10 miles an hour and westerly. At 5,000 feet it was 44 miles and coming from slightly north of west; at 12,000 feet the velocity was 56 miles an hour and coming from the northwest.

While the weather on the ground was fine, the weather aloft was unfavorable. In a balloon one has vertical control but horizontal control is lacking. A free balloon is a creature of the winds—the balloon having the velocity and direction of the wind in which it is sailing.

It did not take a minute examination of the chart to show us that we might run out of shore with the high-velocity westerly winds carrying us toward the Atlantic Ocean. Such a landing, in the opinion of Skipper Settle, would be undesirable.

It had been our original plan to ascend slowly, as many of our scientific observations had to be taken at given elevations and a slow ascent would permit greater accuracy. We expected little or no wind in the stratosphere and most of our drift therefore would be below 35,000 feet elevation. A slow ascent would give us more drift than a rapid one. The high-velocity winds which we encountered forced a change of technique during the ascent.

Prince Slumbered On

For technical reasons we wanted to reach our peak altitude shortly after noon. It was necessary, therefore, to delay our ascent. The commander began to lose altitude in a search for more favorable winds. We dropped to 1,000 feet. Here the wind velocity was low. The wind was from the north and occasionally it veered so that it came from the north and a little east. We had cut down very appreciably our drift toward the Atlantic by cruising at a comparatively low altitude.

That part of the ride was delightful. The bow hatch was open. We made photographs. On one occasion I carried on a short conversation with a person on the ground. We were east of Alliance, Ohio, and close to a village which we could not identify on our chart. It was quiet and peaceful. I was riding on the poop deck. The commander asked me to take a look through the monocular, a fine eight-power glass which we carried, in an effort to make out something which would indicate the name of the place. I think I read every sign in town but nowhere could I see the name of the place. I reported accordingly. We were over a field on the southwest edge of the town and could see groups of people. The skipper directed me to shout down and ask the name of the town. We were so high—about 1,500 feet—that I suspected the commander of having some fun with me, for I was embarked on my first balloon cruise. Being an obedient soul, however, I lay on my stomach on the top of the gondola, used my hands as a megaphone and shouted:

"What town is this?"

At once came back the reply:

"N-e-w Franklin."

Shortly after this we were amused at the efforts a country woman made to direct the attention of her hound dog to our craft. The dog was sleeping peacefully on the ground between his master and mistress, who were watching us with apparent interest. She shouted:

"Prince! Prince! Look at the balloon!" Prince slumbered on, but the old lady was determined and finally grabbed Prince by the neck and lifted his head in the general direction of the balloon. The dog displayed a profound lack of interest, however, and went back to his dreams when his mistress relinquished her nold on his collar.

At noon we had a cup of coffee but were too busy with radio broadcasts to eat. At 12:40 we were near East Liverpool, Ohio, and our pleasant low-altitude cruising had to be abandoned.

We had left the ground with 4,100 pounds of "service" ballast in the form of lead shot. The shot were of two sizes, twenty thousandths and forty thousandths of an inch in diameter. The ballast was put up in bags holding 50 pounds each, making 82 bags in all. The ballast bags were placed around the bottom of the gondola in such a position as to distribute the load evenly. We went up by the simple process of dropping the lead ballast. A bag of shot was dumped into a cylindrical container having an air-tight cover and a valve in a tube leading to the outside of the gondola. This device would permit us to drop ballast without losing air while we were under closed hatch conditions. At low altitudes the shot after leaving the circular orifice made a pattern while falling very much like an inverted fountain. The velocity of fall was very low.

Twelve Miles an Hour

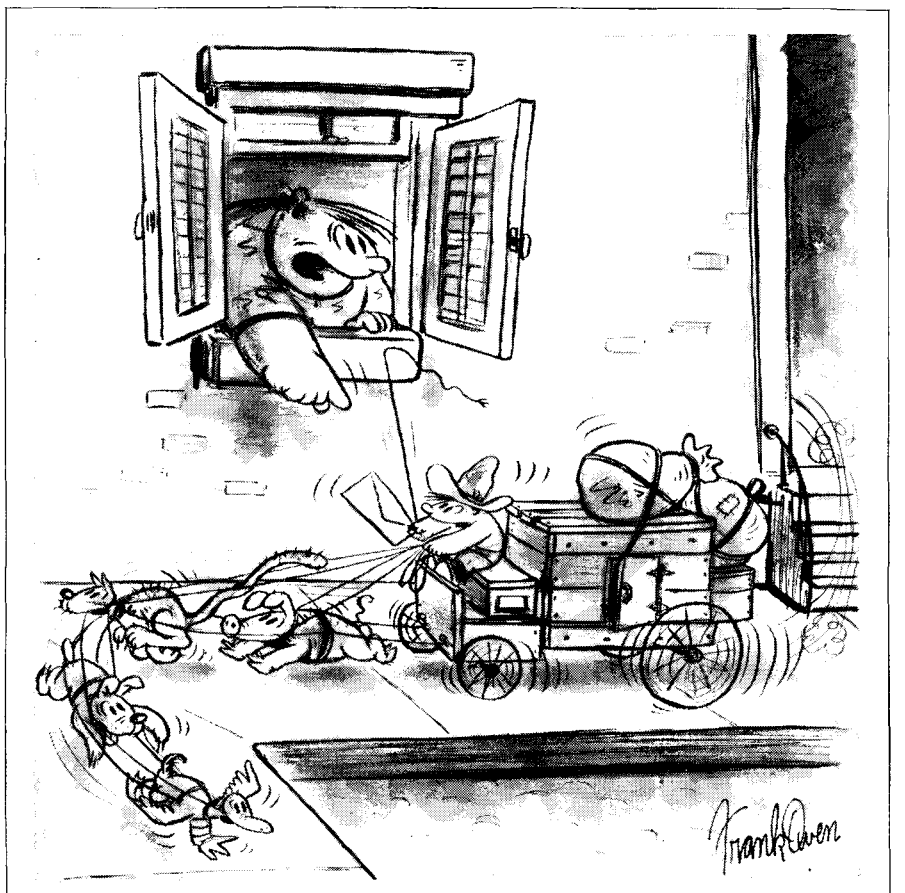
The air now was clear. There were patches of beautiful white stratocumulus clouds from 4,000 to 6,000 feet. These cloud formations are made of water vapor which has been condensed. We wanted now to rise as rapidly as possible to minimize drift. We rose at the rate of about 20 feet a second.

At 12,500 feet the crew was ordered below decks and the hatches were secured. The barometer indicated that the air pressure was about 8½ pounds a square inch, or a little more than half the pressure on the surface of the earth at sea level. This pressure was selected on the advice of the Navy physiologists, who were inclined to the belief that if we were to breathe the rich oxygen atmosphere furnished by the evaporation of our liquid oxygen at atmospheric pressure on the earth there would be a possibility of exhilaration or rapid burning up of tissues, due to the excess of oxygen in our air. A diminished pressure would remove this possible difficulty.

The effect of the sun's rays on the bag had warmed the hydrogen and under this influence the gas had expanded. The flabby bag began to assume the shape of the balloons which are a familiar sight at county fairs. A bigger factor in the change of shape was the expansion due to the diminishing pressure of the atmosphere.

We were ascending, according to our variometer, at the rate of six meters a second or a little faster than twelve miles an hour.

The opinions and assertions contained in this article are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.



"You're right—the mail must go through. But get that letter in the right box this time!" FRANK OWEN

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Hair Raising

Continued from page 19

the hair healthy—and for that, you brush. This is the foundation. Without it—you will have nothing but trouble and expense, trouble and expense. And you will never look well."

And how is this famous brushing done? First, you must have the right brush—an "open brush," with not too many bristles in each hole, the holes widely spaced, so that the hair can go between them. Otherwise you won't get to the scalp. Then—stand your brush on its side, the back toward your crown, resting on the hairline at your forehead. Next—turn it over and draw it upward, so that the bristles go in at the roots. Continue—brushing up, slowly, slowly. You can't make it slow enough, Emile says. Work around the hairline, brushing up. Put weight into your movements, to give a pleasant friction. Keep on until every inch of your scalp has had this gentle massage. Do it twice a day, morning and night. Once in a while, get your most obliging girl friend to exchange services—you brush her hair, she brushes yours. Then tell her to put all ten fingers to work afterward, not rubbing your scalp but rolling and loosening it from a fixed position.

Care and Feeding of Permanents

If you were a cat, you'd purr while your hairdresser—amateur or pro—illustrates this brushing theory and the follow-up rolling process. It feels marvelously restful—almost a sovereign cure for the kind of headache so many of us get from tension. To keep your hair from sticking out at all angles after this brushing, brush it down to your head, under strands first. Then, if you're dealing with an expert, out comes the comb once more, and your hair is smoothed, tossed around and made ready to set in the wave it said it wanted.

To begin with, this may be very slight if much that is contrary to nature has been done in the past. But even the weakest natural wave is stronger than the other kind. Work within the lines that nature gives, and nature will try to maintain it. Work against nature, and after two or three days the natural wave will appear, fighting against the artificial and straightening out the curves. Set the hair the way it wants to go, even if, to begin with, you need setting lotion, a little of the iron or even a permanent. By and by, you mayn't need any of them! If, on the contrary, your permanent settles in for keeps, have its pattern based on whatever suspicion of inborn curl you can find, and give it good care afterward.

Louis Parme is one of New York's authorities on this subject—the care and feeding of permanents—and a few words of wisdom as to how to treat such pets mayn't come amiss at this point.

Louis Parme says, shampoo with castile soap to keep your wave soft, and rinse till your hair feels smooth—not slippery or sticky. Dry with a towel, never with heat. Set while damp. Always comb up, following the contours of your head. Hold your hair with your hand and push the waves forward with your comb. Use an atomizer to spray setting lotion lightly and evenly. Reinforce your wave occasionally by steaming over a bowl of hot water, squeezing your locks as they soak in the damp. So much for "Do's." Here are some "Don'ts." Don't use a hot iron on a permanent—it breaks the hair. Don't risk a lifeless and brittle look, when brilliantine sprayed on, or an occasional oil shampoo, means safety first. Don't let the ends get dry—rub in pomade. Don't pull your hat down on a damp set—out goes the curl.

After your hair is in good condition, with a natural-looking wave, whether this is pure nature or nature-plus, it's time to consider arrangement. And here there are two factors to take into account. One is fashion—follow it when it plays up your good points. The other concerns what nature didn't bless you with—and ways to disguise your lacks.

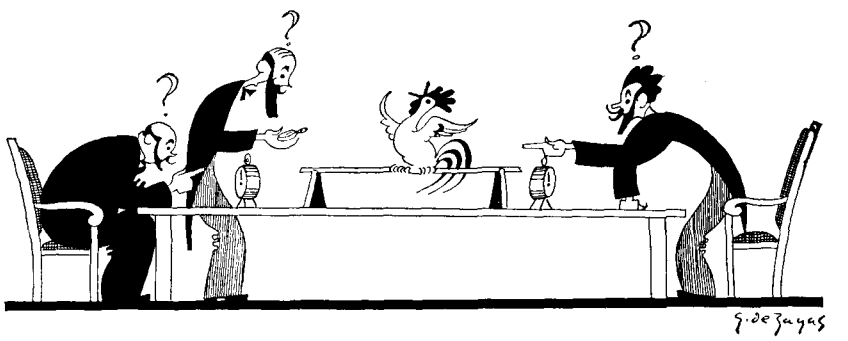
Take fashion first: The Hairdressers' Convention was all for an up-movement in back this fall—hair dressed higher, curled higher, with a loose, fluffy look on top. This feeling for height, you'll note, is in key with our hats, which have higher crowns. Ears show more or less in all the new coiffures, and experts are busy counseling ladies not to let these forgotten features look naked when they come out of hiding, since a little rouge at the tip is so becoming. The bang is the third and most spectacular mode of the moment, and it takes many forms. It may be a thick curled fringe, a rather sketchy ditto or what amounts to a mass of curls pulled forward from the overflow on top. But, unlike the tendencies toward higher dressing and ear display, the bang should be approached with caution.

As for those liabilities we all have to take into account, one of them at least is easy this year, for a forehead too high or too lined simply cries for bangs. An ugly hairline in back is out of luck. The up-sweep dressing isn't kind to it; better stick to a bun or curls. One side of the face more prominent than the other dictates a crooked part, no matter what fashions go in or out. And cheeks too full, ears that are too big or badly shaped, must always alter the ground plan at the sides.

No Headful of Pins

But these things are really incidental. Women notice fashions; men don't. Women see details; men get effects. So long as you remember that the hair itself is the beauty, you'll pass masculine inspection with an A plus. If it looks alive, alight, a lovely crown, a fascinating halo for a girl who never has to put up signs to protect a costly work of art, the man in the case won't care whether you've done it up, down or sideways. Some men, indeed, are conservatives of the deepest dye. They'd *rather* you did your hair this year just as you did it last! And if last year's made you what was wanted, and you liked it yourself, why let some other female rock the boat?

There's a whole lot to be said in favor of passing up a headful of hairpins and a net at night, while you're putting your crowning glory through its paces and teaching it new tricks. And nobody ever made much of a hit, trailing home on Saturday afternoon, hat off and hair in cast-iron ridges. Also, a wave that comes more or less natural is much more economical than the sort that looks prime over the week-end, fades on Monday, dies on Tuesday and makes demands on each pay check before the cash appears. Isn't it time, perhaps, that we let nature take her course in hairdressing as well as in costuming? Long ago we decided to wear clothes that took the minimum of time and trouble—and showed off what we had, instead of what the dress department offered. Why not try the same tactics on the hair?



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Why the barnyard cock, a night-sleeping bird, frequently crows at midnight is one of the world's oldest natural mysteries. In fact, the members of the French Academy of Science have been curious about it so long that they are now trying to solve the problem.—*By C. D. Coldwell, Chattanooga, Tennessee.*

American women now spend about $350,000,000 a year—or more than $6,500,000 a week—on hairdressing, "facials" and manicures, which makes the beauty shop business one of the largest service industries in this country today. There are about 60,000 establishments, ranging from the small room in the private home which grosses less than $2,500 annually, to a great chain of department-store salons which does an annual business of nearly $10,000,000.

For years American, British, French and German soldiers of the World War have been returning to their rightful owners or heirs the many things which they found on the battlefields—wallets, bracelets, Bibles and rings—and took home as souvenirs. The senders are always amply rewarded by the appreciation of the dead soldier's family. Incidentally, the hands of the town clock of Armentières, which disappeared when it fell, have been returned and are now back in place—but on a new clock.

In the Middle Ages the members of nearly all religions used to beat the statues of their gods when prayers were not answered. The world, however, has outgrown this strange practice, with the exception of China. Only a few months ago in Jenchiu, Honan Province, their rain god would not bring rain. Finally he was given a week in which to produce it. Then he got three days of grace. But to no avail. So a firing squad shot off his homely wooden head.

The confidence expressed by inventors of perpetual motion machines has always been pathetic. Up to a few years ago, many of these impossible devices which were received in the patent offices of both the United States and Great Britain were equipped with brakes so that they could, at need, be stopped.—*By E. T. Smith, Huntington, West Virginia.*

New York City's most dreaded fire alarm signal—fortunately never yet used—is "5-5-5." This signal, which means that a fire is beyond control and buildings in its path must be dynamited, can call out as many as 13 companies of sappers and miners, each of which consists of about 30 lieutenants, who must rush to the spot from their homes or stations and undertake this dangerous work themselves.—*By J. A. Twamley, Rochester, New York.*

A New York City company now specializes in "whispering campaigns" to spread various kinds of sentiment and propaganda. Trained men and women confide subtly—but rather loudly—to their "friends" about the merits of some product as they stand in hotel and theater lobbies, smoking-rooms and cars, at busy store counters and other places where they can be overheard. The service is used also to arouse sympathy or dissension in industrial disputes.

The boycott of German goods has done a great deal of harm to Holland because so many persons still confuse the Hollandese word "Dutch" with the German word "Deutsch." Holland has decided to eliminate this word from her language, substituting either "Holland" or "Netherlands."

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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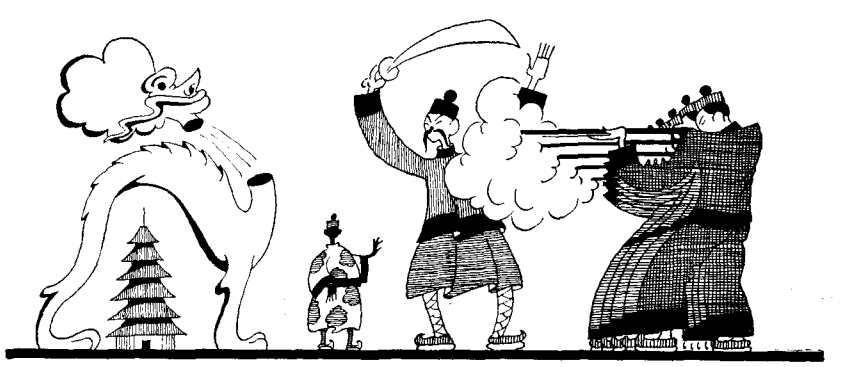

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Two on Safari

Continued from page 22

for himself because he hasn't the brains. But he went to a crew of pirates who make a business of just this sort of thing. Their general idea was a stroke of genius—murder made safe and dignified. But they made one slip; they must have thought I was as thick as the family head."

"Why? How?"

"Don't hurry me and you'll get it all. Where they went wrong was to let the old boy play the philanthropist—turn benevolent enough to offer me the job of tracing down some ore samples. Had they had the sense to have anybody else do it, I shudder to think where I'd be now. But the samples were real, so was the map and the small amount of cash they gave me, and so is Africa. I jumped at the chance."

"Without smelling a rat?"

"I smelled fish—rotten, stinking fish. That's why I jumped. I wanted to get away and think things over, and the chance they handed me was simply too good to be true."

"From what they told me," interjected Ballard, "you were supposed to be headed for the Limpopo."

"That's right."

"Then how did you get up here? Not through Inhambane, I'll bet."

"You lose," said Morland. "That's where I landed from a smelly little boat swamped with Kaffirs. While I was on it there were only two things to do beside hold my nose—make up my mind what I was going to do and glory in the antics and get-up of a John-boy called Papu. Well, I made up my mind all right; I took a good look at the map to make sure I wouldn't go where it said, tore it up and pushed the case of ore samples into the sea."

"Good boy," murmured Ballard.

"AFTER that, all I had to think about was Papu. I followed him ashore, saw him head for a compound, waited until he came out and then fastened myself to him exactly the way Jodie did to you. He got a notion I wanted to hire him and raised an awful row—said he had the price of a wife and he was through with work forever. That made me laugh so hard he caught it and started laughing too. He said if I'd give him my cap he'd be my servant after all. I told him he could have the cap but I didn't want a servant; all I wanted was to tag along and spend the holidays with his people. You can guess the idea that had begun to buzz in my bean, can't you?"

"No," declared Ballard shortly.

"Having gleaned the old boy's intention, where would I be safer—back in Merry England or buried in the African wilds?"

"Now I really see the light," murmured Ballard. "So you had the nerve to start for the back country with only what you stood in!"

"Why not? If Papu could live, why shouldn't I? We went padding along through sand halfway to our knees, but we took it easy. The whole country lays itself out for a returning John-boy with his pockets full of Transvaal coin."

"What's a John-boy?" interpolated Josephine, reaching for a fresh cigarette.

"John-boy or Jo-boy," explained Ballard, "any native who has been to Johannesburg."

"Women and boys would pop up from nowhere with jars of beer," continued Larry, "or we'd bump into a cache of surra wine. Finally we arrived in Wemba, Papu's home town. He had a great wedding and after that I settled down to the time of my life. Talk about your explorers! There isn't a kraal that doesn't contain a whole new world. I began to learn a thousand things, one at a time, each more interesting than the last. Then Smith-Brandon came barging along with half a dozen native wives in tow."

"When?" asked Ballard. "How long after you'd come to Wemba, I mean?"

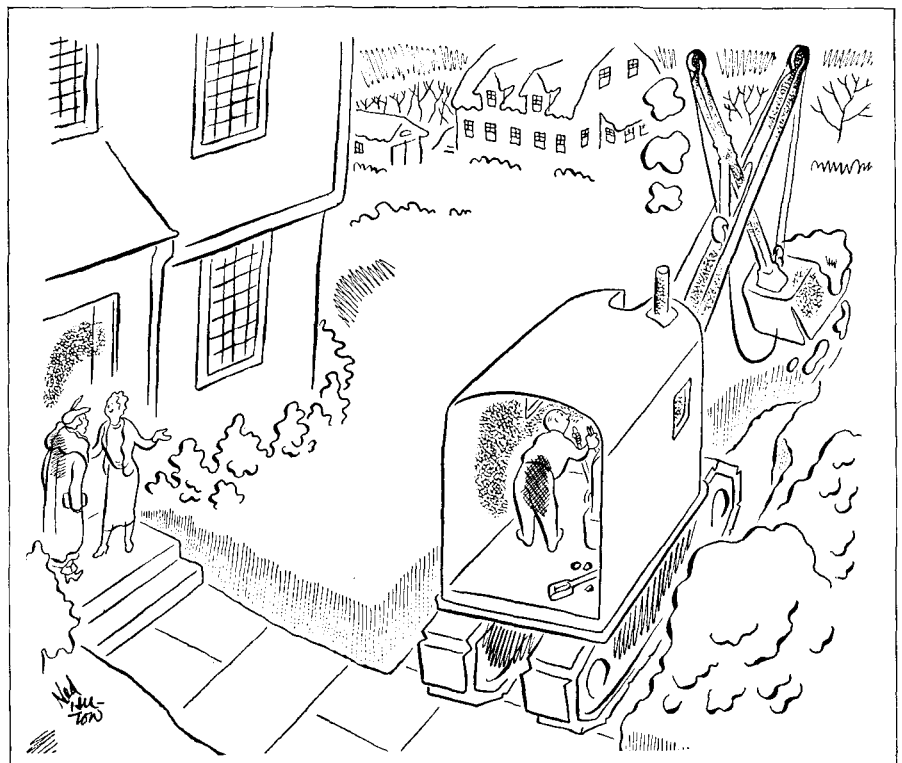
"Oh, all of six months, perhaps more. I figured out afterward he'd been combing the country where he'd been told I'd be, but wasn't. Anyway he'd had time to go native with a crash."

"BEAST!" murmured Josephine. "I'm glad he's—"

"Hush it!" interrupted Larry. "I must admit I wasn't overjoyed to see the lecher, but apparently he was to see me. We chatted about the amazing coincidence of two boyhood friends meeting up at the core of the Dark Continent. He was all for taking me shooting and offered to lend me a gun."

"You didn't go or you wouldn't be here," said Ballard.

"Wrong again," said Larry. "I did go. I went because I thought it would be a sweet gesture to make Chief Wemba a present of a couple of tons of meat in the shape of a dead hippo. Natives are daffy for meat; they see it on the hoof every day of their lives but seldom get a chance to fill the tribal paunch."



"He said that was all he wanted for Christmas" NED HILTON

"I know," said Ballard with a nod.

"We didn't need a guide," continued Morland, "because I knew exactly where to go. Eric and I sat in a natural blind near a runway until a hippo started out and I let him have it between the two knobs of his eyes. Eric said he shot him; I knew that I had. We got into such a hot argument on account of my wanting the meat for my very own that he finally suggested we dig out the bullet."

"Ordinarily," said Ballard, "a dead hippo sinks and doesn't come up for hours."

"I know, but this chap had started for his feeding ground and lay half up the bank. Then it happened."

"What?"

"When I was stooping over, Eric hit me a clip across the back of the neck with his doubled fist, grabbed my ankles and drove my head into the mud."

"How on earth did you get out of that?" asked Ballard.

"I didn't; I mean I wouldn't have had a chance. It was the hippo. Neither one of us had quite killed him, and when he began coming to life Eric let go my legs in a hurry. I splashed straight across the river, climbed out on the other side and took to the bush. Kept going all night. The next day Papu tracked me down. He told me old Wemba had lined up all his fighting men when Eric came back without me and kicked him out. Papu wanted me to go back, but I had a feeling Wemba was washed up as far as I was concerned and told him to try to think of some haven of heavenly rest. This is it—Mutambe—the sweetest, most peaceful spot in a troubled world."

"Stop that, Larry," said Josephine in her fullest tone. "The next thing you'll be persuading yourself not to start for the outside with Ballard and me tomorrow."

"Horses couldn't drag me," said Morland promptly, and turned to Ballard. "Did you have a chance to size up Lord Morland?"

"More or less."

"How long do you think he can last?"

"Not long. When I first laid eyes on him I remember thinking that I wouldn't give him a year, perhaps not a month."

"THERE you have it, my dear Jodie," said Larry. "Perhaps you won't understand, but Mallory will. Think this one out: I'm just topping off the happiest year of my life."

"If you're not joking," said Josephine gravely, "I'm sorry for you."

"I thought you'd get it wrong. What's happened, dearest child, is that I've gone native in exactly the opposite direction to the late Eric. I've picked up an amazing language and it opened a gate. I've discovered you can live in the upper layer of a social order on ten pounds a year. I've learned to be a fop without clothes. But all that's on the surface; what's really making a man of me is the fact I'm on the road to becoming an authority. Greater men have written about whole tribes but my line is going to be the life of an African kraal, possibly in three volumes."

"Larry!" said Josephine sharply, "you mean you're never going home?"

"No, my dear; I mean nothing of the kind. What I've been trying to convey is that I have no desire either to die by my august relative's trickery or to send him to jail. Such being the case, what a fool I'd be not to stay where I'm safe, happy and gloriously busy until the old mummy goes under the sod! What about it, Mallory? Am I right?"

"Righter than right," said Ballard promptly. "I'll see to it personally that Nwamutambe gets the glad news as fast as cable and runner can bring it."

"Thanks, old man. In the meantime, Jodie, if Mallory has the price, the two of you can live in Briarcroft Stopping until I come home—in fact, you can have it for the rest of your lives."

"You're a darling, Larry," murmured Josephine; "you always were."

"The price of what?" asked Ballard.

"Of Jodie, of course," said Morland. "You know the law as well as I do. She's mine, isn't she? Well, you can *lobola* her for the value of a gross of hoes, or eight oxen, or twenty pounds in cash; take your choice."

"Twenty pounds!" cried Ballard. "Not up in this neck of woods. I doubt if there's ever been a local sale for more than two pounds ten."

"All right," said Morland amiably, "call it two pounds ten. That will last me for three months, but if I have to stay three more, you've got to agree to double the price."

"Sure," said Ballard. He called loudly for Ali, Abdul, Jocko and Papu to serve as witnesses. As soon as they had gathered he drew out his wallet, extracted two pounds ten in notes and, pushing the sum across the table to Morland, announced in a loud voice: "I *lobola* the Missis from Nwamutambe, who inherited her. Finish."

THE boys withdrew. Josephine examined the sober faces of her two companions curiously. "What's all this farce?" she asked coldly.

"I'm afraid you'll find it's no farce, my dear," said Morland, rising and tucking the bank notes under his headdress. "From now on you're Mallory's wife. You can have as many more ceremonies as you like, but I assure you they won't change the lawful essence of things in the least. I don't lend you Briarcroft Stopping; I give it to you for a wedding present and wish you both good night."

"One minute," said Ballard, fumbling in his breast pocket. "And I give you this." He dangled the pearl necklace before Josephine until her eyes began to dance, then let it curl downward into her cupped hand. "From Ibn and me."

Morland strolled up the slope, driving the assembled natives before him. At a gesture from Mallory the servants went to bed. For a time murmurs floated in from the semicircle of porters' fires, but soon they too ceased and only silence reigned. Ballard drew Josephine to a hanging seat formed by the flanged roots of the great tree. At their back was its broad trunk, below their feet the black waters of the pool and beyond the pool the misty plain with its castled groves.

A late moon lifted its fiery head above the far horizon and crept forward to send its level rays beneath the overhanging branches. As if at a signal a lion roared his satisfaction from far away over a full stomach, the reverberations rolling across plain, hillock and forest as though they would encircle the world. Josephine crept closer into Ballard's arms and raised her face to his.

THE END

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Woman of the Family

Continued from page 9

Italian on his dais, his orchestra grouped behind him, looking over the room with his sweeping, assessing look just as he had done when the place was shabbier and he had come to it as a new attraction.

Instantly he saw her as she entered, and bowed. She knew the quick pleasure that a girl feels at such tribute, and smiled to him. Her smile was radiant. It lighted her lovely white face, her big bright eyes. The sapphire frock had no deficiencies—none! It amended them all—cheapness of material, timidity of cut, crudity of dye—as it molded itself to her lines. It clung and draped like a vine. Above it her sleeked copper hair shone like a single sheet of metal fashioned into a helmet for her head; and, since it was long hair, uncut, it finished in a knob like a ball of dark fire on the nape of her neck. The blue shoes of the day passed muster in the artificial light. As she seated herself with Lennie, she remembered the shoes. "Mother didn't notice them. But Sir Edgar did." She contemplated this fact with a little surprise.

Lennie ordered cocktails—then saw by a flourish from Tonetti that he was silently saying: "On me, Leonardo. On me!"

Lennie was delighted.

"What a friend! Eh, Eve? Friend at court for you, as they say, as well as a friend paying my shot for me. Eh?"

So they must lift their glasses to the Italian on the dais.

A sweep of music answered their greeting as he tucked his fiddle into his olive neck, and lifted his bow to the strings.

Music—taking the tiredness from her soul; offering her the glories of Paradise. "Dance," said Lennie, sweeping her out with a gesture on to the dance floor, at a small sign from Tonetti which she did not perceive.

NO ONE else was on the floor just then. They made a perfect couple; young, passionate, flawless dancers welded as one. She was aware—though, in her delight, but dimly—that a couple of men in white waistcoats, gardenias in their buttonholes, had come from the private quarters somewhere behind the dais, and were watching; and that Tonetti bent to speak to them without ceasing to play.

But Lennie's eyes were all over the room, seeing for her; his ears listened for her. "See those fellows? That's the old manager and the new one. Two of 'em now. Old manager's the assistant now—very nice; trusty, respectable chap, you know. Gentleman. Captain Hopton. The other—that's Fero—knew Tonetti before—you need a cosmopolitan kind of fellow really to run a place like this, you know. . . ."

"Do you?"

"Yes. See those people—just coming in? Society. Nearly, anyway. See 'em in The Prattler often. See that party there? Those are two of the big men interested in reforming the club. I told you about 'em. Rich fellows! They *would* have Tonetti kept on. Insisted on it. . . . See . . . look . . . that woman there with the party who are in The Prattler often and often. She's named Louise Poinsetter—very rich. Mrs. Louise Poinsetter—divorced or something; I dunno. Look, the manager wants us to stop and speak to him." They stopped. "Good evening, Mr. Fero. Good evening, Captain Hopton," Lennie bowed. "This is Miss Langham. Yes, delighted. This way, Eve."

They were in the private room—a tiny place behind the dais.

It was as Lennie had predicted: Five pounds a week; seven-thirty till midnight; dinner; two frocks a year—provide the rest herself. Change on the premises—certainly, if more convenient. . . . And duties? To dance; to introduce; to please; to watch. She became Staff then and there.

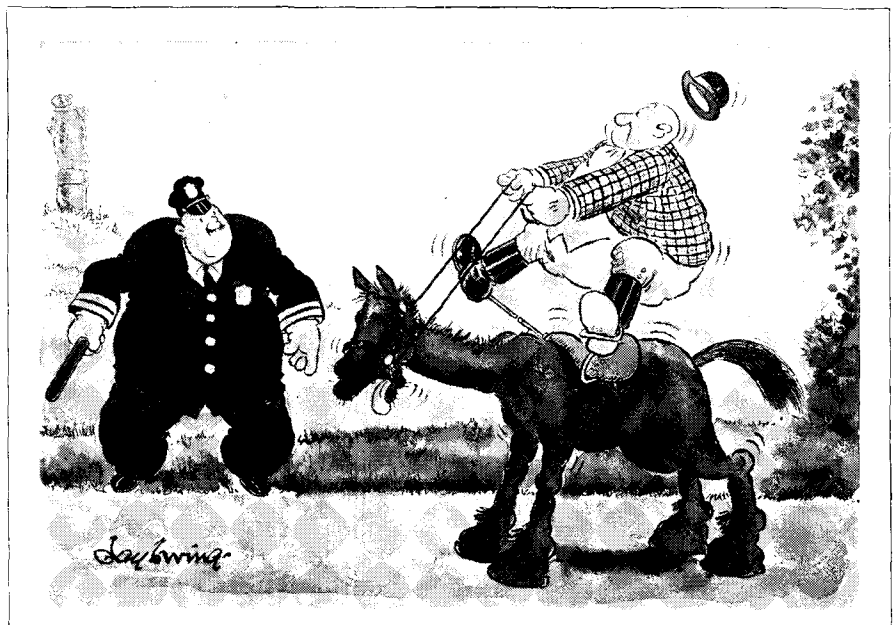
Lennie was in high fettle. He had hoped, believed these great men would be pleased with her; but that her success was so instantaneous surprised him. "No bargaining, no hesitation," he said, as they went back to their table, he bowing to a woman here and there. "You walked right into it."

"It is too good to be true," she said dreamily.

HE LAUGHED. "I did it for you, Eve. And what are you thinking now, if you please; with that faraway look?"

"I'm thinking. . . . If you come out to see us on Sunday—"

"*If! If!* You little humbug!" He liked calling her "little" because in her he discerned so often and vexatiously a superiority to himself; a strength, a pride, a courage that set her above him where he did not wish her to be. "You *little* hypocrite! Do I ever miss coming out to your house on Sundays?"



"He's got the hiccups!" JAY IRVING

"Well, as you will be coming, don't tell Mother—"

"Don't tell Mother what?"

"Exactly what I shall earn," she said.

He closed an eye. "*My dear!* Need you warn me?"

"I wanted to be sure, Lennie."

"And what shall you tell Mother exactly?"

"I'll know when the time comes. I can't stay here late tonight. She expects me at ten o'clock. I said I was going after the kind of evening work she wants me to do. I shall tell her, anyway, that I got it."

"Lie like hell, my dear."

She flinched a little.

"You owe yourself something, Eve," he urged, watching her.

"Well," she said very slowly. "I'll pay myself something. I'm going to keep *three pounds a week for myself.*"

"The other two?"

"Sophia!" Her voice cooled and hardened.

"What about your very humble servant? Gosh! I'm broke."

After a pause she smiled: "You ought to have a commission, Lennie!"

"Well, I think I ought!"

He would not meet her eyes, but looked away, at the other women. There were women in that room who would readily pay. . . . Well, and he did deserve a commission! Why not? Men and girls were equal in these stringent days, weren't they? He loved Eve; but she owed him something.

"A guinea?" she asked.

A defiant hardness, a contempt, crept between them. She shivered before it; but he was no sensitive connoisseur of moods. "All right. A guinea is O. K. by me," he said. "You're doing darned well for yourself."

"And I *will* do well!" she thought passionately. "I *will* do well for myself!"

A waiter approached them, smiling, a little more familiar than he would be with *bona fide* clients; with *hors d'œuvres.*

Eve was hungry; Lennie too. They began to eat dinner with relish, getting up to dance with each other between the first two courses. After that, Lennie crossed the floor two or three times to dance with women who seemed to expect and to welcome him, leaving her alone.

He was eager to show her how others welcomed him. His vanity constantly demanded—and was disappointed of—promotion in her eyes.

This might enlighten her.

She was happy to sit thus alone, her new duties not yet begun; idle, delicately fed, looking about her; not sorry for Lennie's absences. She saw herself pointed out to this or that client by the managers; looked at sharply, from their distance, by women escorted by men who were taking as unobtrusive an interest as they could manage in the solitary girl with the lambent hair, in her sapphire blue.

SHE sat observant, yet in a dream. Dreams were luxuries; so, new to her.

Money. It was of prime importance; and in this, her first acquaintance with sufficiency, money was the stuff of dreams. It was no longer represented sordidly by grim pence scraped together, saved and morbidly considered; but it presented itself in a vision of a generous sum. Eight and a half pounds a week! Three of them secret, and so, her own! Stolen rest, stolen peace, stolen pleasure. . . . No! No! Earned rest, peace and pleasure! Saved, not stolen from the never satisfied hands eternally stretched towards her in a mean little flat in Dulwich!

She started, looked round, as if a word had been spoken in her ear, and met the steady, ice-gray regard of a big man seated in a corner; alone.

Not knowing why, she turned her eyes very quickly away; and then found that she must look back, to find him still regarding her. And with senses that had before been lulled, now quickened again, she saw when the assistant manager went to speak with this client; and that Tonetti turned to him, over his fiddle, again and again, right away down the length of the room; and that more than one of the Rich Fellows noted his presence.

The elegant Louise Poinsetter signaled to him invitingly.

And Lennie returned, having left his lady with her aged but adoring host of the evening.

"Well, darling. Not lonely? See who's come in?"

"Tell me."

"Horne. Captain Jonathan Horne."

The name suited those broad shoulders, that ice-gray look. She said quite eagerly: "You mean the tall man sitting alone in a corner?"

He nodded. "The sub-manager—Hopton—you know—thinks he's going to be interested. He'd like to make him a director, I expect. But, between you and me, Tonetti's a bit peeved about him for some reason. So's Fero."

"Who is he, Lennie?"

"Why, my dear! *Horne!* The explorer. Seaplane to the Pole two years back. Smashed a leg. Dunno what he *does* now. *Look, he's getting up to* speak to Mrs. Poinsetter. Extraordinary; but Tonetti doesn't like him, you know. Nor does Fero either."

SHE watched Horne move, with a limp in his walk, to Mrs. Poinsetter's party, and seat himself.

"I've never seen him do that before," said Lennie, mollified; alert and excited about the most trivial business of the Regalia, which to him represented Lotus Land and Paradise. "He generally doesn't speak to anyone."

"Oh."

She was looking at Horne's square shoulders; the high, stubborn back of his head with the light hair strong on it; hair bleached by sun and weather. She wished he would turn again so that she could see those arrogant eyes rake the room. But he seemed interested only in Mrs. Poinsetter.

Eve knew a faint, unreasonable stab of annoyance.

Equally unreasonably, she began to assess herself against that *soignée* woman across the room.

"She's plain, you know, Lennie. Mrs. Poinsetter."

"But a *personality*, my dear! Men are mad about her. I shouldn't be surprised to see her get Horne."

He made a little sign to Tonetti.

He liked making signs to Tonetti. He couldn't pay for his dinner; he never knew where his next week's lodging would be; but he could sign to Tonetti, the leader of the orchestra, and this semi-smart world could see him.

"He'll give us a waltz."

Tonetti gave them a waltz. They danced it alone. As they stopped and moved again toward their table someone called "Bravo!" in a rich, low voice. It was Louise Poinsetter.

"Smile at her, Eve!"

She turned toward Mrs. Poinsetter's table, smiled; and there were the ice-gray eyes staring at her.

Horne had turned in his chair to watch the dancing. Now he half rose, half bowed, the hint of a smile on his face. And Eve Langham thought to herself, "He's grim!" And, womanishly, "I'd trust him."

"I'd trust him," she found herself saying aloud to Lennie.

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He gave his little high laugh.

"Didn't know you trusted any man."

"I don't."

"Well, don't begin with Horne," he said, with a sulky jealousy. "I warn you, he's tough."

She picked up her bag from the table. Worn, tousled bag—frayed velvet and beads.

"You'll have to get a bit in the way of glad rags, you know," said Lennie sharply, eying the bag with an almost feminine expertness.

"I will, Lennie."

"You'll be on show tomorrow, remember. And you're not to let me down."

She gave him a little rueful smile, and turned away. So reluctantly! He stood up, bowing; wishing he could look to see how many eyes watched him.

"Good night, Lennie."

"Good night, sweetheart," he answered, again melting. Voice and eyes crooned at her, "I love you!"

Again she wished that she could say too, to Lennie Ward, "I love you." But she did not love him and she could not say it.

"I'd see you home," he said, "but there are a couple of old girls here tonight who depend on me to dance with 'em. One's a princess!"

"Yes, Lennie dear. Good night."

In the doorway she paused for a backward look at Paradise.

Jonathan Horne watched the long, dreaming, passionate look that, from the doorway, she swept over the room; and then she was gone.

ON THE top of the omnibus the windows were open, and the soft wind swept her hair as she loved it to do. She had her dispatch case on her knee, in which her office frock had been crammed, and presently she pulled out the cap she had knitted for herself and put it on. The sapphire dress was hitched up under the coat.

Her mother would not know.

Dulwich; and the long road of little houses and old-fashioned flats near the railway line.

A clock struck eleven.

She was always reluctant to go home, and tonight the prospect of the small, inharmonious flat, the criticisms, the complaints, the restrictions to which she submitted, struck her as not only unhappy but absurd.

Stupid that she, at twenty-two, woman of the family, chief support of the family, bearer of burdens, and accepter of responsibilities, should be scolded, watched, advised, criticized, ordered as if she were a dependent child!

As she climbed the stairs the door of their flat opened above and her mother met her.

"Well, Eve?"

The tired, brisk voice, the tired face, the brisk eyes, the thin, droopy figure, the mouth that had hardened and hardened with the years. . . . Suddenly a soft, agonized thought that was also hard came to Eve tonight, as for a moment she paused, face to face with her mother: "I used to love her so!"

She didn't know that she still loved her mother—that she loved her father; that she loved her sister; that at the first real cry of distress from any one of them she would be swift to the rescue with all the gifts that were hers of heart, brain or body. A torrent of anger seemed to sweep through her, leaving her washed clean of softness, forgiveness, generosity; leaving her stony and invulnerable like a rock.

Her mother was avid to hear if that day she had succeeded in getting evening work which would bring them some more money.

Impossible to respond graciously, lovingly, immediately! "Please! Mother!" Eve said. And she walked past her mother, into the bedroom she shared with Sophia; locked the door; put her hat and coat away leisurely; took off the blue gown and hung that up in Sophia's part of the wardrobe; pulled on her cotton kimono, brushed her hair back straight off her face as if a wind blew it.

The wind was her anger.

She lighted a cigarette, which she did not want, before she unlocked the door and sauntered with a leisureliness which she did not feel, keyed up as she was, to the sitting-room.

On the one couch, with every available cushion piled beneath and around her, Sophia lay in a charming and careful attitude of exhaustion.

EVE knew that her sister was not exhausted; that she was not even tired; that she had had a pleasant, gossiping day; and that, assiduously as she worked at it, she loved her dancing.

She turned and faced her mother and saw the cold resentment in Mrs. Langham's eyes.

So now she spoke first:

"It is quite all right, Mother; I have got the job I was looking for."

Mrs. Langham bore herself like a martyr reprieved. She breathed, "Thank God!" and sank into the only armchair in the room with an effect of collapse, though she was still tense in every nerve, and her elder daughter knew it.

"Hey! You dropped something!"

"It's an extra two pounds a week for you, Mother." And in spite of her resentment, Eve longed—knowing the longing to be futile—for her mother's approbation.

Mrs. Langham echoed in an aggrieved voice: "Two pounds a week! Wonderful! You girls can make a tremendous lot of money, nowadays, it seems to me, if only you choose to do it. I shall be most dreadfully glad of the money."

She paused; then added, suddenly:

"And what is the work?"

"Why should you ask, Mother?" said Eve a little tremulously. "Is it your business? Isn't the money all that you care about?"

"How can you talk to me like that?" Mrs. Langham cried out, shocked. "Of course it is my duty to know exactly where my daughters go and what they do."

"I'll tell you all you need to know then," Eve said. "The job is just the kind you asked me to take, Mother—a job where my excellent French will be awfully useful."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Langham with a note of self-congratulation creeping into her voice. "I am glad I have always studied my children and their talents and I knew you had a talent for modern languages and that is why I sent you to France for a year—"

"As unpaid children's nurse," Sophia murmured on Eve's behalf.

She stretched luxuriously on her cushions.

"I can't help that," Mrs. Langham protested. "I am too poor to give either of you luxuries. It served its purpose. And so it's brought you in an evening post, Eve; two pounds a week! I hope now that you'll see I was right."

"I will see and say anything you like, Mother," Eve replied.

"But where is this post?"

"It's with some very nice people," said Eve, "with whom I dine and talk French—such as may be required."

She added: "I shall have to dress for dinner."

"Then you must dress out of your pound a week," Mrs. Langham cried out.

"Don't worry," said Eve very quietly. "I will see to all that. You shall have your two pounds and your pound of flesh with it."

"'Pound of flesh,'" Mrs. Langham echoed, startled. "Whose flesh, Eve?"

"Mine," said her daughter.

"You must not dramatize yourself," Mrs. Langham cried, provoked.

And from the couch the kitten-like Sophia gave a little laugh. She, who never quarreled, loved the battles of others.

AS THEIR mother left the room, their father came in.

He had been to some lecture or other. He felt his days were profitless and his future also. For five years now he had had no settled job, and found himself increasingly unable to get one.

He was the kind of thin, gray, ineffectual man whom employment agencies and employers, after one shrewd look, passed over.

Such odd clerical work as he could obtain at special times—such as elections—and a little work on educational books which he did at home, represented her father's only current contribution to the family income.

Seeing his elder daughter still standing there, her kimono wrapped tightly round her, her cigarette in her mouth, and her splendid hair swept back from her very white brow, he was faintly struck by something triumphal about her. Yet he got the impression in the now mole-like processes of his brain that there was a secrecy about her too.

He asked the same question in the same words that her mother had used, except that he used the words, "My dear."

"Well, my dear, well?"

"She has landed a lovely job, Daddy," said Sophia, "and we're all on velvet."

"Glad to hear it, I'm sure," he responded uncertainly. "That is very fine of you, Eve, my dear. May I ask what this represents?"

"Two pounds a week."

"Great heavens," he exclaimed, and looked at her respectfully and enviously; but not without bitterness. "Two pounds a week just for your odd time?"

"Just for my odd time," she agreed.

"Nowadays," he said in a repressed voice, "women have all the luck."

EVE slept; and sleep tonight was so profound, so satisfying, so revivifying, prospects for tomorrow were so bright, that when she hurried next morning to snatch her hardly cooked breakfast from the gas stove, where Mrs. Langham, a worried martyr, officiated, her mother said: "You *lucky* girl, with that lovely work; meeting those interesting people! Don't tell me that evening hours like that tire you. You're looking *blooming!*"

As Eve received her own plate, her mother, the perpetual furrow of worry between her brows, added sighingly: "For heaven's sake don't rush away like that. Wait and take your father's dish."

"I have only a minute—"

"You can make your own time," said Mrs. Langham with resignation. "No one asks you to rush in at the last moment."

Eve stood quite silently in that small and dingy kitchen, while her mother meticulously—for as she often said, she was a good wife; she never neglected a man because of his deficiencies—arranged an appetizing little dish of kedgeree.

The living-room door was open, and from the kitchen Eve could see her father seated at the table, looking at the morning paper, waiting for his meal to be served.

She reached for a tray, and carried in his dish, and a fried egg upon her own plate.

He adjusted his pince-nez on his high-bridged nose.

"Breakfast is late, Eve," he said rather sharply.

"Is it, Father?"

"It is." And he lifted the cover from his dish while his daughter poured out his tea, and surveyed its contents.

Eve knew that the kedgeree was excellent, for her mother, if a reluctant cook, was a conscientious one on his behalf, and that habitual look of his—of distrust, disdain and discontent with all his circumstances—inevitably filled her with a quiet fury.

Had they no sense of justice, these middle-aged people? Was it impossible for them to conceive of a fair working plan of life where responsibilities could somehow equitably be shared? But she had often asked herself these questions and a hundred more, and elaborately affecting not to notice his critical look, she ate her egg.

She was superconscious of another little fact, too, concerning that breakfast table. It was that her egg was small; it was one of the kind known to grocers as "seconds." Presently, when Sophia came down—or if she were very late, when her breakfast tray would be carried in to her in bed—the egg upon her plate would be a "first"; not a fresher egg, but a larger one, a first-grade egg; and the reason for this would be that Sophia was delicate, that she needed feeding up; whereas Eve was not delicate. . . .

(To be continued next week)

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The Girl in the Picture

Continued from page 15

and so now I model all the best clothes —for the advertisements, I mean. And it's been a great success, so I'm quite well-known and they pay me an awful lot. They come out—I mean I do—every Sunday in all the rotogravures and people write in about it and everything."

She waited.

"What a pipe!" said Latham. "What a perfectly swell pipe!"

Jane stared at him. Surprise weakened her knees and took away her voice, but in a moment pride came to her rescue.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Good Lord," said Latham, "it's wonderful. All you have to do is be yourself and rake in the shekels. I hope you make them pay through the nose. What do you make them pay?"

Icily, proudly, she told him.

"Not half enough," said Latham. "They're using you. Wait till I give that guy Brown a piece of my mind."

A bell rang and all the other people went back into the theater.

"You're making fun of me," said Jane. "I know you, Latham Brown. I don't see how you can laugh at me for being successful when you don't do anything yourself." As she said this Jane realized that it wasn't very nice.

"I'm not a bit successful," said Latham, "but, honestly, I do work a little."

"Oh, that writing. I'd really like to know someone who doesn't write. They all write and write and talk about it all the time. It'd be a little different if anyone ever published anything."

"I publish," said Latham. "I just don't sell."

"And what have you published?"

"You insufferable little girl," he said, "I have written only one book. All I'll ever get out of it are the advance royalties. I am now writing another which won't sell either. The title of the first is St. Martin's Summer. There you are."

"Oh," said Jane, "Oh." It seemed impossible. It seemed unreal. At last she spoke again. "Did you write that? Are you L. C. A. Brown?" And then: "That's a good book, Latham."

"Glad you liked it," he said. "Shall we go in and see the end of this play?"

"I don't want to," said Jane. "I want to go home."

THE next morning when she woke up she still had the helpless, half-desolate feeling of one about to fall unhappily in love. Here it was Wednesday morning and on Sunday afternoon she was going for a walk with Latham Brown. Four days and a half. Why in the world she hadn't told him she had something else to do she couldn't imagine. When he turned back, as though on second thought, and said, "How about a walk Sunday afternoon?" she'd answered yes so quickly that he must have known she'd been afraid he wouldn't ask her. A little prickle of familiar ire ran down her spine. It was invariably connected with Latham Brown.

All of that day she was impatient, and to Mr. Thompson she was undeniably rude. Her expression as she posed on the sands of Palm Beach in Chase and Brown's most spectacular pajamas did not quite suit him.

"Oh dear, no," he said. "A little more cheery, Miss Hervey."

"I don't feel cheery," said Jane.

Mr. Thompson threw up his hands. "After all this time, Miss Hervey, you're not developing a temperament, I hope?"

"Oh, shush," said Jane.

This made her feel better, though she had to acknowledge to herself that her relations with Mr. Thompson would never again be the beautiful interchange of compliments that they had been. When Mr. Brown sent for her, she supposed it was to chide her, and she went up prepared to be her most disarming self.

"Sit down here, Janie," said Mr. Brown. "And now listen to me. I don't know exactly why I am talking to you this way, but the Lord knows I have no influence over that boy of mine and his mother does nothing but spoil him. I firmly suspect her of having sent him money all last winter. I want you to see what you can do with Latham."

"Heavens!" cried Jane. "How you flatter me, Mr. Brown."

"NOW, now," he said, "don't fly off. All I want you to do is talk up the store when you get a chance. Make him see it's really a fine, interesting organization and that his place is here. Make him give it a chance."

"What about his writing?"

"Bosh!" shouted Mr. Brown.

"It's really pretty good writing," said Jane cautiously.

He studied her and went on with more restraint. "It seems pretty bad to me. I don't understand a word of it. No money in it. Nothing. Anyway, why can't he write nights and weekends? Plenty of people must."

"Yes," said Jane, "he might do that. But I don't see why you think I can help."

"Now look here, Janie, his mother thinks you've made an impression on the boy and God knows few do that. I'd give anything to have him here. Who am I going to turn this business over to if he doesn't want it? What am I going to do with all this? So if you want, just talk to him a little bit. You've the right slant. You've been a fine thing for the store. I don't mean just financially—you've had a fine spirit."

"Well," said Jane doubtfully, "I'll try. But what if he won't come back?"

"I'll throw him out. This time I'll really throw him out. I'll cut him off."

"Oh dear," said Jane.

Even if she doubted her power to influence Latham, this interview with his father bolstered her rather shaken self-esteem. It was a fine thing to know that the head of Chase and Brown appreciated her work.

On Sunday morning she turned immediately to the back of the rotogravure and looked at herself. "I wonder what he'll think now," she thought, and her wonder was genuine. She hadn't the faintest idea what Latham would think. It turned out that he was delighted.

"They're marvelous," he cried the moment he saw her. "They give me something to live for. Every Sunday I'll keep on till the next—just to see what the Chase and Brown Girl is wearing."

"Oh, shut up," said Jane.

They walked through Sixty-fourth Street and into the park.

"You're very serious about your job, aren't you?" asked Latham suddenly. "You really love it, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well," he said, "I expect it's a good thing for you. But I'm sorry."

"Why?"

"Oh, it's an entirely personal matter. Let's not talk about it."

"But why?"

"You shut up," said Latham.

They walked slowly through the park and over to Riverside Drive. There they boarded a bus. At a Hundred and Twentieth Street the sight of the Claremont made them want tea. For a long time they sat on the veranda and looked at the river.

"Tell me about your book," said Jane.

He told her at length and in detail.

At half past seven they ordered dinner. Finally, because the waiters looked tired, they left and walked down the dim drive to Sixty-fourth Street. There they took a cab across the city. After he had paid the driver, Latham stood still in the half-lit street.

"I'd like to kiss you," he said.

"All right," said Jane.

ON MONDAY night, on Tuesday night, on Wednesday night, she broke dates recklessly and went out with Latham Brown. Her days she lived by rote. The only thing she did completely consciously was to avoid Mr. Brown. Because certainly she wasn't influencing Latham as she had promised. At night after he brought her home, she thought things out.

She didn't really want Latham to work in the store. She wanted him to write his books. More than anything in the world she wanted to marry Latham Brown and support him, by being the Chase and Brown Girl, while he wrote his splendid unpopular books. She quite honestly didn't realize that there could be more than one interpretation of this desire.

On Thursday night, over a restaurant table, he asked her to marry him.

"Do you remember," he said, "that I told you it was too bad you were so serious about your job?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm going back to Europe."

"Oh, Latham!"

"Will you come with me?"

"But—how can I?"

"You can marry me," he said.

"But how about my job?" she asked him. "Why should I leave it? Why don't you take a man's job at the store? You can always write nights."

The moment she said the words, she wished them back. The tears sprang to her eyes. Latham's face was cold and blank.

"My God!" he said. He looked at her with frank distaste.

"I knew you were vain," he said slowly, "but I never thought you were like this. I knew you were proud of this Chase and Brown stuff, and after all it's a good job—I don't blame you. But I never thought you'd throw me over for it. Not if you really cared for me. Well, *keep* your old job, and good luck to you."

"Go away," said Jane.

"I will," he answered, and left her to take herself home.

DURING the next fortnight, Jane learned that being unhappily in love really does kill both sleep and appetite. She began to look so woebegone that Mr. Thompson tersely suggested a vacation. He said she wasn't much good to the advertising department the way she was. She took a week off and spent most of it in her room. She refused to go out at night for fear that Latham might telephone and she cried and cried and cried.

She had to wait just seventeen days, and she almost lost hope. When the telephone rang she took it up listlessly, and she nearly dropped it when she heard his voice.

"I'm here," he said.

"I'll be right down," she answered.

He looked just the same.

"Shall we walk?" he asked, and she nodded.

They walked down Lexington Avenue.

"I'm sorry I was so nasty," she said at last.

"That's all right, Jane. I'm sorry too."

He turned and faced her and they stood still and alone on the sidewalk.

"I'm going to work in the store," he said. "I've told Father. So we can get married if you like."

The tears spilled out of Jane's eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh," she cried; "oh, you can't do that. What about your book?"

"I'll write it nights," he said. "There, don't cry." He stooped and wiped away the tears.

"You can't," sobbed Jane. "H-how much money have you?"

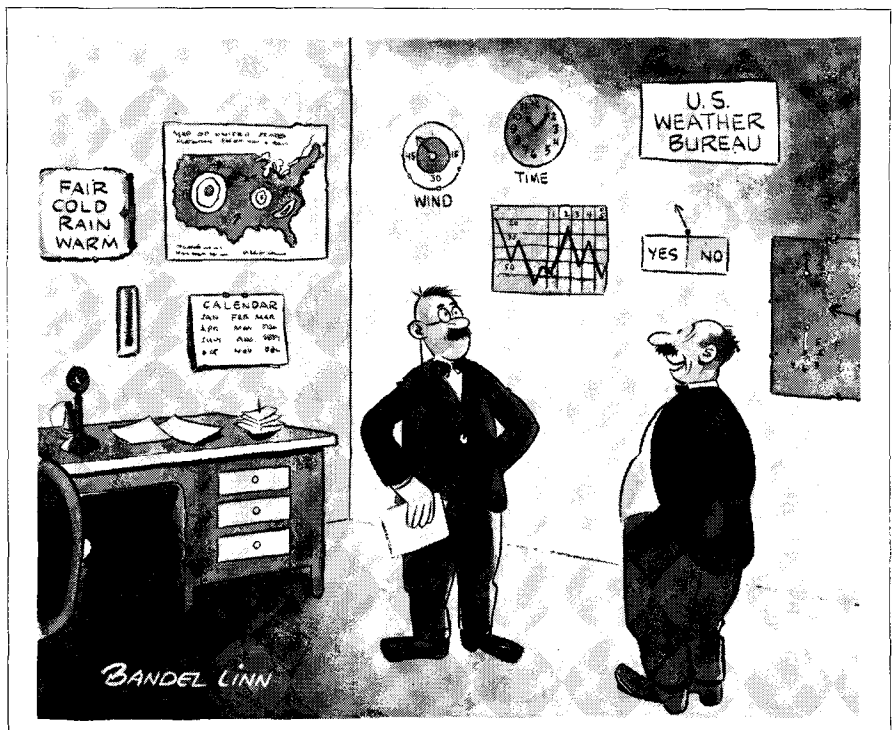
"A thousand two hundred."

"Th-then we can get married now and sail tomorrow on the Maliwania. We c-can go steerage."

"Oh, my darling," cried Latham.

Two days later, Mr. Brown, of Chase and Brown, who was more than a little worried by the disappearance of his only son, received this radiogram from the Maliwania:

PLEASE DISINHERIT US BOTH
JANE AND LATHAM BROWN.



"Beautiful day in Dallas, Texas, ain't it?" BANDEL LINN

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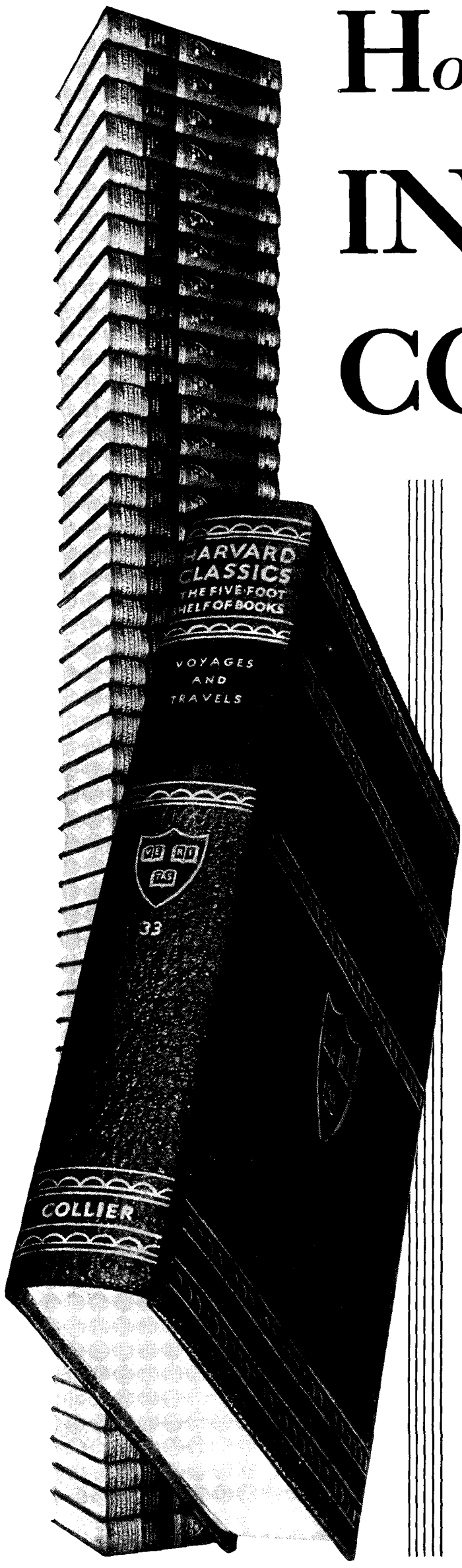

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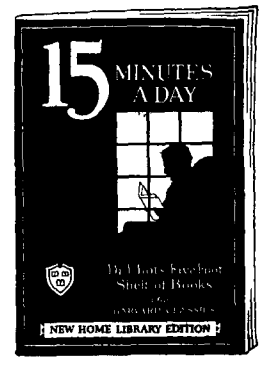

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Considine Rides

Continued from page 27

long, striding walk. The chestnut sidled, playing up, reared at the end of his lead strap, gazed about him with flaring nostrils, then took his place in the line of steeplechasers that circled soberly around the paddock.

A steward smiled and raised his hat and Cary nodded nervously. She thought: "I can't stand this waiting. . . . Gosh, what a mob, I never saw the hillside so jammed! . . ."

"I simply can't get used to it, my dear!" said a voice at her elbow. "Black eyebrows look *too* startling with red hair. I don't know where you got them, no Dunbar ever had black eyebrows!"

Cary turned and looked into sparkling blue eyes set in an immensely fat, pink face.

"Aunt Sally Harrison, you old fraud!" she said, and tried to embrace the mountainous bulk encased in heavy tweed. "Why, I thought you weren't coming!"

"Not coming?" The fat woman snorted. "Not coming? My dear, I may live in Kentucky, but I'm still a Dunbar! No Dunbar horse has won the Maryland for twenty years. I'd have come from China if necessary. . . . I like your horse, looks fit; is he going to win?"

"Yes," said Cary quietly. "He is."

"Hmm!" said Sally Harrison. "Like that, is it? Well, he—"

People shoved against them, pushing and crowding until they were close to the paddock rail. A bookmaker's voice said: "Bootjack? Five to two, sir . . . High Point seven to one . . . no, sir, Sandy is at . . ."

"Well!" Sally Harrison shook herself indignantly. "In my day, people were more considerate. . . . You don't look well, girl! Not at all well! No wonder, they tell me you're not going to marry that Considine boy after all. I'm sure it's all your fault; I like that young man!"

FOR a moment Cary tried to be angry, then she laughed helplessly. Nobody was ever able to get mad at Aunt Sally.

"It's all very complicated," Cary said wearily. "First it was the debt, and then—"

A little man with hairy ears and a narrow wizened face called: "Hello, hello, Miss Dunbar, hello!" and bustled toward her through the crowd.

"Your horse looks fine!" he said violently, and yanked off his hat. He radiated energy to an extent that was almost unpleasant. "Bargain still on, I hope, Miss Dunbar—if Spring Running wins?"

Cary said: "Aunt Sally, this is Mr. Jones. . . . He will win, and the bargain is still on—at that price, Mr. Jones." There was no pleasure in her voice.

"Ha do ye do!" said Jones loudly. "Splendid, Miss Dunbar, splendid! Now, where's Considine? Must find him!" He vanished suddenly, like a weasel into a hole.

"What an offensive man!" said Sally. "Friend of yours, my dear?"

Cary was waving at someone in the crowd. She called: "Hello, George! . . . Yes, very fit. . . . How's yours? . . . Good, good luck to you!" She turned back to Sally.

"What?" she asked. "Friend of mine? Heavens, no! His name's Varrick Jones. I think he's crazy—but he does know horses. . . . He wants a horse to run at Aintree next year—so he's going to buy the winner for fifteen thousand."

"*What?* My dear, you're not going to sell Spring—"

"Oh, but I am!" Cary stared out at the great uneven ellipse of the race course, where tall timber fences lifted grimly from the crisp, dull green turf. Little bunches of people, made small and ridiculous by the distance, hurried back and forth, and clustered around the biggest fences like bees around a hive. "And then I won't owe anybody one—red—cent!"

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Sally, "that you've made that much money out of horses? Enough to pay the whole . . . Good heavens, child, your grandfather himself couldn't have done any better! Proud of you, my dear, proud of you!"

She leaned over the rail of the paddock, and peered critically.

"There," she announced, "is a horse! The brown. Wonderfully fit. He's the one to beat."

Cary said: "Bootjack. Bill's horse. He's favorite. You haven't lost your eye, Aunt Sally."

"Hmm . . . hmm. Why did the nasty little man want to find Bill?"

"Because he wants to buy Bootjack—if *he* wins."

"Oh—how does Bill feel about that?"

"I really don't know," said Cary frigidly. Then: "He says he won't sell. And he's sure he's going to win."

"In my day," said Aunt Sally severely, "a young man in Bill Considine's position would have scratched his horse from the race! In my day, young men were only too—"

Cary turned on her furiously.

"He won't do any such thing!" she snapped. "He did just that two weeks ago at Middleburg, so my horse would win and I'd—that's what we fought about," she ended lamely.

Sally Harrison said: "You poor child, you poor child," very gently. "And now, of course . . . Yes, I see. I see," She leaned forward and waved frantically.

"Bill!" she called. "Oh—Bill!"

He came toward them across the paddock, slipped easily through the line of horses, and smiled.

"Miss Sally," he said. "It's grand to see you; you're looking mighty—oh . . . hello, Cary. . . . Well, your horse *looks* all right."

"Thanks so much. . . . Varrick Jones was looking for you. If you hurry you can catch him."

"Saw him. Told him to go to hell. . . . Well, hope you have plenty of luck today."

"Thanks. So thoughtful of you. I don't believe I'll need it. You see, I have the horse."

"Have you? Good." Bill looked at her arrogantly. "I was thinking just this morning that it was too bad Bootjack didn't belong to you, so—"

"So what?"

"So you could sell to Jones after the race!" Bill's face was white and his mouth was a thin line.

Cary turned her back on him.

"See you later, Aunt Sally," she said pleasantly. "Where are you going to watch the race from? . . . The hillside? . . . Good, so am I. I'll meet you there, up under the apple tree. . . . Now, I must find that jockey of mine."

SALLY HARRISON plumped her big body down on the slope beneath the apple tree, stared cheerfully and haughtily at the crowd around her, and bobbed her head with vigor.

Down in the paddock a bugle blew, and the notes of Boots and Saddles rose urgently above the talk and laughter. Jockeys appeared suddenly, as if by magic, above the heads of the crowd; for a moment they swayed and bobbed, silks brilliant in the sun, then the throng split apart, and a line of horses moved off to the start, way down to the left. . . .

"Hello," said Cary breathlessly, at her side, and stood there, panting from the climb up the hill. She looked very small and slim, and her face was flushed.

Sally asked: "Everything all right? That horse of yours moves well. . . . They tell me you have a good jockey."

"Everything's all right . . . Breck Sharpe? Yes, he's about the best—next to Bill, that is. . . . Aunt Sally, Bootjack is terribly fit. . . ."

The fat woman nodded. "Yes. I'm afraid he is. That Considine boy knows what he's about. Why isn't he riding his own horse?"

"Bad shoulder. He's got it strapped . . . they're coming up now!"

The horses had gone down past the start and turned. Now they were coming back, in a slow, bobbing line. The uproar on the hillside stilled to a whispering silence. Cary rocked nervously on the balls of her feet.

"Don't let him rush the first, Breck, don't!" she muttered. "Oh, please—"

THE hillside burst into a bedlam of screaming sound. Bright colors flung across the turf, swept compactly at the first fence, lifted and flowed on.

"He's in front," said Cary jerkily. "Bootjack's way back. High Point's second, then Truculent. . . ."

At the second fence, under the trees, Spring Running's chestnut coat led by two lengths, at the big third by four. He jumped cleanly and went on over the fourth and up the hill.

"Going too fast," said a voice from the crowd. "No horse can do four miles at that speed. He'll be done at the end of three."

Sally Harrison looked at Cary inquiringly. Cary shook her head.

"Don't worry," she said. "He can gallop, that's all, and he has to run in front . . . Bootjack's way back, sixth . . . *High Point is down* . . . and Ramadan!"

Going along the far side of the valley Bootjack moved up sharply. He passed Truculent on the flat, jumped the eighth fence side by side with Sandy, and galloped smoothly ten lengths behind Spring Running. The crowd murmured happily: the favorite was coming up.

"Bootjack's getting a good ride," said Sally. "Not like Bill, but . . . Who's the boy?"

"Fred Gallatin. Good jockey."

"Two miles," said someone. "Give the chestnut another mile . . . Bootjack's waiting for the fall."

Spring Running went big over the twelfth, and galloped strongly at number thirteen. Five feet of timber, rails as thick as a man's thigh, solid, unbreakable. He stood well back, upended, and leaped.

His forefeet caught in the top rail, hind legs swung over in a great flinging arc, and he landed on his head. Behind him Bootjack jumped faultlessly and galloped up the hill with a big lead over Truculent, Sandy, and The Drum, who were running bunched.

"Oh, dear God!" said Cary in a high voice. "Oh, dear God!"

"My dear, my dear," Sally said huskily, and patted the girl's shoulder. "My dear, don't!"

Excited talk hurried through the crowd:

" . . . going too fast, what do you expect, jumping these fences at that speed? . . . only a three-mile horse . . .

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chancey jumper . . . Bootjack's race . . ."

The big brown was fifteen lengths ahead of the other three, and striding perfectly; Gallatin turned in his saddle, glanced back, and eased his mount slightly. A mile and a half to go, only a fall could beat him, all he had to do was jump the fences.

"*Cary!*" Sally screamed. "Cary, look! *Look!*"

A murmur climbed the hillside from mouth to mouth, swelled suddenly to a great incredulous roar.

"Spring Running . . . *Spring Running* . . . SPRING RUNNING!"

The horse that had been going too fast, the three-mile horse, the chancey jumper that had been down, and down hard, was up and running for his life!

"But who's riding him? Cary, tell me who's riding him." Sally was weeping like a child.

No red and yellow silks showed in Spring Running's saddle. Instead, a slim brown figure that crouched, swinging easily, above those reaching shoulders, a slim brown figure that drove his horse leaping, flying, into those great fences as if they were little hurdles.

"It's—it's Bill!" Cary's voice crackled and broke. "It's Bill, no man living can drive a horse like that but Bill—Oh, *Bill!*"

She grabbed Sally's arm, and the fat woman winced. Cary was standing on tiptoe, her face was white, and she spoke jerkily, on one high hard note.

"He was down there—by the fence—when the horse fell—mounted him—even with that bad shoulder . . . Breck must be hurt . . . Bill . . . dear God, don't let him be killed!"

Three jockeys on three bunched horses looked back, then bent lower in their saddles. The gray Truculent went away from the other two, jumped the eighteenth—and as Truculent landed, Spring Running drove smoothly by Sandy and The Drum, took the eighteenth cleanly in his stride, and went after him.

Gallatin on Bootjack twisted in his saddle, and sat down to ride.

"Too far ahead," said Cary, still on that one high note.

Spring Running came down the hill in one mad rush—gaining, always gaining. Truculent, leg-weary, was carried too fast into the twentieth; he hit the top board and fell, and the chestnut passed him in the air. Now there was only Bootjack to catch, Bootjack who led by eight good lengths, Bootjack who galloped strongly and well.

And still, under the madness of that brilliant, reckless ride, Spring Running gained and gained. . . . At the Water, Bootjack dwelled an instant on landing, and lost a length . . . behind him the chestnut leaped like a breaking wave, and swung wide for the last fence.

Gallatin's whip went up and down. The brown horse responded nobly. For an instant he held his own, then the chestnut came again, gaining, slowly, inexorably, gaining, gaining . . . two lengths, a length and half. . . .

"I can't stand this!" Cary's voice ended in a whisper. She plunged downhill, pushing, scrambling, crying: "Let me through, let me through!"

The great lean head was at Bootjack's quarters . . . at his girth . . . it slid past his shoulder—and Bootjack flung past the post, winner by one short head.

CARY fought her way through the crowd in the paddock in time to see Bill Considine, pale and tired-looking, step onto the scales with the saddle on his arm. She saw the Clerk of the Scales grin at him, speak, and shake his hand.

"Bill!" she called. "Bill!" Her voice was lost in the uproar.

The crowd parted. Bill and Fred Gallatin moved through the gate, and out to an old farm wagon near the finish. Four men stood on it, and the sun glinted on gold and silver. Considine, the winning owner, and Gallatin, the winning jockey, swung up onto the rough boards, smiled, nodded, and accepted two shining cups.

Cary pushed and wiggled closer. She saw one of the stewards take Bill's hand and grip it tightly. He was a tall, thin man, with white hair, and Cary had known him since the day she was born.

"That was a great ride, Considine," he said. "A great ride!"

"Bill," said Cary in a small voice.

He heard her, and turned around. For a moment he did not move. Then he handed the two cups to Gallatin, and slipped over the wheel.

"Bill," Cary said. "Bill, you shouldn't have—"

He interrupted her. He said simply: "I'm not sorry. I had to do it. Breck bunged his wrist, and there was the horse, and—well, I had to, that's all. But I'm not sorry."

"You fool, Bill!" said Cary. Her voice was trembling. "You fool—you don't need to apologize to me."

"I'm not apologizing! . . . Except"—he shrugged—"well, sorry I didn't win," he said brusquely. "Fifty yards more, and—why, Cary, what's the matter? My dear, what is it?"

Slowly she raised her head. For nearly a minute Bill stared at her in silence. She was smiling shakily, and her eyes were filled with tears, but she did not look away.

"Cary," he said huskily. "Cary—will you marry me? Will you marry me right away?"

THERE was a sudden upheaval in the crowd, and the sound of a man shouting: "Get out of my way! Get out of my way, woman, I've as much right here as you have!"

"Not unless you behave yourself, young man!" said Sally Harrison's voice, and its owner rolled majestically into the open. Behind her Varrick Jones dodged and scuttled like an irritated squirrel.

"Here I am, my child!" she said. "Bill Considine, I don't care whether you won or not, you're the best jockey I've ever seen—and I've seen a few!" She turned and frowned at Jones. "Stop squalling like a lunatic, little man! Cary, we're quite right, he's totally insane!"

Bill said: "What is it, Jones? . . . No, Cary, please stay here."

Jones waved his arms.

"Greatest horse I ever saw!" he announced hoarsely. "To put on a finish like that after—I'll win the National with him next year at Aintree as sure as—"

"I told you, Jones," interrupted Bill calmly, "that I wasn't selling. You're wasting your time."

"What? What are you talking about? Oh—I'm not speaking to *you!*"

He spun around and peered anxiously at Cary.

"Bargain still on, Miss Dunbar? Bargain still on?"

Cary looked at him in astonishment.

"But, Mr. Jones," she said, "Spring Running didn't win! Bootjack won."

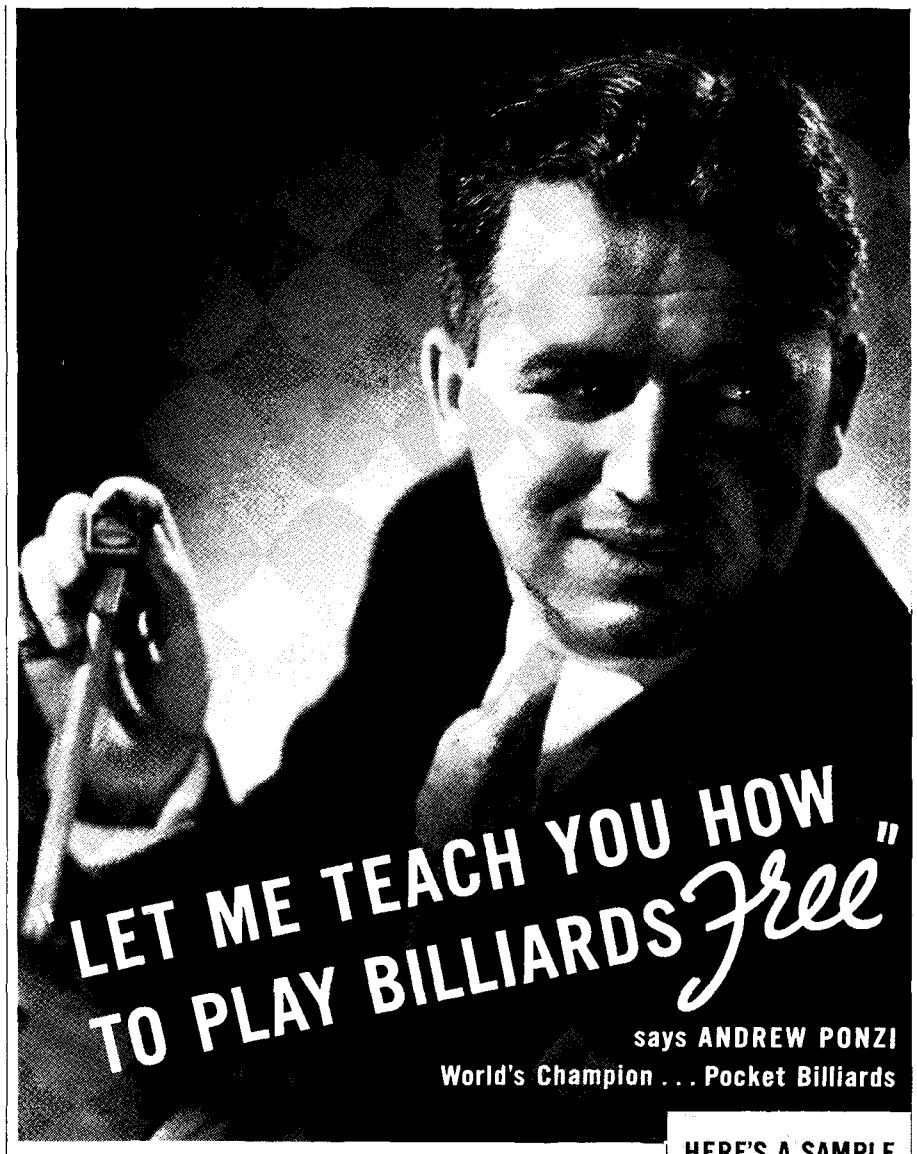
"Bootjack? Haw! Not in a class with yours! How about it? Will you sell?"

Cary took a deep breath. Bill's hand was on her arm.

"I don't know, Mr. Jones!" she said gayly. "I haven't the slightest idea! It's all up to Mr. Considine. You'll have to see him about it, tomorrow!"

"You don't *know?* See *Considine?* What's he got to do with it?"

"That's just one of the things you wouldn't understand!" said Sally Harrison pleasantly. "You better go away, little man—go away!"



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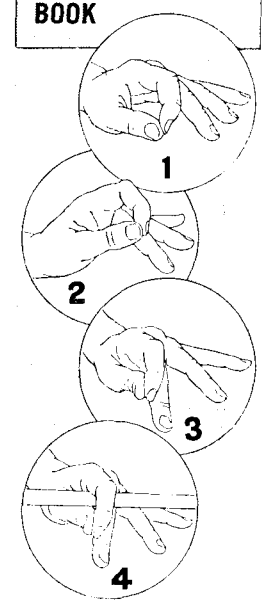

1 Form a circle with second finger and thumb.
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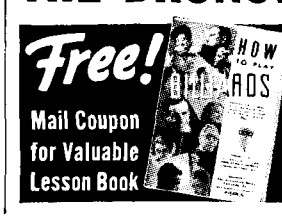

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Kansas on the Carib

Continued from page 12

She understands how alien intemperance is to the Latin nature; it was unknown before prohibition and it is still unknown—and by all that's just, Puerto Rico should never have been mixed up in the prohibition mess. Saloons never decorated Puerto Rican corners—but virtually every place that carried food sold liquor, and neither man nor woman thought more about drinking it than they would about drinking lemonade.

Then, in 1917, the Jones Bill extended citizenship to Puerto Ricans. Chests swelled throughout the island with the new responsibility; and it was considered patriotic to show great interest in politics "at home." Alas, the Eighteenth Amendment was in the works. The courteous Puerto Ricans said if our brothers, our fellow citizens, want that, we should want it too.

The bootlegging in Puerto Rico is unlike that familiar to us on the continental seaboards or boundaries. The whole island, with few breaks, is surrounded by a coral reef; and within the reef there is comparatively shallow water. Agents from the foreign islands fetch their ships inside the reef at night, and at prearranged spots toss overboard the contraband liquor done up in net bags. When dawn breaks, there is not a sail or a funnel to be seen by watchful revenuers—unless, of course, you count the tiny homemade leg o'muttons of poor toiling fishermen.

Courtesy First

Fishermen! That's what you and the revenuers think—ha, ha! They are fishing sure enough—for the liquor; although they have a few well-worn carp or squids aboard, to show in case the customs men grow inquisitive. The rum lies perhaps fifty feet down in these crystalline waters, and, knowing where to look, you can see it. Men dive, and attach hooked lines to the net bags.

In fact, all varieties of smuggling in Puerto Rico are unusual and spectacular. There is the coffee smuggling, for example. The bags are *printed in Puerto Rico* and taken out to sea, empty, to a rendezvous with the smugglers' contact ship. Aboard this, the coffee is loaded into the bags; and a run is made for shore. Once you get the printed bags in, there is no way of telling them from legitimate stuff.

The perfume and jewelry and dope smuggling also require foreign alliances. These activities center in Cataño and entangle all the ships, from luxury boats to tramps, which habitually "make" Puerto Rico. When a vessel is working up the shallow, narrow entrance to San Juan harbor it is surrounded by small boats that have put out from Cataño. Taking advantage of their officers' preoccupation at such a time, sailors and stewards covertly throw down contraband to their confederates below—and settlements are made later, during shore leave.

You can readily see that Mrs. Whittemore's job is neither easy nor simple. Yet she asserts that she enjoys it because of the wit-matching it involves: also because it is not like dealing with smugglers and bootleggers at home would be—for the old Puerto Rican courtesy, which she admires so greatly, extends down through the underworld. You know—bow and excuse yourself before you shoot. That is what she claims: but your timid reporter finds little corroboration of her fancies in such things as the big gun battle in which the revnue men engaged Lobo and his gang off Naguabo.

Just at dawn the government launch came upon Lobo, fishing up liquor. It was a perfect stage setting for a melodrama of the coast. There was an ominous calm; the mountains were flecked by golden pin-points of light, while far to seaward pulpy, broken masses of yellow and gray clouds were held above the water by a score of rainbow stubs. The federal men fired as they came on: a hatchet bit swiftly through Lobo's anchor hawser, and he got under way at once. The gunfire rattled fiercely; but Lobo's boat was too swift for the revenue launch and he escaped.

The Vanishing Cat

In a lull the government men heard a despairing cry. They looked back, to the vicinity in which Lobo had been anchored. The visibility was not very good; and before they could make out anything, there came another cry—rising suddenly, and ending with dreadful abruptness. Then silence. The authorities were able, only too well, to understand what had happened. A diver was down when the government boat was sighted; Lobo, in his rush to escape, deserted him to the sharks.

But Mrs. Whittemore has a way, even with such a callous fellow as Lobo. She heard that the agents of one of Lobo's rivals had dumped a big cache inside the reef; her information was vague only as to the exact point. Lobo was summoned and told what the government knew; because Mrs. Whittemore figured he would know where the booze lay. And it was not difficult to persuade him to lead the way, and do the diving—after all, a rival is a rival.

But even under such dignified auspices, Lobo could not help acting the fox; the federal men observed his dives were a little overlong, and close examination showed that he was emptying half the bottles out of each sack before coming up—with the intention of returning for them. "Come, come, Lobo," they said, "bring it all up and we shall give you a fair share as pay." Lobo beamed—and for weeks thereafter boasted that he was "working for the government; for that lady Collector."

Puerto Rico is not skeptical any more; it is wondering, instead, just how far the soft and turning ways of a woman may carry her on the hard official road. As for Jean—well, she maintains that she will never go back to the States to live, because she believes that the States will come to her. She expects Puerto Rico to achieve statehood; the Democrats promised it, and the Puerto Ricans seem to want it.

The only thing that keeps her from being altogether contented on the island is this business of cats. She likes cats; doesn't feel a home is complete without one. Up in Kansas, if your cat stays out of tall grass and wheat at mowing time it may expect a reasonably long and placid life. In Puerto Rico matters are different, on account of the lizards. Wherever you look, in your garden, in your parlor, in your bathtub, there is a lizard smiling hopefully at you. He wants you to catch flies for him.

But the lizards are so quick, so flashy, your tabbies cannot be trained not to play with them—and you know how it is with a cat; playing with a thing means dinner to follow. A lizard diet gives a cat asthma, from which it dies; so the cat turnover in Puerto Rico is great—much greater than is good for the tender heart of Mrs. Jean Springstead Whittemore, the Collector of Internal Revenue.

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While the World Watches

Continued from page 25

taxation as will not defeat its own purpose. Our income and super-tax payers have frequently been paid tributes by foreign observers for the thoroughness and punctuality with which they meet their dues. Even our own Socialist ministers have testified to this. But it has always been accepted that the relations of the taxpayer, rich or poor, are with the state and the state alone, and that neither his employees nor his trade rivals, neither his neighbor nor his creditors, neither his enemies nor his friends, should know what has passed between him and the Treasury.

To ask a trader or manufacturer engaged in productive enterprise, with all the hazards attendant thereupon, to reveal not only to the collectors of the public revenue but to all and sundry his income for the year, must be an impediment to national business almost measureless in its irritation and in its mischief. It seems to me to be only another variant of that hideous folly of prohibition.

Leaky Boat or New Raft

No one could write in this way without at the same time feeling the justification there is for the anger of the American public against many of their great leaders of finance. The revelations and exposures which have flowed in a widening stream, and even flood, during the last four years, have laid many prominent persons open to prejudice and public censure, apart altogether from the law. The passionate desire of the struggling wage-earner with a family at home and many applicants for his job is for clean hands in the higher ranks and for a square deal even if it be only a raw deal.

A thousand speeches could be made on this. The important question is whether American democracy can clear up scandals and punish improprieties without losing its head, and without injuring the vital impulses of economic enterprise and organization. It is no use marching up against ordinary private business men, working on small margins, as if they were the officials of government departments, who so long as they have attended at their offices from ten to four in a respectable condition have done their job. There are elements of contrivance, of housekeeping, and of taking risks which are essential to all profitable activity. If these are destroyed the capitalist system fails, and some other system must be substituted.

No doubt the capitalist system is replete with abuses and errors and inequities, like everything else in our imperfect human life; but it was under it that only a few years ago the United States produced the greatest prosperity for the greatest numbers that has ever been experienced in human record. It is not illogical to say: "Rather than condone these faults and these abuses we will sweep this system away, no matter what it costs in our material well-being. We will replace it by the only other system which enables large organizations and developments to be undertaken—namely, nationalization of all the means of production, distribution, credit and exchange." It is, however, irrational to tear down or cripple the capitalist system without having the fortitude of spirit and ruthlessness of action to create a new Communist system.

There, it seems to foreign observers, lies the big choice of the United States at the present time. If the capitalist system is to continue with its rights of private property, with its pillars of rents, interest and profit, and the sanctity of contracts recognized and enforced by the state, then it must be given a fair chance. It is the same for us in the Old World. If we are to continue in the old leaky lifeboat amid these stormy seas, we must do our best to keep it bailed, to keep it afloat and to steer for port. If we decide to take to the rafts of a new system, there, also, we are vociferously assured there is a chance of making land. But the Siberian coast is rugged and bleak, and there are long, cruel frosts in the Arctic Ocean.

It is a very open question, which any household may argue to the small hours, whether it is better to have equality at the price of poverty, or well-being at the price of inequality. Life will be pretty rough anyhow. Whether we are ruled by tyrannical bureaucrats or self-seeking capitalists, the ordinary man who has to earn his living, and tries to make provision for old age and for his dear ones when his powers are exhausted, will have a hard pilgrimage through this dusty world. The United States was built upon property, liberty and enterprise, and certainly it has afforded the most spacious and ample life to the scores of millions that has ever yet been witnessed. To make an irrevocable departure into Asiatic conceptions would be a serious step, and should be measured with fearless eye at the outset.

Prophecy is Cheap

We must then hope that neither the tangles of the NRA nor the vague, ethereal illusions of sentimentalists or doctrinaires will prevent President Roosevelt from testing and plumbing the secrets of the monetary problem. If he succeeds, all the world will be his debtor; if he fails, he will at any rate have made an experiment for mankind on a scale which only the immense strength of the United States could sustain. It would be a thousand pities if this tremendous effort by the richest nation in the world to expand consciously and swiftly the bounds of the consuming power should be vitiated by being mixed up with an ordinary radical program and a commonplace class fight. If failure there be, which God forfend, it will be taken for a generation as proof positive that all efforts to procure prosperity by currency and credit inflation are doomed to failure.

But the President has need to be on his guard. To a foreign eye it seems that forces are getting under his shield which at a certain stage may thrust him into the background and take the lead themselves. If that misfortune were to occur, we should see the not unfamiliar spectacle of a leader running after his followers to pull them back. It is to be hoped, and indeed believed, that the strong common sense, the sturdy individualism and the cold, disillusioned intelligence of the American people will protect their leader from such inglorious experiences.

Will he succeed or will he fail? That is not the question we set ourselves, and to prophesy is cheap. But succeed or fail, his impulse is one which makes toward the fuller life of the masses of the people in every land, and which as it glows the brighter, may well eclipse both the lurid flames of German Nordic national self-assertion and the baleful unnatural lights which are diffused from Soviet Russia.

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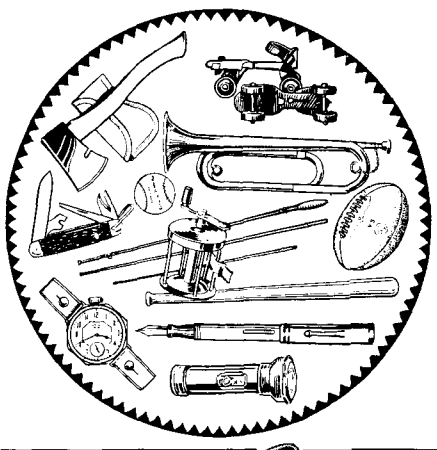

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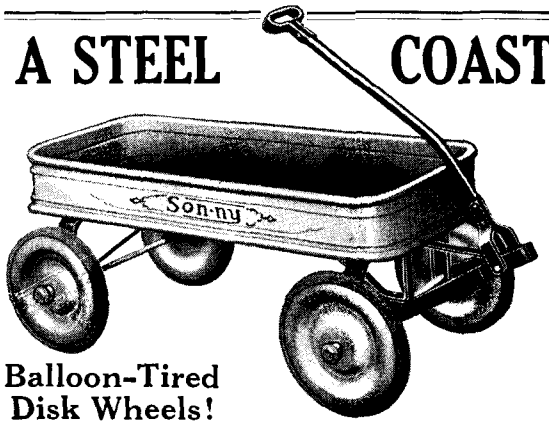

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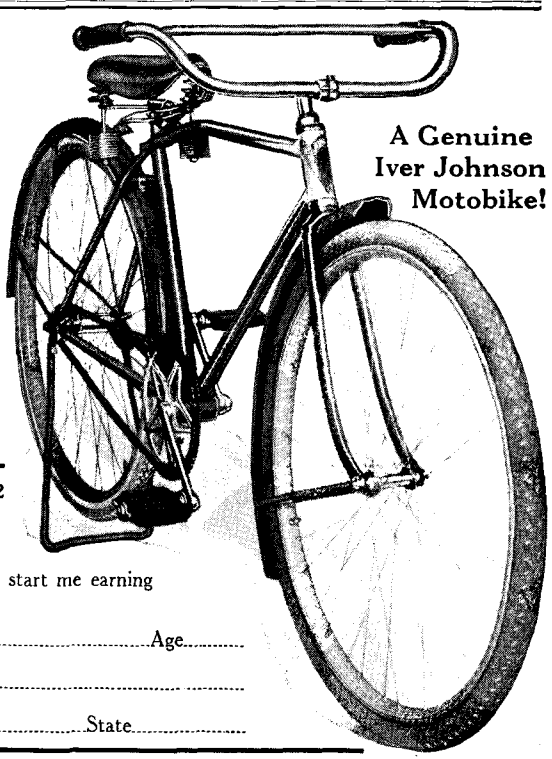

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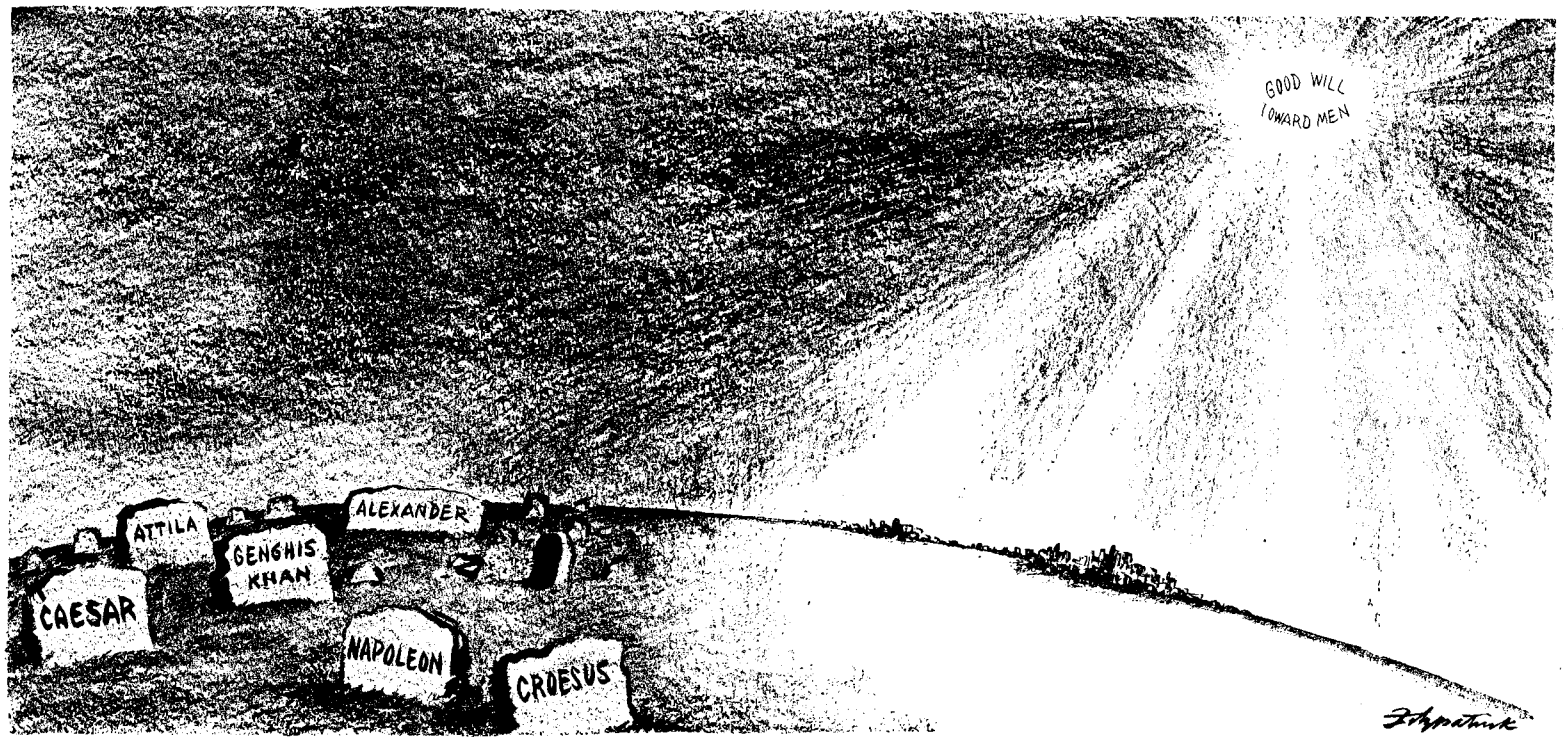

Only Good Endures

IF WE had not inherited Christmas—to paraphrase an old opinion—we should have to invent it. We need a season devoted especially to acts of generosity and to feelings of good will.

We have come through five hard years without bitterness or partisan hatred. When we look backward over the events of recent years, it seems incredible that so much could have been changed with so little angry controversy.

For much of this we may thank our government. Opinions have differed about particular policies, but few have doubted the sincerity of the government's purpose to put the public welfare first in its decisions. This confidence that the general well-being was the guiding principle has been an immensely quieting influence. Mistakes are forgiven in a decent cause. Good will sheds calm among people.

We have made progress along fundamental lines. We have only to think back to 1929 or 1914, or over any other span of years to appreciate the amazing extent of that progress.

If you can remember so much, picture the Christmas of 1914 and the situation which then confronted the world. Millions of gallant young men had to be killed and billions in hard-won wealth had to be destroyed before the issues of 1914 could even be temporarily determined. Good will was at a low ebb that year.

Year by year we have been trying to clean up the mess accumulated during the years of actual conflict. It has not been easy. Hate was aroused for fighting purposes. Of all human emotions hate is the least reasonable and the most costly. We have expended much effort in vanquishing the forces of hate then evoked. The battle is not wholly won. Prejudice and suspicion still linger, but the embers of ancient controversies are cooling.

In this country, since the Civil War certainly, hate has not been a popular commodity. We have our sectional divisions and our clashes of interests, but in recent times preachers of ill will have not gotten far. Of course, we have demagogues and unscrupulous politicians ready and willing to appeal to the worst in our natures. Fortunately, no one has been able to build much of a success on such a foundation. Meanness is not a characteristic of the American people.

Nevertheless, in our public affairs, as well as in our private concerns, we need the stimulation and the refreshment which come from general good will. We are passing through one of the great eras of change in human history. Ideas which a hundred years ago seemed to be eternal now obviously have outlived their usefulness. In other times of disturbance men could hope to go back to the conditions of the good old days. Few look for such a refuge today.

We must go forward because we can't go back. Our very possessions, the myriad tools and conveniences which make up our present-day life, block the road to the past. Our ways of thought, our habit of organization, our very inventiveness push us away from the past.

We long for the safety and solidity which we remember, but we know that security can't be found along the road to yesterday. Nobody would willingly trade a motorcar or an airplane for a horse if he intended going far in our world.

We don't quite know how we shall arrange our future. Nobody knows certainly and definitely. Throughout the world new ideas are rising and new schemes are being tried.

In Europe and Asia strange doctrines are preached. Change, ferment, readjustment everywhere manifest themselves. In places the old virtues are denied. Hate is offered as a substitute for charity and mutual understanding. Force and selfishness are enthroned as new gods. In trouble and confusion men have turned to strange altars for help.

Yet all over the world, and at all times, the deeds and thought which have been cherished have been those of men of good will. They who are most vividly remembered have been the teachers of understanding. Confucius stands out above all others in four thousand years of Chinese history. Buddha is the one Indian whose influence has been felt throughout the ages.

No other day is so widely or so enthusiastically kept as Christmas. Conquerors, men of achievement, the famous of every place and time are forgotten while the teachings of a very humble man are remembered.

The very instinct for self-preservation compels us to remember. In the generation which saw Jesus and Augustus Cæsar, who could have prophesied that the Cæsar would be forgotten? The doctrines of a Cæsar meant nothing, but the teachings of Jesus have been endlessly an inspiration to the world.

We have work today and in the days and months and years ahead. What we do will affect not only our own destinies and fortunes but also the conditions under which those who come after us must live. We have no blueprints which chart in precise detail that future we must build. We know only the spirit in which we must work if we mean to build well and permanently. This spirit is the very embodiment of Christianity. It is a message of peace, of good will, of abundant life for all. Nothing is so practical as Christmas.

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

LOWEST-PRICED 1½-ton 6-cylinder TRUCK IN INTERNATIONAL HISTORY

International Harvester now offers by all odds the best value in this popular field, considering beauty of design, high standards of quality throughout, and operating economy. A 78.5 h.p. engine and sturdy ALL-TRUCK construction in a truck of ultra-modern style. Inquire of one of our 215 Company-owned branches or of any International Truck dealer. See the new Model C-30 and others of the new streamlined Internationals now on display everywhere. Better still, try one out on your own job.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC.
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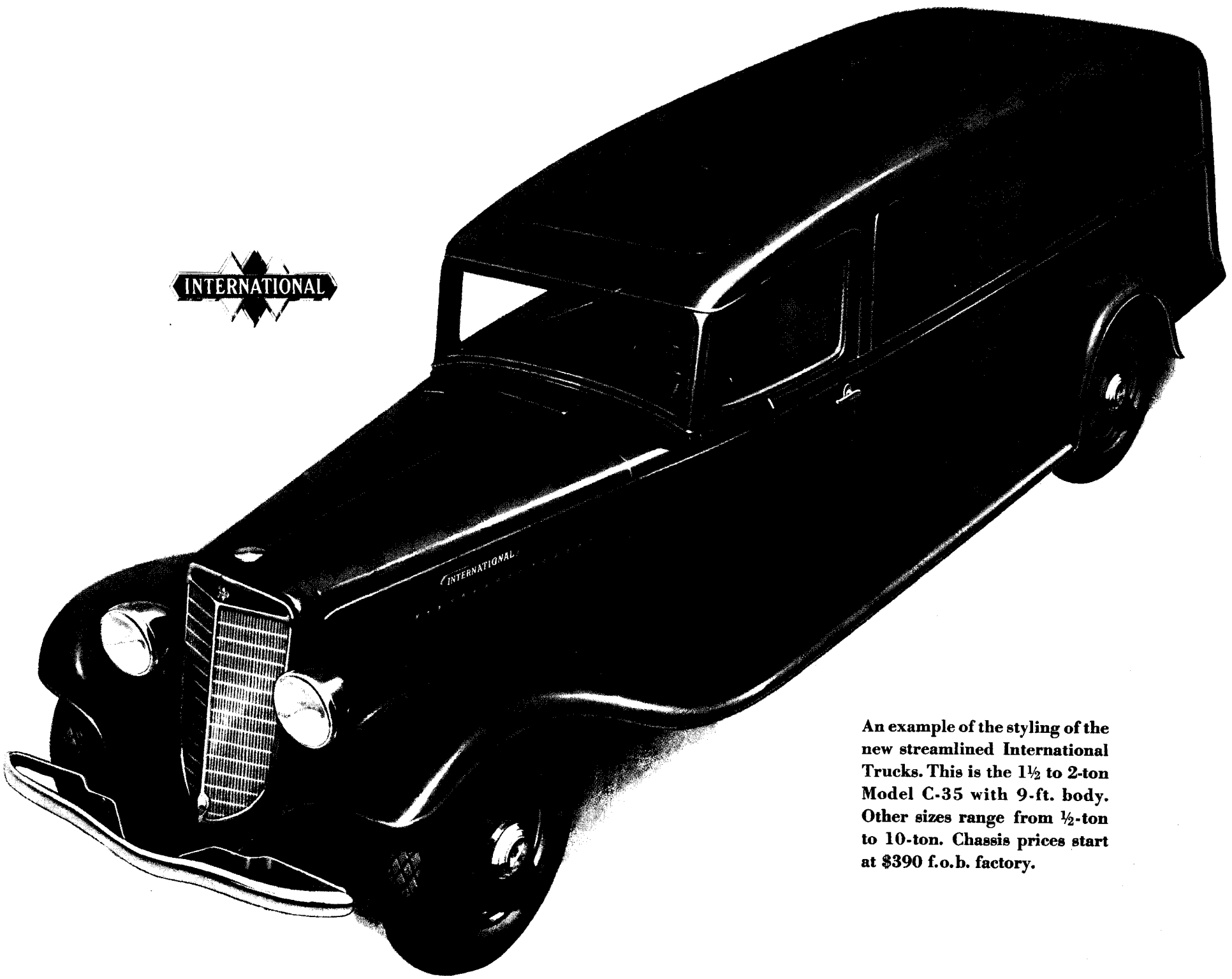

An example of the styling of the new streamlined International Trucks. This is the 1½ to 2-ton Model C-35 with 9-ft. body. Other sizes range from ½-ton to 10-ton. Chassis prices start at $390 f.o.b. factory.

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M S G PETERSON
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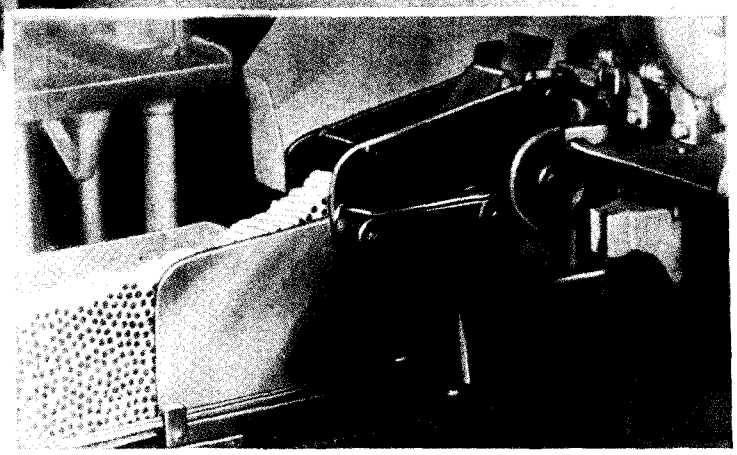
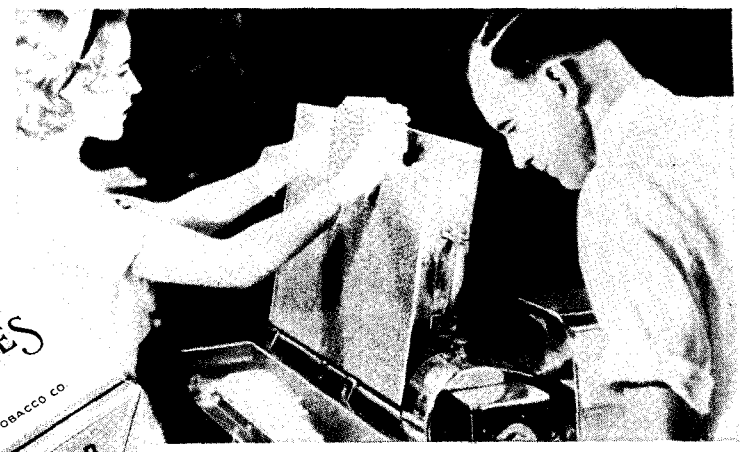
It means Something

— *that great batteries of drying machines, all of them 200 feet long, are used to condition the tobaccos for Chesterfield cigarettes.*



— *that Chesterfield uses the latest type of cigarette-making machines—which make well-filled round cigarettes practically untouched by human hands.*



— *that Chesterfield is twice inspected. Inspectors remove any torn or imperfect cigarette; and again ingenious machines check every cigarette before packaging.*

the cigarette that's **MILDER**

the cigarette that **TASTES BETTER**

Chesterfield

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